CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN

SCHILLER AND GOETHE,

FROM 1794 TO 1805.

TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRD EDITION OF THE GERMAN
WITH NOTES.

BY

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'TROY AND ITS REMAINS,' ETC.

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PREFACE.

In introducing the Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe to English readers, it is perhaps necessary to say a few words regarding the positions which the two men occupied, and the relation in which they stood towards one another at the time of and previous to their first personal acquaintance. Their friendship, which is so fully and beautifully illustrated in their letters, is one of the rarest instances, perhaps the noblest, in the history of literature, of two men in the same department of learning showing the sincerest interest and sympathy in each other's work, and encouraging each other to ever higher aspirations; and mighty have been the results to German poetry of their united efforts!

Of entirely different natures both physically and mentally, they had long held aloof from each other, but when once brought in contact they soon discovered that, different though their paths in life were, they were nevertheless both pressing towards the same ends and objects. It was not the voice of affection that drew them together, not the enthusiastic sympathy that springs up between young men, and is called forth by the experiences they are living through together; theirs was a friendship formed in mature manhood, and nourished by the sure conviction and feeling that they had one common aim in life. Thus the more they came to know of each other, the more clearly did each of them perceive the astounding wealth and depth of mind in the other, and the union between them gradually became one of the truest and most affectionate, and con-

tinued unclouded till the bond was cut asunder by the death of Schiller in 1805 at the early age of forty-six. Goethe survived his younger friend and brother-poet twenty-seven years.

There was a difference of ten years in their ages, and this, together with the great contrast in their natures, may partly account for the strange feeling of antipathy which allowed thirty-five years of Schiller's life to pass without his having wished to meet or to become personally acquainted with his great contemporary, notwithstanding his admiration of his works. This feeling of antipathy, which Schiller frankly expressed to friends, was also felt—although perhaps less keenly—by Goethe himself; to Frau von Stein, who knew both men and wished them to become friends, Goethe maintained that he could never make a friend of Schiller, although he would gladly do him any service in his power. At the time of the first appearance of Schiller's *Räuber*, *Fiesco*, and *Kabale und Liebe*—which were among his first dramas, and had been written under the same influence that had suggested to Goethe his *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Werther's Leiden*—Goethe himself had left that stage of mental culture far behind him, and having meanwhile learned to despise his own works that had sprung from the *Sturm und Drang* tendency, was somewhat intolerant of those who were unable to free themselves from it.

In 1788 Schiller met and spoke to Goethe for the first time. He was residing in Rudolstadt, where his friend W. von Wolzogen had introduced him to Frau von Lengefeld and her two daughters, the younger of whom subsequently became his wife. His acquaintance with the Lengefelds is known to have had a very beneficial influence upon his over-sensitive nature. They and Körner were most anxious that the two men should meet, and on one occasion induced Schiller to send a friendly message

to the author of *Iphigenia*, who happened to be on a visit in the neighbourhood. The latter sent a most kind reply, and one day came over with Frau von Stein and some other friends to call upon the Lengefelds, and there met and conversed with Schiller for the first time. On the 2nd of September of that year Schiller writes to Körner of Goethe: "Upon the whole I must say that my great idea of him is not lessened by having become personally acquainted with him; but I doubt whether we shall ever become intimate. Much that to me is of interest he has already lived through. Not so much in years as in experience and self-culture, he is so far beyond me that we can never expect to meet on our way, his whole being is radically opposed to mine, his world is not my world, our conceptions of things are entirely different. Time will show." On the 2nd of February following he again writes to Körner: "To be much with Goethe would make me unhappy, for even towards his best friends he has no moments of overflowingness (*Ergiessung*); one cannot get hold of him. In fact, I think him an egotist of no common order. He has the talent of fascinating men and of making them feel themselves indebted to him by small as well as great attentions, but he contrives always to keep himself free; he makes his existence benevolently felt, but only as a god, without yielding himself (*ohne sich selbst zu geben*). This seems to me a consistent and well-contrived mode of action, calculated to ensure the highest enjoyment of self-love. Men should not allow such a character to come much about them. This it is that makes him hateful to me, although I love his genius with my whole heart and think highly of him. He has awakened in me a most peculiar mixture of hate and love, a feeling not very unlike that which Brutus and Cassius must have entertained for Cæsar; I could kill his spirit and yet love him with all my heart!"

Strange it is to read such sentences when, but a few years later, we find Schiller full of reverence and love for the very man whom he had previously so evidently misunderstood. Soon after they first became acquainted in September, 1795, we find Schiller writing to his new friend, "Not to hear from you or to say anything to you for a week, is a thing to which I cannot now accustom myself." And again: "Since you left me I feel as if there were something wanting in the element in which I have to live!"

At the time of the commencement of their Correspondence in 1794, Goethe held the office of Privy Councillor at the small but important Court of the Duke of Weimar, with whom he lived on the most friendly and intimate terms. He had previously held the offices of President of the Chamber and Director of the War Department, but upon his return from his first visit to Italy in 1788, he had resolved to dedicate his life to literature, art and science, and in a touching letter to his princely friend, Karl August, he begged to be released from the appointments, the duties of which he felt were no longer to his taste. He continued, however, to hold his appointment of chief manager of the Commission of Mines, besides being connected with other scientific institutions. On first coming to Weimar he found the Court passionately devoted to theatrical entertainments, and having naturally a great leaning that way, at once took a zealous interest in them himself. Subsequently he was made Director of the theatre belonging to the Court, which from that time became renowned throughout Germany.

Schiller had commenced his career in life with the study of law, but soon gave this up and turned his attention to medicine, and received, in 1781, an appointment in Stuttgart as doctor in the army. It was at this time that he wrote his *Räuber*. Having greatly displeased the Duke of Wir-

temburg by leaving Stuttgart without permission, as well as by the publication of some poems, he was forbidden to write upon any other than medical subjects. This together with the many other restraints which a military life enforced upon him, induced him to take to flight, leave his appointment for good, and to repair to Mannheim. He there received the post of stage-poet, which position he held till the year 1784, when, owing to pecuniary difficulties he resigned the appointment, and started a periodical which was called the *Thalia*. In doing this he entered completely into the domain of literature, and became a servant to the public, which—in the introductory address with which he opened his first number—was henceforth, he said, to be "my study, my sovereign and my confidant." This publication had but little success, and Schiller having meanwhile become acquainted with Körner and Huben, followed their advice and moved to Leipzig. The fame of his *History of the Netherlands* procured him in 1787 the appointment of Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy in Jena, and here he resided for thirteen years, and consequently was within a few hours' drive of Weimar where Goethe was living. In 1794, after a severe illness, Schiller paid a visit to his native province of Suabia, and on this journey made the acquaintance of the famous publisher Cotta, and discussed with him the plan of starting a periodical to which all the most eminent men in Germany were to be invited to contribute.

It was the publication of this periodical (which received the name of *Die Horen*) that first brought Schiller and Goethe into direct contact with each other, and when the first step towards a friendly union between them had been made, all other obstacles soon gave way.

It has been said by many, and by Goethe himself, that Schiller possessed great powers of attraction, and that he


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CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

SCHILLER AND GOETHE.

1.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 13, 1794.

Hochwohlgeborner Herr,
*Hochzuverehrender Herr Geheimer Rath!**

The enclosed paper expresses the wish of a number of men whose esteem for you is unbounded, that you would honour the periodical in question with contributions from your pen, in regard to the value of which there can be but one voice among us. We feel, *Euer Hochwohlgeboren*, that your consenting to support this undertaking will be a guarantee of its success, and we should be most willing to agree to whatever conditions you might have to propose.

Here, in Jena, *Herren* Fichte,† Woltmann,‡ and von Humboldt,§ have united for the publication of this periodical, and as, in accordance with a necessary arrangement, the proffered manuscripts will have to be submitted to the judgment of a smaller committee, we should be infinitely indebted to your *Hochwohlgeboren* if, from time to time, you will allow us to send you a manuscript for approval. The greater and the more interested the participation with which you honour our undertaking, the more we feel assured will its value rise in the eyes of that

* The German epistolary forms of civility are here retained as they are not translatable.

† The well-known metaphysician.

‡ An historian of note.

§ Brother to the celebrated traveller.

portion of the public whose approbation is to us of the highest importance.

With profound respect, I remain, Your most obedient servant and most sincere admirer,

FR. SCHILLER.

'THE HOREN.'

Jena, June 18, 1794.

Under this title there will appear at the beginning of the year 1795 a monthly periodical, the management of which will be intrusted to a committee of well-known scholars. This magazine is intended to contain essays on all such subjects as can be treated with taste and in a philosophical spirit, and, accordingly, will include articles on philosphical research, as well as poetical and historical essays. All such subjects as are interesting only to scholars or such as could satisfy the uneducated public only, will not be accepted; but it is more especially our unconditional intention to reject all such essays as treat of religion and politics. The magazine is to be presented to the general public for instruction and culture, to the learned for the free investigation of truth and for a productive exchange of ideas; but while its object—owing to its intrinsic character—will be to enrich philosophy itself, still, it is at the same time hoped that its circle of readers will be extended by the form which will be given to the subjects.

Considering that there already exists a large number of periodicals of a similar description, it will perhaps be difficult to draw attention to it, and considering the many unsuccessful attempts of the kind, still more difficult to inspire the public with confidence in it. Whether the committee who propose starting the present periodical have any more well-founded hopes, will be best gathered from the means which they have adopted for the attainment of their object.

It is only the intrinsic value of a literary undertaking that can render the work sure of finding lasting favour with the public; on the other hand, however, it is this favour alone which gives the proprietor the courage and the power to make any great outlay upon it. The great

difficulty, therefore, is that the success of the undertaking must, to a certain extent, be realised before it is possible to make that outlay by which alone it can be realised. There is no way out of this dilemma, except it be that some enterprising man consent to risk as much upon the solution of the problematical success as might be necessary to make him feel certain of it.

Periodicals like the one about to be issued are in no danger of not finding a large circle of readers, but this circle of readers is divided among a number of journals. If the purchasers of all the journals belonging to this town were to be counted, it would be found that the number would suffice to support the most expensive enterprise. Now the whole of this number of readers is within the reach of that periodical which embraces all the advantages possessed by each of those journals individually, without greatly exceeding any one of them in price.

Every author of any merit has his own circle among the reading public, and even the very best writer has no more than his own circle. Intellectual culture in Germany has not yet reached that point where what is best is to be met with in the hands of all. But if the most eminent authors of the nation were to form themselves into a literary association, they would by this means gather together the hitherto scattered public, and the work in which the association took part would have the whole world for its readers. In this manner also, each individual author would reap all the advantages which the widest circle of readers and subscribers would have procured but for one author.

In Herr Cotta, of Tübingen, we have already found a publisher in every respect equal to our undertaking, and he is ready to begin as soon as the requisite number of contributors has been found. All authors to whom this circular is sent are, accordingly, invited to join the association, and they may rest assured that they will not be called upon to appear in public among men unworthy of their company. As, however, the whole undertaking is entirely dependent upon the requisite number of contributors, authors thus invited cannot be permitted to withhold their assent till after the appearance of the

periodical, because it will first be necessary to know upon whom we shall have to depend, before we can even think of carrying out the contemplated undertaking. As soon as we have the requisite number of contributors, the fact will be immediately made known to all those who have consented to work for the periodical.

It has been decided to publish a number or part every month, and each number is to consist of nine sheets of medium size. The price paid for each printed sheet will be * * * louis-d'ors in gold. The author on his part is engaged not to make any further public use of his essays for a period of three years after their first appearance, unless they have been considerably altered.

Although we feel convinced that those scholars from whom we have solicited contributions will not send us anything that would not be quite worthy of themselves and of our proposed journal, still an arrangement has been made—for reasons easily conceivable—that no manuscript shall be sent to the press before it has been submitted to the opinion of an appointed number of fellow-members. Our contributors will, it is hoped, the more readily accede to this condition, because it is, at most, only the relative object of the essays, in respect to the plan and interest of the periodical, that will be looked into. Neither the editor nor the committee will take it upon themselves to make independent alterations in the manuscripts. If such should be found to be necessary, the author will, as a matter of course, be requested to make them himself. The manuscripts will be printed according to the order in which they are received, in so far as this is compatible with the necessary variety in the contents of the monthly parts. In order to sustain this variety it will further be necessary that no essay shall be continued through more than three numbers, and that in no single number shall the essay occupy more than sixty pages.

Letters and manuscripts must be sent to the editor, who will acknowledge contributions, and, when desired, give an account of them.

It is almost unnecessary to request that no public use be made of this prospectus.

Friedrich Schiller,
Aulic Councillor and Professor in Jena.

2.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 24, 1794.

Ew. Wohlgeboren

Opens up to me a prospect which is pleasant in a double sense, first as regards the periodical which you propose publishing, and next the invitation you give me of joining in the undertaking. With pleasure and with all my heart do I consent to be one of your committee.

If, among my unprinted papers, there is anything suitable for a collection such as you desire, I should be very happy to let you have it; but this is certain that a closer connection with the sterling men who form your committee will arouse to new life much that is now stagnant within me.

Very interesting also will be our discussions in coming to an agreement about the principles by which the manuscripts are to be tested, as well as in watching over their substance and form, so as to make the proposed periodical excel all others and to maintain its superiority, at least for some years to come.

I hope soon to be able to discuss this subject with you by word of mouth, and, meanwhile, present my kind regards to you and your esteemed fellow-workers.

GOETHE.

3.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 25, 1794.

I herewith return to you Schocher's treatise with many thanks; what I understand of it, I like very much, the rest he will himself, no doubt, in time explain.

I also send you Diderot* and Moritz,† and hope thereby to have made my parcel both useful and agreeable.

Keep me in friendly remembrance, and believe me that I am looking forward with sincere pleasure to a frequent interchange of ideas with you. Present my kind regards to your circle. I am unexpectedly called upon to go to

* His romance: *Les Bijoux indiscrets.*

† His *Versuch einer Prosodie*, which Goethe valued highly.

Dessau, and shall thus for some time be deprived of the pleasure of seeing my Jena friends.

GOETHE.

4.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 23, 1794.

I yesterday received the welcome news that you had returned from your journey. We may therefore hope to see you among us again soon, which I, on my part, most heartily wish. My recent conversations with you have put the whole store of my ideas into a state of motion, for they related to a subject which has actively engaged my thoughts for some years past. Many things upon which I could not come to a right understanding with myself have received new and unexpected light from the contemplation I have had of your mind (for so I must call the general impression of your ideas upon me). I needed the *object*, the body, to several of my speculative ideas, and you have put me on to the track for finding it. Your calm and clear way of looking at things keeps you from getting on to the by-roads into which speculation as well as arbitrary imagination—which merely follows its own bent—are so apt to lead one astray. Your correct intuition grasps all things, and that far more perfectly than what is laboriously sought for by analysis; and because this lies within you as a whole, the wealth of your mind is concealed from yourself. For, alas! we only know that which we can take to pieces. Minds like yours, therefore, seldom know how far they have penetrated, and how little cause they have to borrow from philosophy, which, in fact, can only learn from them. Philosophy can merely dissect what is given it, but the *giving* itself is not the work of the analyser but of genius, which combines things according to objective laws under the obscure but safe influence of pure reason.

Although I have done so at a distance, I have long watched the course which your mind has pursued, and have observed, with ever renewed admiration, the path which you marked out for yourself. You seek for the necessary in nature,

but you seek it by the most difficult route, and one which all weaker minds would take care to avoid. You look at Nature as a whole when seeking to get light thrown upon her individual parts; you look for the explanation of the individual in the totality of all her various manifestations. From the simple organism you ascend step by step up to those that are more complex, in order, in the end, to form the most complicate of all—man—out of the materials of nature as a whole. By thus, as it were, imitating nature in creating him, you try to penetrate into his hidden structure. This is a great and truly heroic thought, which sufficiently shows how your mind forms the whole wealth of its conceptions into one beautiful unity. You can never have expected that your life would suffice to attain such an end, but to have struck out such a path is worth more than reaching the end of any other; and you, like Achilles in the Iliad, made your choice between Phthia and immortality. Had you been born a Greek, nay, but an Italian, and had you from infancy been placed in the midst of choice natural surroundings, and of an idealising Art, your path would have been infinitely shortened, perhaps even have been rendered entirely superfluous. Had such been your case, you would, on your first perception of things, have taken up the form of the Necessary, and the grand style would have been developed in you with your first experience. But being born a German, and your Grecian spirit having been cast in this Northern mould, you had no other choice but either to become a Northern artist, or, by the help of the power of thought, to supply your imagination with that which reality withheld from it, and thus, as it were, to produce a Greek from within by a reasoning process. At that period of life when the soul, surrounded by defective forms, constructs its own inward nature out of outward circumstances, you had already assumed a wild Northern nature, and your victorious genius, rising above its materials, then discovered this want from within, and became convinced of it from without through its acquaintance with Greek nature. You had then, in accordance with the better model which your developing mind created for itself, to correct your old and less perfect nature, and this could be effected only

by following leading ideas. However, this *logical* direction which a reflecting mind is forced to pursue, is not very compatible with the *æsthetic* state of mind by which alone a reflecting mind becomes creative. You, therefore, had one task more: for inasmuch as your mind had passed over from intuition to abstraction, so you had now to go back and retranslate ideas into intuitions, and to change thoughts into feelings, for it is only through the latter that genius can be productive.

It is somewhat in this manner that I imagine the course pursued by your mind, and whether I am right or not, you will yourself know best. However, what you yourself can scarcely be aware of (as genius ever remains the greatest mystery to itself) is the beautiful harmony between your philosophical instinct and the purest results of your speculative reason. Upon a first view it does indeed seem as if there could not be any greater opposites than the speculative mind which proceeds from unity, and the intuitive mind which proceeds from variety. If, however, the former seeks experience with a pure and truthful spirit, and the latter seeks law with self-active and free power of thought, then the two cannot fail to meet one another half way. It is true that the intuitive mind has only to deal with individuals, the speculative mind only with species. But if the intuitive mind is genial and seeks the nature of the Necessary in experience, then individuals will be produced, it is true, but they will possess the character of the species; and again, if the speculative mind is genial, and does not lose sight of experience when rising above it, then it will indeed produce species only, but with the possibility of individual life, and with a well-founded relation to actual objects.

But I find that in place of sending you a letter I am writing an essay—pray excuse this, and ascribe it to the lively interest with which the subject has filled me, and should you not recognise your own image in this mirror, do not on that account flee from it, I pray.

Moritz's short essay* which von Humboldt begs to be allowed to keep a few days longer, I have read with

* See Letter 3.

great interest, and am indebted to it for some important information. It is a true pleasure to be able to give a clear account of an instinctive proceeding which is very apt to lead one astray, and thus to be able to correct feelings by principles. In following out Moritz's ideas, one gradually observes a very beautiful order manifesting itself in the anarchy of language; and although in so doing we are led to discover the wants and the limits of our language, still we are also led to perceive its power, and learn how and to what purpose it can be applied.

Diderot's work,* especially the first part, is very interesting, and, considering the subject, is handled with edifying delicacy. I beg to be permitted to keep this book for a few days longer.

It would, I think, be well if we could now soon start the new periodical, and you would perhaps be kind enough to let the first number be opened with something of yours. I, therefore, take the liberty of asking you whether you would be willing to let your novel † appear our journal in successive numbers? But whether you determine to let us have it or not, I should consider it a very great favour to be allowed to read it.

My friends and my wife commend themselves to your kind remembrance, and with the greatest esteem, I remain,

Your most obedient servant,

FR. SCHILLER.

5.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Ettersburg, August 27, 1794.

On the anniversary of my birthday, which took place this week, I could not have received a more acceptable gift than the letter in which you give the sum of my existence in so friendly a manner, and in which, by your sympathy, you encourage me to a more assiduous and active use of my powers.

Pure enjoyment and true usefulness can only be reciprocal, and it will be a pleasure to me to unfold to you

* See Letter 3.

† Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*

at leisure: what your conversation has been to me; how I, too, regard those days as an epoch in my life, and how contented I feel in having gone on my way without any particular encouragement; for it seems to me that after so unexpected a meeting we cannot but wander on in life together. I have always prized the frank and rare earnestness which is displayed in all that you have written and done, and I may now claim to be made acquainted by yourself with the course taken by your own mind, more especially during these latter years. If we make it clear to one another to which point we have thus far attained, the better able we shall be to work on together without interruption.

All that relates to myself I will gladly communicate to you; for, being fully conscious that my undertaking far exceeds the measure of human capabilities and their earthly duration, I should like to deposit many things with you, and thereby not only preserve them, but to give them life.

Of what great advantage your sympathy will be to me you will yourself soon perceive, when, upon a closer acquaintance, you discover in me a kind of obscurity and hesitation which I cannot entirely master although distinctly aware of their existence. Such phenomena, however, are often found in our natures, and we quietly submit to them as long as they do not become too tyrannical.

I hope to be able to spend some time with you soon, when we shall talk over many things.

Unfortunately, a few weeks before receiving your proposal, I had given my novel to Unger,* and the first proof sheets have already come to hand. I have more than once thought, during these last days, that it would have been very suitable for your periodical. It is the only thing I have by me of any size, and is a kind of problematical work such as the good Germans like.

I will send the first Book as soon as I get all the proof sheets. It is so long since it was written that, in the actual sense of the word, I may be said to be only the editor.

* A publisher in Berlin.

If, among my projects, there were anything that would serve the purpose you mention, we should, I think, easily agree as to the most appropriate form to put it in, and there should be no delay in my working it out.

Farewell, and remember me to your circle.

GOETHE.

6.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER

Weimar, August 30, 1794.

The accompanying pages I would not venture to send to any one but a friend of whom I can hope that he will meet me half way. In reading them over, I seem to myself like the boy who tried to empty the sea into a hole. I would like to ask you to allow me in future to send you other such impromptus; they will excite, enliven, and give direction to our conversations. Farewell.

GOETHE.

7.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 31, 1794.

On my return from Weissenfels, where I met my friend Körner from Dresden, I received your last letter but one, the contents of which pleased me for two reasons; for I perceive from it that the view I took of your mind coincides with your own feelings, and that you were not displeased with the candour with which I allowed my heart to express itself. Our acquaintance, although it comes late, awakens in me many a delightful hope, and is to me another proof of how much better it often is to let chance have its way than to forestall it with too much officiousness. Great as always was my desire to become more closely acquainted with you than is possible between the spirit of a writer and his most attentive reader, I now clearly see that the very different paths upon which you and I have moved, could not, with any advantage to ourselves, have brought us together sooner than at the present time. I now hope, however, that we may travel over the rest of our life's way together, and, moreover, do this with

more than usual advantage to each other, inasmuch as the last travellers who join company on a long journey have always the most to say to one another.

Do not expect to find any great store of ideas in me; this is what I shall find in you. My need and endeavour is to make much out of little, and when you once come to know my poverty in all so-called acquired knowledge, you will perhaps find I have sometimes succeeded in doing this; for the circle of my ideas being small, I can the more rapidly and the more frequently run through it, and for that very reason can use my small resources with more effect, and can, by means of form, produce that variety which is wanting in the subject-matter. You strive to simplify your great world of ideas, I seek variety for my small means. You have to govern a whole realm, I but a somewhat numerous family of ideas, which I would be heartily glad to be able to extend into a little world.

Your mind works intuitively to an extraordinary degree, and all your thinking powers appear, as it were, to have come to an agreement with your imagination to be their common representative. In reality this is the most that a man can make of himself if only he succeeds in generalising his perceptions and in making his feelings his supreme law. This is what you have endeavoured to do, and what in a great measure you have already attained! My understanding works more in a symbolising method, and thus I hover, as a hybrid, between ideas and perceptions, between law and feeling, between a technical mind and genius. This it is that, particularly in my earlier years, gave me rather an awkward appearance both in the field of speculation as well as in that of poetry; for the poetic mind generally got the better of me when I ought to have philosophised, and my philosophical mind when I wished to poetise. Even now it frequently enough happens that imagination intrudes upon my abstractions, and cold reason upon my poetical productions. If I could obtain such mastery over these two powers as to assign to each its limits, I might yet look forward to a happy fate; but, alas! just when I have begun to know and to use my moral energies rightly, illness seizes me and threatens to

undermine my physical powers. I can scarcely hope to have time to complete any great and general mental revolution in myself; but I will do what I can, and when at last the building falls, I shall perhaps after all have snatched from the ruins what was most worthy of being preserved.

You expressed a wish that I should speak of myself, and I have made use of the permission. I make these confessions to you in confidence, and venture to hope that you will receive them in a kindly spirit.

I shall to-day refrain from entering into details about your essay, which will at once lead our conversations on this subject on to the most fertile track. My own researches—entered upon by a different path—have led me to a result rather similar to that at which you have arrived, and in the accompanying papers you will perhaps find ideas which coincide with your own. I wrote them about a year and a half ago, for which reason, as well as on account of the occasion for which they were penned (they were intended for an indulgent friend), there is some excuse for their crudeness of form. These ideas have, indeed, since then received in me a better foundation and greater precision which may possibly bring them much nearer to yours.

I cannot sufficiently regret that *Wilhelm Meister* is lost to our periodical. However, I hope that your fertile mind and friendly interest in our undertaking will give us some compensation for this loss, whereby the admirers of your genius will be double gainers. In the number of the *Thalia*, which I herewith send you, you will find some ideas of Körner's on Declamation, which, I think, will please you.

All our circle present their kind remembrances to you, and with the warmest regard,

I am, yours,

SCHILLER.

8.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, September 4, 1794.

The manuscripts which you sent me, as well as the fragment of your essay on the Sublime, I have read with much

pleasure, and have again become convinced that not only do the same subjects interest us both, but that we, in most cases, agree in our way of viewing them. In all main points, I see, we are of one mind, and as regards the differences of our standpoints, our mode of connecting ideas, and our manner of expression, these arise merely from the wealth of the object, and from the corresponding variety of the subjects. I should now like to ask you to let me know all that you have written or published on this matter, so that we may without loss of time overtake the past.

I have another proposal to make. Next week the Court goes to Eisenach for a fortnight, and I shall be more alone and independent than I have the prospect of being for some time to come. Will you come and pay me a visit during that time, live and stay with me? You could take up any kind of work you like without being disturbed. We would converse together at convenient hours, would see such friends as were most interesting to us both, and, I think, should not part without having spent our time together to some purpose. You should live exactly as you like, and as much as possible as if you were in your own home. I should be enabled to show you the chief part of my collections, and many threads of interest would thus spring up between us. After the fourteenth you will find me free and ready to receive you.

I shall reserve much that I have to say till you come, and in the meantime wish that all things may go well with you.

Have you seen Ramdohr's *Charis?* I have tried, with all the natural and artificial means of my individual being, to comprehend the book, but have not as yet found a single page in it of which I could say that I have made it my own.

Farewell, and present my kind greetings to all your circle.

GOETHE.

9.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, September 7, 1794.

With pleasure I accept your kind invitation to W.; at the same time I earnestly request you not to make any alterations in your household arrangements on my account, for unfortunately, the spasms from which I suffer oblige me to stay in bed all morning, because they leave me no peace at night, and, in fact, I am never well enough, even during the day to venture with certainty to count upon any fixed hour. You must, therefore, allow me to look upon myself as a perfect stranger in your house, one to whom no attention is paid, so that by being left to myself, I may escape the embarrassment of making any one else dependent upon my state of health. Arrangements which would make other people comfortable are my most dangerous enemies, for I need only decide to do a thing at a particular time, and I shall as certainly find it impossible to accomplish it.

Excuse these preliminaries, which I am obliged to settle beforehand to make it at all possible for me to stay with you. I only crave the poor liberty of being allowed to be an invalid in your house.

When I received your invitation, I was on the point of proposing that you should come and stay with me. My wife has taken our child to Rudolstadt for three weeks, in order to escape the smallpox, with which Herr von Humboldt has had his little ones inoculated. I am quite alone and could have made you very comfortable. With the exception of Humboldt, I rarely see any one, and it is long since any metaphysics have crossed my threshold.

My experience about Ramdohr's *Charis* has been rather singular. Upon first looking through it I verily shuddered at his strange style and his horrible philosophy, and sent the book straight back to the publisher. Shortly afterwards, in a scientific journal, I found some quotations from his work on the Netherland School, and took more kindly to him, and read his *Charis* again, and not altogether without profit to myself. His views on the emotions, on taste and beauty, are certainly, in general, most unsatisfactory, and to say nothing worse, the essence of a cavalierly style of philosophy; but the practical portion

of his book, where he speaks of the characteristics of the different arts, and assigns to each its sphere and limit, I found very useful. It is clear that he is here in his element, and that from having lived long in the midst of works of art, he has acquired a more than ordinary expertness in matters of taste. In this part we have the utterances of an educated man, one whose voice, if not decisive, must, at all events, be taken into consideration. However, it may be that the value it necessarily possesses in my eyes is entirely lost upon you, because you have already made the experiences upon which he supports his statements, and will, therefore, not likely find anything new in him. He has been particularly unfortunate with the very things for which you have sought explanation, and those with which he has been successful, you do not require. I shall be much surprised if Kant's followers let him off quietly, and if the opponents to his philosophy do not endeavour to strengthen their party through him.

As you have read the one portion of my essay on the Sublime which I sent you, I now forward you the beginning where you will possibly find a few ideas that may determine something as to the æsthetic expression of Passion. There are none of my earlier essays on æsthetic subjects which I consider sufficiently satisfactory for me to lay them before you; others of a later date which have not yet been published, I shall bring with me. It may perhaps interest you to see a review of mine on Matthisson's Poems in the A. L. Z.* which will appear this week. Owing to the anarchy which still reigns in poetical criticism, and the entire absence of objective laws of taste, the art-critic often finds himself greatly embarrassed when endeavouring to give reasons in support of his assertions; for there are no established laws to which he can appeal. If he wishes to be honest, he must, in fact, either be silent altogether or (what is not always palatable) he must himself be both law-giver and judge. In this review of mine I have adopted the latter course, and I should like, above all things, to have your opinion as to how far you think I am right or successful.

I have this moment received the review and send it.

FR. SCHILLER.

* *Allgemeine Literarische Zeitung.*

10.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, September 10, 1794.

Accept my thanks for consenting to come. You shall be perfectly free to do exactly as you like. Be good enough to let me know which day you will arrive so that I may be ready to receive you.

Perhaps Herr von Humboldt would pay us a visit while you are here, or I may perhaps return with you. But we will leave all this to the genius of the day. If you have got *Charis*, bring it with you.

Some beautiful landscapes that have just arrived from Naples will aid us in our conversations on this topic.

Farewell, and commend me to your friends.

GOETHE.

I have just received some copies of the English version of my *Iphigenia*, and send you one.

11.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, September 12, 1794.

You leave it to me to fix any day after the 14th, I shall, therefore, with your permission, be with you on Sunday afternoon, for I should like to lose as little as possible of the pleasure you have prepared for me. Herr von Humboldt, who is highly delighted with your invitation, will accompany me, so as to spend some hours with you.

Ramdohr was here a few days ago, and has probably also called upon you. He tells me he is now writing a book on *Love*, in which he means to prove that pure love never existed anywhere but among the Greeks. His ideas of beauty are rather far-fetched, for he calls in the sexual feelings to his assistance.

The English version of your *Iphigenia* gave me much pleasure. As far as I can judge, its foreign dress suits it very well, and one is vividly reminded of the great affinity between the two languages.

Friedrich Jacobi* has consented to contribute to the

* A philosopher and novelist. See Letter 14.

Horen, which will be a very agreeable addition to our circle. He is to me a very interesting man, although I must confess that I am unable to digest his productions.

Charis I cannot procure anywhere here, but I have a treatise by Maimon* on the Idea of Beauty, which is well worth reading; I will bring it with me.

My wife charges me with many friendly greetings. I have sent her your English *Iphigenia* which will please her very much.

SCHILLER.

12.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, September 29, 1794.

I find myself at home again, but my thoughts are still in Weimar. It will take me a long time to unravel all the ideas which you have awakened in me, but I hope that not a single one will be lost. I went to you with the intention of devoting this fortnight wholly to imbibing as much from you as my receptivity would permit: time will now show whether this seed will spring up within me.

On my return I found a letter from our publisher, who is all eagerness and determination to begin the great work soon. I had again purposely represented to him all the difficulties and all the possible risks connected with the undertaking, so as to afford him an opportunity of giving the utmost consideration to all sides of the question, before taking any steps. He finds, however, after weighing all the circumstances, that no undertaking could be more promising, and he has also made a careful estimate of his resources. We can rely upon his unwearied exertions in circulating the periodical, as well as upon his being punctual in paying.

He expressed the wish that we would admit his partner, a young scholar, into our committee, and give him a deliberative vote. I cannot blame him for wishing to have a friend in the company which is to have the dis-

* Salomon Maimon, a scholar very highly esteemed by both Schiller and Goethe. No essay of his with this title is known; Schiller's remark may therefore have referred to some work in manuscript.

posal of his purse; moreover, this young man, whose name is Zahn, belongs to the Commercial Association in Calw,* which is going to support Cotta's undertaking, and this society is so important that in several extremities Wirtemberg has relied upon its credit. I believe, therefore, that it would be well to interest Zahn as much as possible in our undertaking, and accordingly grant him a deliberative vote in our committee. As this is a business matter belonging to our official acts, I must ask you to subscribe your name to the enclosed paper, if you approve of its contents.

I intend, one of these days to write to Arends† and would therefore ask you kindly to let me have his address. You spoke recently of trying to induce Hirt,‡ in Rome, to let us have the latest news of what is being done in Italy in the way of art. This would certainly be very useful, and I hope you will remember your promise.

The air is to-day so oppressive that I must confine myself to editorial matters. Ramdohr has, I hear, been complaining here of the reception given him in Dresden. He is here looked upon as so great an art-critic that Loder took him to an upholsterer to have the benefit of his judgment about quite a common bureau which he is having made.

SCHILLER.

13.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 1, 1794.

That the editors of the *Horen* should have consented to admit young Zahn of Tübingen into their committee, and to give him a deliberative vote in the affairs of their monthly journal, I find quite proper under the circumstances. Of course this connection can only last as long as Cotta is the publisher.

GOETHE.

* A small town on the borders of the Black Forest.

† Professor Arends, who had been called to Weimar, in 1789, about the building of the castle, but had long since returned to Hamburg.

‡ The well-known archæologist and cicerone to visitors in Rome, who had proposed writing essays of this kind.

14.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 1, 1794.

Since our fortnight's intercourse with one another, my excellent friend, you now know that we are quite of one mind as regards our principles, and that the spheres of our feeling, thinking, and acting, partly coincide, and partly meet; this will be of many an advantage to us both. I am still engaged in thinking and working for the *Horen*, and am more particularly busy in devising means and masks by, and beneath, which we may administer a variety of things to the public. I have no objection to raise against Zahn's admission to our circle, but as I wish that you alone should subscribe your name to all our documents, I send in my agreement upon a separate sheet.

Farewell, and do not quite forget my dietetic advice. I hope soon to be able to send you something, and expect you to suggest to me upon what subjects I am to write.

GOETHE.

Your letter to Arends cannot fail to reach him, if you but put "Architect" on the address; he is well known in Hamburg.

I shall not forget about Hirt and Albrecht.* Please thank Humboldt for his review of *Woldemar;* † I have just read it with the greatest interest.

15.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 8, 1794.

As *Venice Preserved* ‡ is not to be played next Saturday, and is put off till Tuesday, and moreover is not important enough to induce you to come over to see it, I wish to ask you whether you and your dear wife will not come on Saturday, the 18th, instead, when your *Don*

* Heinrich Christian Albrecht, well known in Germany as a writer on philosophical, historical, and philological subjects.

† A novel by Jacobi.

‡ A tragedy by Th. Otway, translated into German, in 1794, by J. J. M. Valet.

Carlos is to be given? Even though you should not be altogether edified by the performance, still this occasion would be one of the best for testing the talent of our actors in regard to the object we spoke of.

Farewell, and keep me in remembrance.

GOETHE.

16.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 8, 1794.

Pray excuse my having so long delayed this letter which is to re-open our correspondence. Some pressing business for the *Literary Gazette* and the *Thalia*, which had to be got through, have delayed my letter against my wish and inclination.

It will now rest with you whether the path, upon which I here enter, shall be pursued further. It seems to me necessary that we should at once come to some clear understanding about our ideas on the nature of the Beautiful, as we may hereafter often find ourselves led on to the subject.

I have put our affairs with Hofrath Schütz * pretty well in order. The main objection, and, in fact, the only one would be the great increase in expense for the publishers if they should be called upon to provide annually twelve reviews of the said work when, in reality, they are bound only to furnish one. It will, however, probably be arranged that the publisher of the *Horen* will pay half of the expenses. This expedient, it is hoped, will also stop the mouths of other publishers who might be otherwise inclined to demand a similar favour.

I am very anxious to see your novel, which you promised to let me have. Schütz has proposed that I should review

* Schütz, the founder and chief editor of the *Allgemeine Literarische Zeitung*, in Jena. Schiller had written to him on the 12th of November, to the effect that he and Goethe had come to the conclusion that it would be sufficient to have the *Horen* reviewed in the *Gazette* once every quarter; the review to be written either by Schütz himself, or by Humboldt, Fichte, Körner, or by himself, Cotta having to defray the expenses in regard to printing and paper. The matter was, however, not arranged in this manner. See Letter 30.

this portion of it, and I feel much inclined to do so, as I should be sorry to see it fall into any other hands.

The Humboldts and my wife send you friendly greetings; I am with you in spirit in all that I feel and think.

SCHILLER.

17.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 16, 1794.

You would not, I think, have been altogether dissatisfied with the performance of your *Don Carlos* had you given us the pleasure of seeing you here. Be sure to direct your attention occasionally to your *Maltheser Ritter*.*

By the end of this week I shall probably send you the Elegies; they are already partly copied, but there are here and there still some refractory lines that detain me.

In return for your first letter, I likewise send you a few pages. I have dictated them, but must re-write some parts. I look rather strange to myself when called upon to theorise.

Remember me to your circle, and be kind enough to give a quarter of an hour to Herr Gerning who will be the bearer of this letter. Farewell.

GOETHE.

18.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 17, 1794.

If my health, which has again been upset by the bad weather, does not prevent me, I intend calling upon you to-morrow in Weimar, accompanied by my wife; but I beg you not actually to expect me, for there is as yet little likelihood of my being able to do as I propose.

My Letters to Pr. v. Aug.† are now getting their finishing touches, as I have decided to let the first portion of them appear in the first number of the *Horen*. I hope to be able to send you them next Tuesday. The next thing

* A drama that Schiller had in contemplation.

† These Letters, addressed to the Prince of Augustenburg, are entitled: *Briefe über die ästhetische Erziehung des Menschen.*

will then be to continue the subject I lately took in hand.*

We are anxiously looking forward to receiving your Elegies and Epistles.

All here send you their kindest greetings.

SCHILLER.

19.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 20, 1794.

Herewith I start the *Horen's* first dance, and send you that portion of my Letters to the Prince which I have decided to publish in the first number. Doubtless your and my contributions will fill all but a few pages. Perhaps Herder would give us some little thing for the first number, which would be very welcome. You will find, I think, that although there is no great variety of authors, there is enough variety in the way of matter, in our first number.

My début in the *Horen* is at least no *captatio benevolentiæ* with the public. I could not, however, have treated it with more consideration, and feel certain that this will also be your opinion of the Letters. I wish I could be as certain about the others, for I must confess to having expressed my true and earnest opinion in these Letters. I have never before written a line about political bemoanings, and what I have said upon the subject in these Letters is done merely so as, in all eternity, never to say anything more about it; still, I think, the confession I here make is not altogether superfluous. For, however different the instruments are, with which you and I handle the world, and however different our weapons of offence and defence, still I believe that we both aim at one main point. You will, in these Letters, find a portrait of yourself, beneath which I would gladly have subscribed your name, were it not that I dislike to forestall the feelings of thoughtful readers. No one, whose judgment can be of any value to you, will mistake it, for I know that my conception of it is good, and that it is faithfully drawn.

I should be glad—provided you have time—if you

* The Inquiry into the Nature of Beauty.

would read the manuscript soon, and then send it on to Herder, whom I will advise of its coming; according to our rules it has, as you know, to pass through several hands before it can be sent off, and of course we shall soon be wishing to make arrangements for the printing of the *Horen*.

Have you heard that Engel, in Berlin, has resigned the directorship of the theatre, and that he is now in Schwerin, where he lives quite free from any official duties? Of the 1200 Rthlr. (£180), which he had as an income, he has laid by absolutely nothing. He is now, as I hear, very busy with his pen, and has promised to send me an essay one of these days.

I have made a formal contract with a Jewish publisher in regard to the *Musen-Almanach*, of which I recently spoke to you in W——, and it is to appear next Michaelmas. In this undertaking I shall trust much to your kindness, which will not leave me in the lurch. From a business point of view, it is a trifling increase of trouble to me, but as a remunerative undertaking it is the more fortunate for me, because it can be carried on even when I am in a poor state of health, and thus secures my independence.

I am looking forward eagerly to all that your last letter promises me.

We all commend ourselves most kindly to your remembrance.

SCHILLER.

20.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 26, 1794.

The manuscript you sent me I read at once with great pleasure; I took it in at one draught. Just as a delicious drink, which, by containing all the properties of our nature, slips down the throat gratefully, and even shows its salutary effect while on the tongue by the fine tone it imparts to the nervous system, so it is with your Letters; for their effect upon me is both agreeable and beneficial. And, how could it be otherwise when what I have long recognised as true, what I have either praised or wished to

praise, I find set forth by you in so clear and noble a manner. Meyer, too, is greatly enjoying them, and his clear, impartial judgment was a strong confirmation of my own. This pleasant state of mind was very nearly ruffled by the enclosed note from Herder, who is inclined to accuse us of onesidedness for delighting in this mode of description. But as, in fact, one ought not to be too critical in the domain of phenomena, and as there is always some consolation in finding oneself in the company of a number of tried men—labouring more for the good than for the injury of themselves and their contemporaries—let us take comfort and continue to live and act in this way, and think of ourselves in our life and work as a whole, so that we may, in some measure, gain completeness for our patchwork. The Letters I shall keep for a day or two, so as to enjoy them again with Meyer.

Here are the Elegies. I would like you not to let them out of your hands, but to read them to those who have to judge of their admissibility. Then I should be glad to have them back again, in order to touch up some parts. If you find anything you do not approve of, pray draw my attention to it by a mark.

My Epistle is being copied and will soon follow with a few trifles. I shall then have to make a pause, for the Third Book of my novel will demand my attention. I have not yet seen the proof-sheets of the First, but as soon as they come you shall see them.

As regards the Almanack, I would propose that a small collection of epigrams be either inserted or added. Singly, they would be senseless; out of some hundreds that would not be presentable, we should surely be able to select a number that would have a bearing upon one another, and thus form a whole. The next time we meet, you shall see the sportive brood together in their nest.

Farewell, and let me be remembered by all your circle.

GOETHE.

Write and tell me what you want from me next for the *Horen*, and how soon you would like to have it. My second Epistle also shall be finished the first moment I feel myself in the humour for it.

21.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, October 28, 1794.

That you should agree with my ideas and feel satisfied with the manner in which I have worked them out, gives me no inconsiderable pleasure, and is to me a very necessary encouragement on the path upon which I have entered. It is true that things which can be settled in the field of pure reason, or at least pass as such, ought to stand firm enough upon internal and objective grounds, and bear the criterion of truth in themselves; but there exists, as yet, no such philosophy, and mine is still very far from it. After all, the main point rests principally upon the testimony of sentiment, and therefore requires subjective sanction, which only the concurrence of impartial minds can procure for it. Meyer's opinion on this point is to me both important and valuable, and consoles me as regards Herder's opposition, who, it seems, cannot forgive me my belief in Kant. I do not, however, expect to find in the opponents to the new philosophy that toleration which would probably be granted to any other system, although it inspired no better conviction; for Kant's philosophy itself does not exercise toleration in main points, and is of much too rigorous a character for there to be any possibility of accommodation to it. This, however, I consider, speaks in its favour, for it shows how little it tolerates any arbitrariness. Nor can such philosophy, therefore, be dismissed by a mere shake of the head. It builds its system upon an open, clear and accessible field of inquiry, never retreats into the shade, and reserves nothing for personal feelings; it asks to be treated as it treats its neighbours, and it cannot be blamed for respecting nothing but arguments. I am not in the least alarmed at the thought that the law of change—in face of which neither any human nor divine work finds any mercy—will overthrow this form of philosophy as well as every other; but its foundations need not fear this fate, for ever since the existence of man and of reason it has been silently recognised, and, upon the whole, conformed with.

These conditions cannot, I think, be applied to the philosophy of friend Fichte. There are already strong

antagonists at work among his own followers, and these will presently raise their voices and proclaim that his philosophy resolves itself into subjective spinozism. He has induced one of his old academic friends, a man called Weisshuhn, to come and live here, probably in the hope of being thus enabled to extend his own empire. However, this friend, from all that I hear of him, has a capital philosophical head on his shoulders, and thinks he has already made a hole in Fichte's system, and therefore means to write against him. To judge from Fichte's oral remarks (for he has as yet said nothing about it in his book) the *Ego* is creative also through its ideas, and all reality is but in the *Ego*. To him the world is but a ball, which the *Ego* has thrown up, and which it is again to catch by reflection!! According to this he virtually declared his own divinity, as we recently expected would be the case.

We all thank you very much for the Elegies. They are pervaded by so much warmth, so much tenderness and such a genuine, terse, poetic spirit, that they are delightfully refreshing, amid the productions of the present state of the poetic world. They are a true manifestation of great poetic genius. I am sorry to miss several little traits, yet I can understand that you were obliged to sacrifice them. I am in doubt about one or two passages which I shall mark when I send them back to you.

As you ask me what I should like to have from your pen for the first numbers, I beg to remind you of your idea of giving an adaptation of Boccaccio's story* of *The Honest Procurator*. I, at all times, prefer narrative to inquiry, but in the present case, the more so as there is perhaps somewhat too much of philosophy already in the first three numbers of the *Horen*, and rather a dearth of poetry. Were it not for this, I should have reminded you of your promised essay on landscape painting. According to the present arrangement, the third number of the *Horen* ought to be despatched by the beginning of January. Now, if No. 1 contains your Elegies and your first Epistle, the second your second Epistle and whatever

* More correctly from Celio Malespini's *Ducente novelle* (1609).

else you may send me this week, and the third. again, an Epistle and Boccaccio's story, each of these three numbers is certain to find its value.

Your kind offer respecting the Epigrams will be of the utmost advantage to the Almanack. There is still time to talk over how these are to be arranged. We may, perhaps, find it possible to make several sets of them, each set to be independent of the others.

I am glad to hear that Professor Meyer* is back in Weimar, and trust to your soon making us acquainted with each other. Perhaps he would consent to make a little excursion here, and, in order that, as an artist, he may not find his visit altogether fruitless, I can promise to show him a bust by a German sculptor, which, I think I may venture to say, need not fear the eye of any true connoisseur. Herr Meyer can, perhaps, be induced to give us an article this winter for the *Horen*.

I shall certainly set to work with the *Maltheser Ritter* as soon as I have finished a short essay on the Naïve, and my Letters, of which you have seen only the third part; these, however, will probably occupy me for the rest of the present year. I cannot, therefore, promise the piece for the Duchess' birthday, but I hope to have it ready by the end of the winter. I speak in this last sentence as if I were a strong, active man, who can command his own time, but I shall soon be reminded of my non-Ego when I come to carry out my plans.

Keep us in friendly remembrance; you are continually in our thoughts.

SCHILLER.

22.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 28, 1794.

I herewith send you back your Letters with thanks. If, upon first reading them, I did so merely as a contemplative man and found them greatly, I may almost say *completely*, to coincide with my own way of thinking, the second time I read them I did so with a practical object in view, and

* Johann Heinrich Meyer, archæologist and artist, a great friend of Goethe's and subsequently of Schiller's also.

watched carefully whether as an active man I could find anything that might mislead me. But even in this latter case I felt myself only strengthened and encouraged; let us therefore rejoice over this harmony in our minds.

The enclosed letter from Maimon as well as the essay will interest you. Do not let it out of your hands. I shall, perhaps, soon pay you a visit with Meyer. Farewell.

GOETHE.

23.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 1, 1794.

To-morrow morning at 10 o'clock I hope to be in Jena with Meyer, and to spend some pleasant days in your company. I hope we shall find you in good health.

GOETHE.

24.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, November 16, 1794.

This unfriendly weather which closes up all one's organs of sensation has, during the last week, quite unfitted me for all that can be called life, and now that I am awakening out of this state of mental torpor, I feel as if I had found you after a long interval, and am heartily longing for some friendly sign from you. Will you accept the accompanying picture,* so that you have something to remind you of me occasionally; give it a place in your house in whatever corner you like, only not *that* one where you have buried Reinhold's portrait.

In accordance with your request, and with my sincerest thanks, I also send you back the Elegies together with Stolberg's. The first manuscript of the *Horen* was sent off to the publisher the day before yesterday. I wrote and told him that he may expect the rest for the first number in a fortnight's time.

The comedy entitled *Die Wittwe,* which you recently

* An engraving of Schiller, by Müller.

took away from here, I beg you to let me have back for a fortnight; it is to be printed in the *Thalia*, with which it will be returned to you, that is if you care to make use of it.

I have this week anxiously been awaiting a manuscript from Meyer. Will you remind him of this for me. Von Humboldt starts for Frankfort next Saturday.

We all commend ourselves to your friendly remembrance.

SCHILLER.

25.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 27, 1794. Evening.

I herewith send you my manuscript, and hope that I have hit the right medium and the proper tone. Pray let me have it back soon, for I shall have to give it a few touches here and there so as to throw light upon certain passages. If I can manage to get my second Epistle and first story ready for the second number, we will let them follow next, and reserve the Elegies for the third, if not the latter must precede the other two. I greatly enjoy writing these short tales after the trouble that a pseudo-epos, like my novel, gives me.

Unger (who seems at times to be muddled) sends me the end of my first Book and forgets the middle. As soon as the missing six sheets arrive I will send you this *prologum*.

Von Humboldt lately came to one of our æsthetico-critical meetings; I do not know whether he found it interesting.

I am anxious to hear how your work is progressing, and still more so to read something you have finished.

You will of course receive proof sheets of the periodical, so that we may have a peep at its physiognomy before the public sees it.

Farewell. I have again a quantity of things which I should like to discuss with you.

GOETHE.

26.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, November 29, 1794.

I was very agreeably surprised by your so unexpectedly and promptly sending me the introduction to your tales, and I am therefore doubly indebted to you. In my opinion everything is brought in very much to the purpose, and I more especially find that the disputed point is very happily settled. Only it is a pity that the reader is allowed so little insight at first, and hence is not able to judge properly of the necessary relation between the whole and what has gone before. It would therefore have been desirable to have had the first story given with the introduction. However, I should not like to be unreasonable in my wishes, or to cause you to look upon your participation in the *Horen* as a burden. I therefore suppress this desire, and would merely add that if you could gratify it without any inconvenience to yourself, you would be doing me a great favour.

According to my estimate (and I have counted several pages by the word) the manuscript cannot print more than two sheets and a-half, so that there remains a whole sheet to be filled. If it cannot be managed in any other way, I must myself devise something for this seventh sheet, and perhaps give a brief account from the History of the Netherlands, of the siege of Antwerp under Philip II., which contains many remarkable incidents. This would give me but little trouble, and I should at the same time attain a small secondary object, that of having the historical field of our first number filled up. But of course I should give up this expedient—at all events for the first number—the moment I hear that you can give me one of your stories. It cannot be helped that the appearance of our first number will be delayed a week; however, it is no very great evil, and we may perhaps make up for it by letting the second number appear within a week after it.

In my address to the public, I shall have to draw attention to our unwillingness to meddle with political matters, and I should like you to consider whether what you have put into the mouth of the Privy Councillor might not offend some of the public, and that not the least numerous

portion. Although it is not the author but an interlocutor that is speaking, still the greater weight is on his side, and we have to be more guarded against what *seems* to be than what *is*. This remark I make as an editor. As a mere reader, I should put in a word in favour of the Councillor, and ask you to let the hot-headed Charles bring him back when he has acknowledged his wrong doings, and then leave him in our company. I should likewise take the old priest's part against his merciless female antagonist, who makes things almost too hot for him.

From some passages, especially a certain minuteness of detail at the beginning of the story, I thought I had discovered your intention of making the reader suppose that you were describing something that had actually happened. I am quite aware that in your stories you often make fun of the love of criticising, and it would not be bad to begin this banter at once, and to make the vehicle itself problematical in this respect. I trust to your taking my own love of criticising in good part.

The proof sheets of the *Horen* are to be sent to me weekly, yet I doubt whether we can expect the first before the course of a fortnight.

Unger's stupid mistake is very vexatious, for I am really longing to have your work. No less great is my desire to read those parts of your *Faust* which are as yet unpublished; for I can honestly say that what I have read of it is to me like the torso of an Hercules. There reigns in those scenes the power and the fulness of genius which unmistakably reveals the first master, and I should like as far as possible to follow the great and bold spirit that breathes in them.

Von Humboldt, who sends you his kindest regards, is still full of the impression which your way of reciting Homer made upon him, and has excited in us all such a desire to hear you, that the next time you come here we shall leave you no peace till you give us a like entertainment.

I have as yet proceeded but very slowly with my æsthetical Letters. However, the subject demanded this and I can only hope that the building will have a good foundation. If the small historical essay did not come in

the way, I might, perhaps, send you another packet in eight or ten days.

All here commend themselves to your friendly remembrance. Wholly yours,

SCHILLER.

27.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 2, 1794.

I am greatly pleased that, upon the whole and in the main, you are not dissatisfied with my Prologue; but I cannot give you more than this for this first number. I will read it over again, and put a few touches to the Privy Councillor and to Louise Sourdine, and perhaps give Charles an additional *forte;* it will then doubtless be pretty well in order. Your historical essay will certainly be acceptable in the number, for it will contribute to the desired variety of subjects. I hope to have my story ready for the second number; in fact, I think of acting like the story-teller in the *Arabian Nights.* I am looking forward to at once making use of your suggestions, and thus to putting new life into the work. I hope to receive the same kind assistance from you for my novel. Do not let me have long to wait for the continuation of your Letters.

Of *Faust* I cannot as yet let you have anything. I cannot make up my mind to untie the packet in which it is imprisoned. I could not copy without working it out, and I have no courage for that. If anything could induce me to do this at some future time it would certainly be your interest in it.

It was a relief to my mind to hear that von Humboldt had been pleased with our readings of Homer, for it was not without anxiety that I ventured to have them. A pleasure enjoyed in common with others has great charms, and yet it is often marred by the different natures of those taking part in it; but hitherto some kind spirit has watched over our meetings. It would be very delightful if we, too, could enjoy some books together.

Farewell, and do not let me be very far from your remembrance or from that of your circle.

GOETHE.

28.—Schiller to Goethe.

Jena, December 3, 1794.

I have just received a letter from Cotta in which he hopes and promises to send out the first number of the *Horen* before the end of the month, provided he receives enough manuscript; I must therefore ask you to let me have the stories, if possible, by Friday, so that I may send them to him. Letters take seven days to come, and it will take about double that amount of time to print and to sew the rest of the number together. Unfortunately, I foresee that my historical article cannot be finished in time for this number; the poor state of my health has robbed me of two days, and my Address to the Public will probably take me several days. I am, however, in hopes that this Address—which is to be prefixed to the first number—will to some extent serve to fill up the number.

As the post goes out immediately, I have only time to thank you with all my heart for the kindness with which you accepted my suggestions, as well as for what your letter otherwise contains.

Schiller.

29.—Goethe to Schiller.

Weimar, December 5, 1794.

Here is the manuscript; I have done to it what time would permit. You or von Humboldt will perhaps look over it again.

I have struck out the line drawn at the end, because it occurred to me that I might perhaps add something appropriate. If it is finished before your Address, it might be sent off with it. But write to me by the returning messenger, and tell me whether you know anything about a mysterious ghost affair which is said to have happened many years ago to a Mlle. Clairon,* and whether it has ever been published

* This story refers to the actress Clairon, which Goethe became acquainted with from Grimm's correspondence. Compare Letter 182. Goethe made use of it for the ghost story, related by Antonelli, in his *Unterhaltungen*, &c., which appeared in the *Horen*.

in any journal. If not, I will let you have it, and we should thus begin, at the very outset, with the *incredible*, which would at once gain us infinite confidence. I hope that the number will appear fully equipped. Be sure to make inquiries of diligent magazine-readers concerning the story about Clairon, or ask Voigt, the librarian: he ought, surely, to know something about it.

Farewell, and keep in good spirits. I only wish that your admirable activity of mind might be less disturbed by physical ailments.

GOETHE.

30.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 6, 1794.

To my great joy and satisfaction, just as I was getting out of bed, I received your parcel. I will to-day at once make careful inquiries about the ghost story. I myself have never read or heard anything about it.

Fichte has promised to send me a fourth essay for our first number within eight days, as he possesses the materials for one among his papers. We shall therefore be fully equipped, and as the Address will be additional printed matter, we shall be even more than complete. If, however, you should have finished the continuation of your *Diversions** while the first number is being printed, the compositor could at once set to work with the second number. This second number will, I think, be amply provided for with your second Epistle, the continuation of the *Diversions*, the continuation of my Letters, and the account of the Siege of Antwerp.

Cotta is very anxious that each separate essay should be accompanied by the author's name. We might, I think, comply with his request under this restriction, that the name be omitted in the case of those essays where the author does not wish it to be directly known. As regards your Elegies, which no reader, unless wholly wanting in

* The full title of this work is, *Unterhaltungen Deutscher Ausgewanderten.*

judgment, could mistake, no name need be given. Kindly let me know in your next letter whether you would prefer your name not mentioned at all in connection with the Diversions, or indicated only by a simple *G.* The names, however, would not be printed below the essays, but merely mentioned in the table of contents.

As regards the reviews of our periodical in the *Literarische Zeitung*, it is now arranged that a detailed criticism of it shall be given every three months. The first number, however, will be fully announced as early as the first week in January. Cotta is to defray the expenses of the review, and the reviewers are to be members of our society. We may, therefore, expatiate as much as we like; and we certainly will not declare ourselves tedious, for it is, of course, our business to win the favour of the public.

I am to-day in capital health, and shall at once set to work with the Address.

Yours most sincerely,
SCHILLER.

31.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 6, 1794.

Here at last is the First Book of *Wilhelm Schüler*, which, I know not how, has got hold of the name *Meister*. Unfortunately you will not see the first two Books till the metal type has given them their permanent form; nevertheless, give me your frank opinion, and tell me what is wanted and expected. The following Books you will see while they are still in pliable manuscript, and, I hope, will not withhold your friendly advice.

I intend working quietly on with the Diversions, but mean first of all to finish my second Epistle. I hope all will go well and smoothly when we are once fairly started.

Cotta may be right in wishing to put the author's *names* to the articles; he knows that the public cares more about the stamp than about the matter itself. I will, therefore, leave it entirely to the other contributors to decide respecting their own essays, but as regards my own, I must beg that *all* of them appear anonymously; only in this way

would it be possible for me—consistently with my other engagements—to take part in your journal with freedom and good humour.

Should you notice any misprints or anything else to remark upon in my novel, be so kind as to mark the place in pencil.

I am looking forward to having something more of yours to read soon, but more especially to the prospect of perhaps seeing you for a short time after the new year.

Meyer sends you many kind greetings, and I wish you to keep me in your kind remembrance.

G.

32.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 9, 1794.

With sincere and heartfelt pleasure have I read, and, I may say, devoured your First Book of *Wilhelm Meister*. It has given me an enjoyment such as I have not experienced for long, and never experienced except through you. It would really grieve me were I to think that the mistrust, which you yourself express about this admirable product of your genius, had to be ascribed to any other cause than to the vastness of the demands which your own mind must ever make upon itself. For I do not find anything in it that does not harmonise perfectly with the beautiful whole. Do not to-day expect any lengthy criticism of it; my mind is too much occupied with the *Horen* and with the Address—in addition to its being post-day—for me to collect my thoughts properly for such a purpose. If I may keep the sheets a few days longer I will take more time to them, and try whether I can divine anything of the further course of the story and the development of the characters. Von Humboldt has been revelling in it, and, like myself, finds that your genius is here in its perfect vigour, calm power, and creative fulness. This will certainly be the general impression. All is so simple and well connected, and so much is effected with little. I confess I was at first afraid that, owing to the long interval which must have elapsed between the first

sketch of it and the last finishing touches, there would be some little inequalities; but of this not a trace is to be seen. The bold poetical passages, which burst forth from the calm current of the whole like flashes of lightning, have an excellent effect, and elevate while they fill the soul. Of the admirable delineation of character I shall to-day say nothing, and as little about the remarkable and strikingly life-like naturalness of all the descriptions. This, however, cannot be denied of any one of your works. As regards the truth of the picture of theatrical affairs and love-making, I am a very competent judge, for I am better acquainted with both than I have any reason to wish I were.* The apology for commercial life is noble, and worked out in a grand spirit. And the fact of your having, at the same time, been able to maintain the principal hero's natural inclination with a certain degree of glory, is certainly not one of the least of the victories which the form has gained over the substance. But I ought not to allow myself to enter into details, because at the present moment I have no time to discuss them properly.

I have put an interdict upon Cotta in regard to your and all our names. To-day, to my great relief, I finished the Address, and it will appear in the intelligence-sheet of the *Literarische Zeitung*. Your promise to come to us for a time after Christmas is very comforting to me, and will allow me to look with a somewhat cheerful mind into the gloomy winter which has never been a friend to me.

As to the story about Mlle. Clairon, I have not been able to learn anything of it. However, I still expect one or two answers in regard to it. My wife recollects having heard that upon opening an old building in Bayreuth the old margraves appeared and prophesied. Hufeland, the lawyer, who, like our other good friend, is otherwise an authority *de rebus omnibus et quibusdam*, could tell me nothing about it.

All beg to be most kindly remembered to you, and are delighting in the prospect of your promised visit.

SCHILLER.

* From his having held the office of stage-poet to the theatre of Mannheim.

33.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 10, 1794.

I am very much gratified by the good opinion you express in regard to the First Book of my novel. After the strange fate which this work has experienced both within and without, it would not have been at all wonderful if I had become perfectly confused over it. I have, after all, kept to my original idea, and shall be glad if by this means I succeed in getting out of the labyrinth.

You may keep the First Book as long as you please; the second will come meanwhile, and the third you shall read in manuscript, and thus find more standpoints for criticism. I trust that your enjoyment of the following Books will not diminish but increase. The fact of my having both your and von Humboldt's approval will urge me on to work more assiduously and indefatigably.

The withholding the authors' names—which after all are to be mentioned in the advertisement—will certainly add to the interest in the journal, only, the essays themselves must be good.

As to the Clairon story, I am now quite satisfied, and would rather that nothing more was said about it till we produce it.

Farewell. I hope I may be fortunate enough to begin the New Year in your society.

G.

34.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 22, 1794.

At last I can let you have a look at the *Horen*, which I trust may please you. The print is somewhat close, and this will be more to the advantage of the public than to ourselves. However, we could in future make some slight alteration in this respect, especially as regards the poetry, which might be spread over a larger space. I am sorry, considering it is our first beginning, that the longer articles should have been made to look as if they belonged together. I shall also see to it that Cotta gives some compensation to those of us who contribute largely, and to

whom, therefore, the closeness of the print is a matter of some importance. Besides this, it is part of our contract that we are to be paid more after the first 2000 copies are sold; however, he must do even more than this.

I hope you will not find any misprints; I, at least, have found none. The type and form of the book gives it a solid and durable appearance, and distinguishes it in this respect very advantageously from the usual run of journals. The paper also is stout, and looks as if it were meant to last.

Cotta is urging me to let him have some manuscript for the second number; please, therefore, send me your second Epistle.

I must ask you to return me the enclosed sheets, as *Hofrath* Schütz, who is going to review the first number, wishes to see it as the sheets are printed. I have ordered a specimen cover for the periodical, and am to have it in about a week.

I am heartily glad to think that you are so soon to be in Jena again. Frau von Kalb has been here for several days.

SCHILLER.

35.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 23, 1794.

You shall have the sheets sent back to you immediately. Both paper and print look very well, especially the prose. The hexameters lose the appearance of rhythm, owing to their being sometimes printed singly, sometimes in double lines.

I think we should leave the discussion about payment till the first number is published; we could then make our calculations and conditions. In the long run it might perhaps be to our advantage to have our ware weighed in Cotta's favourite scales.

Here is my second Epistle, the second half of it can be made the third Epistle, and open the third number.

I shall now set to work with the ghost stories. I intend to get through a good deal of work before the end of the year, so as to be more at liberty to come to see you in the new one.

See that Cotta returns all manuscripts ; this is advisable in many respects.

Farewell, and give my kind remembrances to Frau von Kalb, who has unfortunately this time passed Weimar at a distance.

GOETHE.

36.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.*

Weimar, December 25, 1794.

I must send you a line to-day about old Obereit.† He seems to be in great distress; I have a little over 20 thalers (£3) for him, which I shall send you on Saturday. Would you meanwhile see that he gets something in advance, and keep the money I send, giving him a little of it by instalments, for he will never learn how to manage it himself.

Farewell. My Third Book is ready, and all seems to promise so well that I shall be able to meet you with a cheerful mind after the turn of the year.

* This letter has no signature.

† Jacob Hermann Obereit, a theosophist and alchymist, was born in Arbon, and came to Weimar, in 1782, where he lived for a time with Wieland.

1795.

37.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, January 2, 1795.

My best wishes to you for the New Year, and again accept my thanks for the past one, which your friendship has made notable and memorable to me above all other years.

I have ended the year very industriously, and in order to have something finished by the time you come, have set myself extra work during the last days. This work is now finished, and can be submitted to you when you come.

Your Epistle, for which my very best thanks, I have still lying on my table, for as the one which is immediately to follow it is not yet ready, it was useless to send it alone. Besides, there was no special hurry, because I had first to send more manuscript for the first number of the *Horen*, as even Fichte's essay did not prove sufficient, and hence the appearance of the number is delayed a fortnight.

Professor Meyer will, I hope, excuse me for having, without his special permission, sent off part of his essay for this number. It was impossible for me to let him see it again after I had revised it, for I had to send it off that same post-day. I think, however, I can safely assure him that he will have no reason to be dissatisfied, for my alterations are confined exclusively to the outward form. This essay has given me great pleasure, and it will be a most valuable contribution to the *Horen!* It is so rare an occurrence that a man like Meyer has an opportunity of

studying Art in Italy, or that the one who has the opportunity should be a Meyer.

Klopstock's Ode, which you spoke of in your last,* I have not read, and if you still have it, please bring it with you. The title alone would lead one to expect such a production.

I am greatly pleased at the prospect of getting the continuation of your *Meister*, which you will, I hope, also bring with you. I could just now enjoy it thoroughly, as I am actually thirsting for the delineation of some special characters.

Could you not also bring some scenes from *Faust* to read to us? Frau von Kalb seemed to know something about them, and excited my curiosity the other day; I do not think that anything in the whole poetic world could give me more pleasure at the present moment.

Your wishes in regard to Obereit shall be attended to. He has enough to live upon in the meantime, for he has had money sent to him from Meiningen. Part of the four louis-d'ors will have to be laid out upon clothes for him, as he will then be enabled to frequent the tables of his friends, from which his philosophical cynicism has hitherto excluded him.

I hope in a few days either to see you or to hear what day you propose coming to us.

All here wish to be most kindly remembered.

SCHILLER.

38.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 3, 1795.

May the New Year have much happiness in store for you! Let us spend this one as we concluded the last, in reciprocal interest in all that we love and do. If congenial minds did not cling to one another, what would become of society and sociability? I rejoice to think that

* Goethe's letter of the 27th of December, in which he sent the 20 thalers for Obereit, and spoke of Klopstock's Ode (probably his *Hermann aus Walhalla*) is lost.

our influence upon one another, and the confidence between us, will always go on increasing.

Herewith I send you the first volume of my novel. The second copy is for the Humboldts. I trust the second Book will give you as much pleasure as the first. The third I shall bring with me in manuscript.

The ghost stories I hope to send in, in proper time.

I am full of curiosity about your work. Meyer sends greetings. We shall probably come on Sunday, the 11th. You will, however, hear from me again. Farewell.

G.

39.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 7, 1795.

Herewith I send you the Third Book, which I hope will meet with a good reception.

On Saturday you shall have my stories for the *Horen*, and I trust I may not have proved myself quite unworthy of my great predecessor* in the description of forebodings and visions.

On Sunday afternoon I shall be with you. In the evening I am engaged at the club with Loder.

Meyer will accompany me, and wishes to be kindly remembered to you. I am looking forward to your new work, and have been wondering what course you have followed in it, but I shall probably not guess rightly.

Farewell, and remember me to all.

G.

40.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, January 7, 1795.

Accept my best thanks for the copy of the novel you have sent me. The feeling which penetrates and takes hold of me with increasing force the further I read on in this work, I cannot better express in words than by calling

* J. Ch. Henings, of Jena, author of *Ahndungen und Visionen, Geistern und Geisterseher*, &c.

it a delicious, inward sense of comfort, a feeling of mental and bodily well-being, and I will vouch that this will be the effect produced upon all readers.

This sense of comfort I account for from the calm clearness, the smoothness and transparency which pervade the whole of your work, and which leave nothing to disturb or to dissatisfy the mind, and the mind is not more excited than is necessary to fan and to maintain a joyous life. Of the individual parts I shall say nothing till I have seen the Third Book, which I am looking forward to with longing.

I cannot express to you what a painful feeling it often is to me to pass from a work of this kind into one of a philosophical character. In the former all is so joyous, so alive, so harmoniously evolved, and so true to human life; in the latter all is so stern, so rigid, abstract, and so extremely unnatural; for nature is but synthesis, and philosophy but antithesis. I can indeed give proof of having been as true to nature in my speculations as is compatible with the idea of analysis; nay, I have perhaps been more faithful to her than our Kantians would consider permissible or possible. But still I am no less fully conscious of the infinite difference between Life and Reasoning, and cannot, in such melancholy moments, help perceiving a want in my own nature which in happier hours I am forced to think of only as a natural quality of the thing itself. This much, however, is certain—the poet is the only true man, and the best philosopher is but a caricature in comparison with him.

I need scarcely assure you that I am in the utmost anxiety to know what you have to say to my philosophy of the Beautiful. As the Beautiful itself is derived from man as a whole, so my analysis of it is drawn from *my* own whole being, and I cannot but be deeply interested in knowing how this accords with yours.

Your presence here will be a source of nourishment both to my mind and my heart. Especially great is my longing to enjoy some poetical works in common with you.

You promised to let me hear some of your epigrams when an opportunity occurred. It would be a great and

additional pleasure to me if this could be done during your approaching visit to Jena, as it is still very uncertain when I may be able to get to W.

Please present my friendly regards to Meyer. We are all truly delighted at the prospect of seeing you both, and no one more so than

Your sincere admirer and friend,

SCHILLER.

Just as I am about to close comes the welcome continuation of your *Meister*. A thousand thanks for it!

41.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 10, 1795.

Nothing has come in the way to thwart our intention of paying you a visit to-morrow and of spending some little time with you. I hope to find you well and in good spirits.

The accompanying manuscript I was unable to re-read after copying it, and I shall be glad to hear that you are not displeased with my endeavour to rival the great Henings.*

Farewell, and remember me to your wife and friends.

G.

42.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, January 25, 1795.

Had you stayed but one day longer with us, we should have been able to celebrate the arrival of the *Horen* together. They came yesterday, and I now forward the copies due to you, with one for our friend Meyer. There are more at your disposal as soon as you require them. I hope only that the outward form may meet with the approval of both of you.

Cotta writes in high spirits. So many orders have already been received that he expects rather a large sale;

* See note to Letter 39.

this from the mouth of a publisher is an assurance worthy of being credited.

As I have a parcel to send to Jacobi one of these days, please let me have the letter you spoke of to forward to him, for I should not like to trouble you with the package. I should also like to know whether you have thought of presenting one of your copies to the Duke, for if so, I will not send him one.

I am glad to see from the goddesses you sent me, that you and our great *stove-friend* * have happily passed the cold region. I am very much pleased with the colossal woman,† and shall often take a look at her; the heavenly maid also is splendid, except for her grief about mortality.

We all wish to be most kindly remembered.

Yours always,

SCH.

43.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 27, 1795.

Many thanks for the copies of the *Horen* which you sent me; they are very neat in appearance. One of the smaller copies I presented to the Duke in your name, and wish you would take this opportunity and write to him.

I have no doubt that the journal will be a success.

My Third Book is off; I looked through it again, and while doing so kept your suggestions before me.

This week will be spent amid constant theatrical worries; when these are over, I shall again set to work busily with my literary undertakings. I wish you health and spirit for yours.

Meyer sends his greetings. Again let me thank you for all your kindness to us in Jena.

G.

* This stove-friend (*Ofenfreund*) is Meyer, who, although born in Switzerland, was very susceptible to cold.

† The "colossal woman" is probably meant to signify *Juno Ludovisi*, the "heavenly maid," Pallas Albani. Meyer may have made drawings of them for Schiller.

44.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

One thing more; I think that Humboldt's essay, like all the others, should leave the public in doubt as to who is the author. It would therefore perhaps be well to omit the passage where he mentions his brother, especially as it is almost the only one that could excite and confirm conjectures. I am perfectly well aware that we are but playing at hide and seek, still I consider it very important that the reader should judge for himself before knowing who the author is.

G.

45.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, January 28, 1795.

I am very much obliged to you for having been so kind as to send the Duke a copy of the *Horen* in my name. I herewith send you another in its place, and, as I expect some others from Cotta on Saturday next, you shall have a few more, together with a packet for Jacobi.

To-day I wrote to the Duke, and shall probably hear from you what he says of our *Horen*.

I have at last read Schütz's strange review of the *Horen* in manuscript. It will suit our purpose very well, in many ways, even better than our taste. The pictures from Utopia were probably still floating before his imagination when he wrote it; for there is an abundance about eating in it.

He deserves praise for having quoted a good many passages from your Epistles. Against me he evidently has some grudge, which, however, he does not bring forward for fear of coming into collision somewhere. I shall be glad if he manages cleverly to maintain the character of impartiality in this manner.

Herder got a letter from me a day or two ago, and I wish very much that you would second my petition if you have an opportunity.

Since you left, the Muses have not favoured me with their company, and things will have to be better than they

are at present if the *Centaur* * for the fourth number is to do me any credit.

The children have all got the chicken-pox, but they have it very favourably, and are getting over it successfully.

All here wish to be most kindly remembered.

SCH.

46.—SCHILLER *to* PROF. H. MEYER, IN WEIMAR.

Jena, February 5, 1795.

Accept my best thanks for the folio volume you sent me. Owing to pressing business affairs I have not yet found time to take it in hand.

Your answer to my inquiry about the criticism of artists has awakened in me very pleasant hopes. You are acquainted with so great a number of master minds that you can venture to undertake something of the kind. Such a work does not exactly demand much art in the way of dress. It is enough to be definite and brief. I should moreover be satisfied if, after having once started, we could manage to publish but two or three printed pages a month. Will you, meanwhile, until we can discuss the matter by word of mouth, think of what articles you could contribute, and of the order in which they would have to appear.

Of the *Thalia* which you wish to look through, I send you what I have by me. I also enclose an advertisement of a new journal, which is to be chiefly devoted to art-criticism; however, I do not expect much from it. Will you see whether any of your acquaintances would patronise it? I think we ought to see the journal, so that we know what others say about a subject which we ourselves intend to discuss. Please ask the Privy Councillor† which periodicals he means to take an interest in, so that I may, in the

* This was the name Goethe gave to this part of the *Horen*, on account of the very opposite character of their contributions, Schiller's *Letters on Æsthetic Culture*, and the thoroughly sensuous Elegies, the admission of which even Duke Carl August considered questionable, as is known from a letter of his to Schiller, dated July 5, 1795.

† Goethe.

distribution of the others, arrange accordingly. I shall see to it that none remains unknown to us.

As regards the seal for the *Horen*, let it be made exactly as you propose.

Our contributor Dalberg writes to me that he has an essay on Schools of Art to send me for the *Horen*. This will interest you.

I have, at last, found out what *Art* is. "Art is that mechanical expertness, which, by means of certain instruments, can turn a natural body into an article of commerce." I beg you to remember this, and, in future, always to bear in mind that, when you are enlarging upon the genius of a Carrache or some such person, you are turning a natural body into an article of commerce. Be sure to let the Privy Councillor know of this discovery. You shall hear some day where I got hold of it.

I hope that things may be better with you in Weimar than they are with me. For eight days and more I have neither been in the humour, nor have I had the health for work, and what is worse than all, I have got into the habit that if I do not devote myself *entirely* to my work, I cannot settle to it at all.

Farewell, and remember me most kindly to the Privy Councillor. Yours most cordially,

SCH.

P.S. Please let the Privy Councillor see the eighth part of the *Thalia*, which contains *The Farewell* (*Der Abschied*).

47.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 11, 1795.

How I wish that my Fourth Book may find you in good health and spirits, and that it may divert you for a few hours. May I ask you to make a mark where anything appears doubtful to you. I likewise commend my hero and his companions to von Humboldt and the ladies.

If I do not come on Saturday, as I hope to, you shall hear from me again. Meyer sends many kind remembrances.

G.

48.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 18, 1795.

You said to me recently that you thought of coming over to us one day soon. Now, although I fear that the return of the cold weather will deter you, I wish, at all events, to make you a proposal.

Will you not both come and stay with me, or, if your dear wife should prefer going elsewhere, I would still like to persuade *you* to take up your old quarters in my house. But do exactly as you please; I would give you both a hearty welcome.

Encouraged by the good humour which was awakened in me by our late discussions, I have already worked out the plan for my Fifth and Sixth Books. How much more profitable it is to see oneself reflected in the minds of others than merely in one's own.

Do you know Kant's Observations on the Feeling for the Beautiful and the Sublime, written in 1771? It would be a very pleasing essay if the words *beautiful* and *sublime* were not on the title-page, and were less frequently met with in the book itself. It is full of the most charming remarks on mankind, and the germs of his principles are there already to be found in the bud. But you are sure to know it.

Has there still been no news of the absent von Humboldt? Remember me to all your circle, and continue to refresh and to inspire me with your affection and confidence. G.

49.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, February 19, 1795

The wretched weather has again robbed me of all spirit, and the threshold of my door is once more the boundary of my wishes and peregrinations. Most glad I shall be to avail myself of your invitation, whenever I can trust my health a little, even though my visit should only be one of a few hours' duration. Most heartily do I long to see you; and my wife, who is delighting in the prospect of this visit, will leave me no peace till I accomplish it.

The report I lately gave you of the impression which your *Wilhelm Meister* had made upon me was a faithful one, hence, as is proper, you are warming yourself at your own fire, and not at any one else's. Körner wrote to me a few days ago and spoke of it with immense satisfaction, and his judgment is to be depended upon. Never have I met an art-critic who is so little diverted from the main object by the accessories of a poetical production. He finds *Wilhelm Meister* to possess all the power of *Werther's Leiden*, but curbed by a manly spirit, and exalted to the calm gracefulness of a perfect work of art.

What you say of Kant's little work, I remember to have felt myself when reading it. It is simply anthropological in execution, and gives one no information as to the first principles of the Beautiful. On the other hand, however, as regards the physics and the natural history of the Sublime and the Beautiful, it contains much fertile matter. To me the style seemed too playful and flowery for so serious a subject; a strange fault in a Kant, but, again, one that can be very easily accounted for.

Herder has given us a very happily-chosen and well-written essay, in which some light is thrown on the current notion of a *special destiny*. Subjects of this kind are particularly suitable for our purpose, as they are to some extent mystical, and yet can be connected with some general truth.

As I am upon the subject of Destiny, I must tell you that within the last few days I have myself decided something as regards my *own*. The people in my native province have done me the honour to offer me an appointment in Tübingen, where they seem at present much engaged with reforms. But as I am, in fact, useless as an academical teacher, I would rather be idle here in Jena, where I am happy, and where, if possible, I mean to live and die. I have, therefore, declined the invitation, and take no credit to myself for so doing, inasmuch as my inclination alone decided the whole matter. I had no need to recall to mind the obligations I owe to our excellent Duke, and which I would rather owe him than any one else. Nor do I think that I need be in any anxiety about my means of earning a livelihood as long as I can in some

measure use my pen, so I shall leave these things to Heaven, which has never yet forsaken me.

Von Humboldt of Bayreuth has not yet come here, nor has he written anything definite about his coming.

Herewith I send you Weisshuhn's papers,* which I recently spoke about. Pray let me have them back soon.

We all commend ourselves heartily to your remembrance.

SCH.

50.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 21, 1795.

How glad I am that you intend remaining in Jena, and that your native province has been unable to entice you to return to it. I hope that there is still much that we shall start and work out together.

Please let me have back the manuscript of my Fourth Book, and I will soon send you back the Synonymes. The dance of the *Hours* (the *Horen*) will thus become more animated than ever.

Farewell. More in a day or two.

G.

51.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, February 22, 1795.

According to your desire, I herewith send you back the Fourth Book of your *Meister*. Wherever I found anything to object to, I made a mark in the margin, the meaning of which you will soon discover. Where you do not discover it, nothing will be lost.

A somewhat more important observation I must make concerning the gift of money which is offered and accepted by Wilhelm from the Countess, at the hands of the Baron. It seems to me—and so it appeared to Humboldt also—that, considering the tender relation between him and the Countess, the latter would not have ventured—through a strange hand—to offer him such a gift, nor would he have accepted it. I looked in vain at the context to see if there

* The Synonymes mentioned in Letters 52, 53, and 54.

were anything that could save the *delicatesse* of both, and this, I think, might have been effected had the gift been offered to him as a reimbursement for expenses incurred, and accepted by him under this plea. This, however, must be left for you to decide. As it now stands, it startles the reader, and he is puzzled how he is to save the hero's feeling of delicacy.

As for the rest, upon reading it a second time, I felt renewed pleasure at the perfect truth of the descriptions, and at the excellent development of the Hamlet episode. As regards the latter, I would have preferred—merely for the sake of the connection of the whole, and on account of that variety which is otherwise so well sustained—that this subject had not been carried on so continuously, but that, if possible, it had been interrupted by some important intermediate occurrences. It is brought forward too suddenly at Serlo's first introduction, and afterwards again in Aurelia's chamber. However, these are trifles which would not strike the reader had you not yourself, in all that came before, led him to expect the greatest possible variety.

Körner, from whom I had a letter yesterday, gave me strict injunctions to thank you for the great pleasure which your *Wilhelm Meister* had given him. He says he could not abstain from setting one or two things from it to music, and these he now sends you through me. One is written for the mandoline, the other for the piano. The first can probably be procured in Weimar.

I must earnestly entreat you to think of our third number of the *Horen*. Cotta urges me to let him have the manuscripts earlier, and thinks that the 10th of the month ought to be the latest day by which all manuscripts should be in his hands. Therefore we ought to be enabled to send them off from here by the 3rd of the month. Do you think you could have your *Procurator* ready by then? This warning, however, must in no way inconvenience you; you are perfectly free to decide to give it to the third or to the fourth number, as one of these two numbers was to do without a contribution from you.

We all beg to be most kindly remembered, and please convey my kindest greetings to Meyer.

SCHILLER.

52.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 25, 1795.

Your kind critical care as regards my work has given me fresh inclination and courage to go through the Fourth Book again. I understand your *obelos* perfectly, and have made use of your suggestions; I also hope to be able to remedy the other deficiencies, and to effect other improvements upon the whole. But as I must set to work with this at once, you will, I hope, excuse my not contributing anything to the third number of the *Hören;* the *Procurator*, however, shall make his appearance in all elegance in the fourth.

The Synonymes — which I herewith return — I thoroughly approve of; the manner in which they are worked out is very ingenious, and in many instances surprisingly good. The Introduction, however, seems to me less *readable*, although it is well thought out and to the point.

Report has also reached us here of the author's* freak of not wishing to stand beneath the sway of the Academy. The latter demands satisfaction because the author has, in an *impudent manner*, censured the Prorector, &c. As you take his part, tell me something plausible that can be said of him; it is surely too transcendental a proceeding to give a *forum privilegiatum* in exchange for an ordinary one. The Town Council cannot receive his case unless he submits to the usual conditions. It can be demanded of him to prove that he is possessed of 200 thalers (£30); he must become a citizen, and whatever else may be required of him. If he could possibly be induced to come to terms with the Academy, the affairs would probably be settled amicably through Voigt, who is the present Prorector.

I hope soon to see you again, were it only for a few hours. Although absent, do not let me be far from your thoughts.

Pray tell Körner that his interest in my work gives me infinite pleasure. I hope soon to see the romance on the stage. Farewell.

G.

* The author of the Synonymes—Weisshuhn.

53.—Schiller to Goethe.

Jena, February 27, 1795.

If you are being favoured with the same bright weather we are enjoying here, I hope that it may bring you good luck for Book Four of your *Wilhelm Meister*. This first sign of spring has cheered me greatly, and diffused new life over my work, which was much in need of it. How dependent we are upon the forces of nature in spite of all our vaunted independence, for of what avail is our will if nature fails us? That which I have been pondering over for five long weeks, one gentle ray of sunlight has solved for me in three days. True, my previous state of torpidity may have been the means of forwarding this development, but the development itself was effected by the warming sun.

I am becoming more and more master of my subject, and with every step in advance I discover how firm and secure is the ground upon which I am building. Henceforth I shall no longer need to fear that a single objection might upset the whole, and again the strict connection of the whole itself will guard me against single errors in the application—in the same way as the calculation itself warns the mathematician of every error in the calculation.

As regards our transcendental philosopher—who is so little capable of appreciating academic freedom—I have, through Niethammer's mediation (as he was himself not visible) succeeded in inducing him to make peace with the present Prorector, and probably, therefore, he will himself be left in peace. I have no reason to believe that he has perverted facts; and if what he says is true, then Professor Schmidt must himself take the blame about the epithet which was given to him. For, as Weisshuhn assures me, Schmidt has expressly declared that he should be left in peace till Easter, and that no explanation, as to his remaining here, should be demanded of him. Subsequently, he denied having made any such promise, &c. Weisshuhn thought that such behaviour could not have proceeded from Prorector Schmidt, but from Professor Schmidt, and therefore—with all respect to the former—he found the other impertinent.

The new number of the *Horen* is ready, and I have already received one copy by letter post. To-morrow I expect a packet. In this second number we have fully corrected the fault we committed in the first, for in place of seven sheets it contains eight and a half.

I heartily rejoice to think that, in accordance with your promise, we may any day expect a visit from you.

We are all well, and beg to be most kindly remembered.

SCHILLER.

N.B.—You forgot to inclose the Synonymes in your last.

54.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 28, 1795.

Here are the Synonymes I forgot to send you. I read a short extract from them aloud to some friends who were with me yesterday, without telling them whence they came, or whither they were going. They were very highly praised.

It would, in fact, not be amiss were I occasionally to read some of our manuscripts out in this way before they were printed. There would always be some dozen persons who would thereby become better disposed towards the journal, and have their curiosity awakened for the next number.

I shall refrain from saying anything of the Weisshuhn affair till I hear from you of an amicable arrangement.

I congratulate you upon having advanced successfully with your work. All one can do is to erect the pile of wood and to dry it thoroughly, it will take fire at the right time, and we ourselves will be amazed at the result.

Here is a letter from Jacobi. You will see that he is quite well. I am delighted that he is interested in your Letters. His criticism of my first volume I enclose for you to look at.

Farewell. I shall come and see you as soon as possible.

G.

55.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, March 1, 1795.

Herewith, in the meantime, I send you four copies of the *Horen*, one of which please present to the Duke. The rest will follow.

Jacobi's criticism did not surprise me at all, for an individual such as he, must as inevitably be offended by the unsparing truth of your pictures of nature, as a mind like yours must necessarily give him cause to be so.

Jacobi is one of those who seek only their own ideas in a poet's representations, and prize that which *should be* as higher than *what is;* the cause of the dispute, therefore, lies in the very first principles, and it would be utterly impossible for you to come to an understanding with one another.

As soon as I observe that any one—when judging of poetical representations—considers anything more important than the inner necessity and truth, I have done with him. If he could show you that the immorality of your representations does not proceed from the nature of the subject, but from the manner in which it has been treated by you, then, indeed, you would certainly have to be held responsible for it; not, however, because of having offended against moral laws, but against æsthetic forms. I should, however, like to see how he undertakes to prove this.

I am interrupted by a visitor, and do not wish to delay sending off this parcel.

Weisshuhn has just been here. He has consented to inscribe his name to-morrow. Farewell.

Sch.

56.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

March 8, 1795.

I have been disappointed in my expectation of seeing you here this week, but hope that the only reason of your not coming was your eagerness to get through your work. Still, not to hear from you or to see you is a thing to which I can now scarcely accustom myself.

I am very anxious to hear what work you are at present occupied with. I have been told that you intend to have the third volume of *Wilhelm Meister* published as early as midsummer. That would be sooner than I thought, but much as I am looking forward to *Meister*, I should be sorry were it to withdraw you from the *Horen* for so long a time.

I have not yet been able to learn anything about the fate of the second number of the *Horen;* perhaps you have heard something about it in Weimar.

Is our friend Meyer satisfied with his essay? I hope he is. Cotta writes to me that his essay has given great satisfaction, and I have not the slightest doubt that it will do us credit.

Herewith I send you other four numbers, one of which is for Meyer. Should you require one or two more copies on post paper, in place of on writing paper, please let me know and return those printed on writing paper.

All here send kindest remembrances.

SCH.

57.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 11, 1795.

Notwithstanding my great longing to see and to converse with you again, I have not been able to stir from here this week. Some actors from other towns, of whose playing I wished to form an opinion, bad weather, and rheumatism, which was brought on by taking cold, have successively prevented me carrying out my wishes, and I still do not see how or when I can get away.

Let me, however, also tell you that I have been busy, that the greater portion of my Fourth Book has been sent off, and that the *Procurator* has likewise been revised. I hope that you may not be displeased with the way I have conceived and carried out the story.

If I can manage that my novel appears at its appointed time, I shall be satisfied; but I shall not think of being in any hurry about it. Nothing shall prevent my doing for the *Horen* what you desire. If I economise and arrange my time I shall be able to get through a good deal during the year.

I have not yet heard anything about the second number of the *Horen*, but the first is making sensation enough in Germany.

Meyer wishes me to send you his thanks for revising his ideas; there is but little that could have been differently worded, and no one will notice this. He is now at work with an essay on Perugino, Bellin, and Mantegna.

From the accompanying paper you will see what monthly periodicals I intend in future to take in. My plan is to have the table of contents of each one copied and to annex a short review of it. In this way, at the expiration of six months, we shall be able to command a view of what our contemporaries are about.

If we show vigour and variety we shall be first and foremost, for all other journals carry more ballast than merchandise, and, further, as the aim of our periodical is also intended to be a means of self-improvement, this can result in and effect nothing but what is good. The second parcel you sent tallies with the first, that is to say, four copies on writing paper and as many on post paper.

Jacobi begs to be excused for not having yet sent you anything.

I hope that good weather will soon enable me to take a hurried ride over to you, for I am longing to have a talk with you, and to hear what you have been doing.

Remember me to all your circle.

G.

58.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 18, 1795.

Last week a strange impulse came over me, which, fortunately, still continues. That is to say, I felt strongly disposed to work out the religious book in my novel, and as this is based upon the noblest illusions and upon the most delicate confusion between the *objective* and the *subjective*, it perhaps required me to be more specially in the humour and more collected, than any other part of the work. And yet—as you will in time see—such a

representation would have been impossible, had I not previously studied it from nature. With this Book—which I propose having finished before Palm Sunday—I have quite unexpectedly made great progress in my work, for it points forwards as well as backwards, and, while drawing a limit, it at the same time guides and leads me on. The *Procurator* also is finished, and only requires to be looked over; you will therefore receive it in good time.

I trust that nothing will prevent my coming to you at Holy Week, and spending some time with you; we shall then again accomplish some good.

I should like to hear what you have been working at lately; your first Letters we have read again in print with much pleasure.

The *Horen* is creating quite a sensation among the Weimar public, but I have not yet heard any distinct *pro* or *contra* in regard to it. People are, in fact, only *running after it* and snatching the numbers out of one another's hands; we could not want more for a beginning.

Von Humboldt is sure to have been very busy. I am looking forward to having some talk with him about *anatomica*, and have prepared a few very natural but interesting experiments for him. My kind regards to him and to the ladies. The *Procurator* is at the door. Farewell, and continue to give me your affection; it will not be on your side only.

G.

59.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, March 19, 1795.

I am not a little curious to see the sketch you have just drawn. Less than any other can this one have proceeded from your own individuality, for it seems to me that this is a chord which is least often struck by you, and moreover, scarcely to your misfortune. All the more anxious am I to see how you have blended this heterogeneous matter with your own nature. Religious enthusiasm does and can only exist in such minds as are contemplatively idle and absorbed in themselves, and nothing appears to

me to be less your case than this. I do not for a moment doubt that your representation will be a true one, but it will be this solely through the power of your genius, and not by the aid of your subject.

I have for some time been unfaithful to my philosophical studies, on account of having had to hurry to get something ready for the fourth number of the *Horen*. The lot fell to the *Siege of Antwerp*, and I have made good progress with it already. The town shall have surrendered by the time you come. It was only while working at this that I discovered how exhausting my previous work had been; for without being at all negligent, it appears to me mere play work, and it is only the quantity of wretched stuff which I am obliged to read and which tries my memory, that reminds me that I am at work. True, it gives me but very poor enjoyment; I hope, however, that my case may be the same as that of cooks, who have little appetite themselves but excite it in others.

You would greatly oblige me could you let me have the long-expected *Procurator* by Monday. I should then not be forced to send the beginning of my historical essay to the press before the end is ready. However, should this not be convenient to you, please let me know by Saturday. But I shall hope for the best.

I am heartily glad that you intend spending Easter with us, for I too again require an active stimulus from without, and one from a friendly hand.

Please remember me most kindly to Meyer. I wish he could let us have something again soon. The seal for the *Horen* I have not yet received.

All here send their greetings, and are anxiously looking forward to seeing you.

SCH.

60.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 19, 1795.

The *Procurator*, which I herewith send you, will, I trust, be kindly received.

Be so good as to let me have it back soon, for I wish to look over it again once or twice on account of style.

I am working hard at all that which might prevent me from soon enjoying and improving myself by your side.

G.

61.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, March 20, 1795.

This morning I received your parcel, which was a pleasant surprise in every respect. Your tale is uncommonly interesting, and what I especially enjoyed was the *dénouement*. I confess that I expected this, and should not have been satisfied had you not herein deviated from the original. For if I am not mistaken, in Boccaccio, it is merely the timely return of the old man that decides the success of the cure.

If you could manage to send me the manuscript back early on Monday, I should be much obliged. You will find but little more to do to it.

SCH.

62.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, March 21, 1795.

I will return you the manuscript to-morrow evening by the horse-post.

On Monday the end of my Fourth Book goes off to Unger.

Next week I hope to finish all that I am bound to get through, so as to be quite free when with you.

I wish you all success with the *Siege of Antwerp;* it will have a good effect in the *Horen.*

Remember me to all your circle. Meyer sends greetings; he is busy with a variety of things. I hope that the slowly-approaching spring may greatly improve your health, and that we shall accomplish much together before the first anniversary of our friendship.

G.

63.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, March 25, 1795.

I to-day received a letter in which the old offer from Tübingen is renewed, with the additional proposal that I should be wholly exempted from all public duties and be at liberty to act entirely as I pleased with the students, &c. Now, although I have not changed my first determination and shall not readily alter it, still, at this opportunity, some serious considerations in regard to the future have forced themselves upon my mind and have convinced me of the necessity of obtaining some security in case that ill-health should prevent my continuing my literary work. I have therefore written to G. R. Voigt, and have begged him to obtain an assurance from the Duke that in the event of absolute necessity my salary shall be doubled. If this is secured to me, I shall hope not to require it till as late a day as possible, perhaps even never; but I am anxious about the future and this is all I can expect.

I wanted to say a few words about this in case you heard it talked of and might not exactly know what to make of it.

Next Sunday we shall anxiously expect you. All here send greetings.

SCH.

64.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 3, 1795.

Although I had some spare hours yesterday I could not make up my mind to pay you another visit and to bid you a formal farewell. I left Jena very unwillingly and thank you again for what you have imparted to me and shared with me during my stay. Here, first of all, are the Elegies, which please return as soon as possible; I shall then have them divided into the proper number of pages and copied.

I have a few things ready for the Almanack, more especially for Messrs. X., Y. and Z., these you shall have in a few days with something in addition. Remind me occa-

sionally of what you want from me, so that my good will may show itself in the deed.

Farewell, and accept my kind greetings for those dear to you and for all friends.

G.

65.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, May 4, 1795.

I have just received the Elegies and your friendly lines. I have missed you every evening since you left, for one so readily accustoms oneself to what is pleasant. My health is slowly improving, so I hope in a few days to be in a fair way again.

I am most impatient to see what you have to send me for the Almanack. I cannot make an estimate of what my poetic contributions to the little work need be until I get what you send.

The Elegies I shall look over, and send them back to you on Friday.

Huber writes to me that he feels inclined to translate your *Wilhelm Meister* into French. Shall I encourage him or dissuade him from it?

You may depend upon my assisting your memory. I shall not allow you to forget your promise. According to the chronology of the *Horen* you will soon have to be again thinking of your *Diversions*.*

A lucky hour may perhaps meanwhile strike for your Epistle. Give Meyer my warmest greetings.

SCH.

66.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 12, 1795.

The parcel containing the Elegies found me in an elegiac state of mind in the usual sense of the word, that is to say, I was feeling miserable. After my pleasant stay in Jena—where, in addition to receiving plenty of food for my mind, I enjoyed fresh warm air—the cold weather here greeted me in a most unfriendly manner, and, having been exposed to draughts for several hours, I

* See Letter 30, and note.

caught a severe influenza which affected the right side of my head very painfully and made the left quite useless. I have now so far recovered that, being without pain, I can again sit pretty comfortably in my room and make up for lost time.

There is not much to do to the Elegies, except to leave out the second and the sixteenth, for their mutilated appearance will strike every one as strange, unless some current phrase is substituted for the objectionable bits, and I feel quite unable to do that. It would also be necessary to print them off one after the other, just as they happen to come, for, count and calculate as I may, it seems to me impossible to make each one begin on a new page. We should more than once have unsightly blank spaces left on account of the number of lines in our page. However I leave this to you and will send the manuscript in a day or two. The second volume of my novel is detained somewhere on the road; I ought to have had it long since, and wish I could have sent it with this. I am now at Book Five, and hope by Whitsuntide to have but little of it left unfinished.

Meyer is very busy. He has been doing capital work; it seems to me as if he were day by day more successful with his ideas and with his way of working them out.

Please let me hear soon how you are and whether anything new has occurred. Jacobi has, through Fritz von Stein, again sent in word that he cannot keep his promise.

May 14, 1795.

This letter which has been left unfinished for several days I will not withhold from to-day's post.

Have you seen the article * on *Style in the Plastic Arts* in the April number of the *Mercury?* That upon which we are all agreed is very well and honestly said; but how is it that that genius which a philosopher possesses prior to all experience does not nudge and warn him when he is about to compromise himself owing to imperfect experience? Verily there are in this essay passages that are not unworthy of von Rochow.

Let me hear soon how you are. G.

* By Fernow. Compare Letters 82 and 84.

67.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, May 15, 1795.

It was only the day before yesterday that I heard you had not been well and was sincerely grieved on your account. To those who, like yourself, are so little accustomed to be ill it must be very trying. It is so much a matter of course that this present kind of weather has a bad effect upon me that there is no need to speak of it.

I must confess I am very unwilling to lose the whole of the second elegy. I should have thought that even its obvious incompleteness would not have lowered it in the reader's estimation, as he might easily suppose it to be an intentional piece of reticence. Moreover, the sacrifice might of course be attributed to the reticence prescribed by our journal, and in a few years, if you proposed making a special collection of your Elegies, all that is now struck out could be restored. I should be glad to have the Elegies, or at least one sheet of them, early on Monday so as to be able to send them off. My essay, I hope, will also be finished at last, if no unforeseen occurrence comes in the way.

Of other essays nothing has come in, so the seventh number may be said to be still in the hands of Providence.

Cotta is pretty well satisfied with the sale. It is true that of the copies which he gave on commission many have been returned; but, on the other hand, many were re-ordered, so that the estimate has, upon the whole, not suffered by this. He now makes the most urgent request for greater variety of subjects in the articles. Many complain of the abstract subjects, others again are dissatisfied with your *Diversions*, because, as they express it, they cannot see what you are driving at. Our German guests, you see, will not belie themselves; they always insist upon knowing what they are eating, if they are thoroughly to enjoy what is set before them. They will have a clear idea of it.

I discussed this with Humboldt the other day, and we agree that it has now become absolutely impossible for any work—be it ever so good or so bad—to meet with *general*

approbation in Germany. The public no longer has that unity of taste which belongs to childhood, and still less that unity which is the result of perfected culture. It stands midway between both; hence this is a glorious time for bad authors, and the worst, therefore, for those who do not merely think of making money.

I am very curious to see what judgment will be pronounced upon your *Meister*, that is to say what will be said of it by public spokesmen, for the public will, of course, be divided in their opinion.

Of news from here I have none to give you, for the richest source of absurdity has vanished with the departure of friend Fichte. Friend Woltmann has again presented the world with an unfortunate production, and done so in a very presumptuous manner. It is a printed plan to his Historical Lectures; a forbidding bill of fare, and one that would scare the hungriest guest.

You have doubtless heard that Schütz has again been very ill, but that he is now better.

Your contributions for the Almanack I am looking forward to with great eagerness; Herder is also going to give us something for it.

Reichardt has offered his services as a contributor to the *Horen* through Hufeland.

Have you read Voss' *Louise* which has just appeared? I can let you have it. The essay * in the *German Mercury* I shall procure.

I wish Meyer all success with his work. My kindest greetings to him. All desire to be cordially remembered.

SCH.

P.S.—Cotta sent me but the two copies of the *Horen*. I thought I had forwarded you three.

68.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 16, 1795.

My parcel is not off, and yours has just come in, so I will add a few words.

Part of the Elegies shall be sent off to-morrow evening

* See postscript to Letter 66.

by the horse-post. I trust that no misfortune will interrupt you with your essay. For number seven I can promise you almost two sheets.

Let us proceed undauntedly on our course; we know what we *can* do, and whom we have to deal with. I have known the buffoonery of an author's life, inwardly and outwardly, for twenty years; there is nothing for it but to *carry on the game.*

R. wont take a refusal, but you will have to keep his obtrusiveness in check.

I have not yet read *Louise;* you will be doing me a kindness to let me have it. I herewith send you a volume of Herder's *Terpsichore*, which I should like to have back soon; it will give you much pleasure.

My attack of illness is pretty well over again. I had arranged to pay you at least half a day's visit; this must now stand over till Trinity Sunday. I shall be tied here for the next fortnight by the rehearsals for *Claudine.*

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to all our friends.

In the *Moniteur* I see that Germany is celebrated principally on account of its philosophy, and that a certain Herr Kant and his disciple Herr Fichte are the men who are showing the Germans some new lights. G.

As to the copies of the *Horen*, we are not yet quite in order. However there is no need to say much about it; Cotta will very likely be considerate enough to make it up at the end of the year.

69.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 16, 1795.

With this, my dearert friend, you will at last receive the sscond volume of *Wilhelm.* I wish him the continuance of your favour on this his first appearance in public. I am now trying to put the Fifth Book to rights and, as the Sixth is already finished, I trust that by the end of the month I shall be free from work for the summer. I hope soon to hear how things are going on with you.

The enclosed copies please distribute according to the addresses. Farewell. G.

70.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 17, 1795.

Here, dearest friend, are the Elegies; the two have been struck out. The passages you marked in the sixth I have left as they were. They will not be understood, it is true; but notes are not only required to ancient authors, but often to contemporary writers also.

Wolf's preface to the *Iliad* * I have read; it is interesting in its way, but did not edify me much. The idea may be good, and the trouble he has taken is considerable, if only men of this stamp did not lay waste the most productive gardens of the realm of æsthetics, and transform them into mere barricades to cover their own weak points. In fact there is more subjective matter in all his business than one would imagine. I rejoice at the prospect of soon being able to talk this over with you. I had once contemplated sending these friends rather a severe epistle.

Von Humboldt's visit to us yesterday gave us all the most delightful surprise. Greet him most kindly from me.

Farewell. The other Elegies shall follow, and I—so it please God—shortly afterwards.

G.

The arrangement about the printing I leave entirely to you. Perhaps they can be appropriately placed.

71.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, May 17, 1795.

Only a word or two to announce the arrival of the Elegies, and to send you my wife's and my own hearty thanks for the second volume of your *Meister*. What I read in haste of Serlo's story (for I wished to have the book bound at once) is extremely interesting, and I am anxious to see what impression this part will make upon me in connection with the whole.

You propose adding notes to the Elegies, these will

* His *Prolegomena ad Homerum* is here referred to.

certainly not be superfluous. There would be time to do this by Monday, for—as is now usually done—they might be placed at the end. The public like to have an explanation of all they read.

That you were better again I heard from von Humboldt, to my sincerest joy. In accordance with your permission, I have given him the *Terpsichore* which Herder has meanwhile sent me himself. To judge from what I have read, it is a very successful work, and such a poet was in every respect worthy of rising out of oblivion in so beautiful a form.

If we leave plenty of space for the heading of the Elegies, we can begin each on a separate page, without their ending too high up. I shall have the same type used in both Epistles. Then, at a lucky hour, let the *Centaur* * wander forth into the world!

I am rejoicing at the thought of seeing you in a few weeks. If I can depend upon your being here by the end of the month, I hope to be able to read you my Letters before that, that is to say previous to my sending them off; I shall be very much pleased if this can be managed.

A thousand thanks for so kindly thinking of our seventh number. Other three contributors have offered us their services, but their works cannot all be made use off.

Farewell.

SCH.

72.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 18, 1795.

Here at last are the Elegies, and may they start with a good omen!

These shall be followed by some small poems, and whatever may be of use to the Almanack.

I am busy and in a contemplative state of mind, and should enjoy a talk with you on a variety of subjects. Perhaps I shall come one day soon.

Farewell, and remember me to your dear wife.

G.

* See note to Letter 45.

73.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

May 21, 1795.

The bearer of this, Herr Michaelis, of Strelitz, is the publisher of my *Almanack of the Muses*. If you can spare him a few minutes please consult with him and our friend Meyer as to whether there is anything among the essays which you have decided to give us for the Almanack (the epigrams included) that would make a suitable subject for vignettes, which Meyer would then perhaps sketch for us. Custom demands this kind of decoration, and I have nothing suitable for such a purpose. For instance, if you have any ballads or something of the kind among your smaller poems, these would be better than anything. The Almanack is being printed by Unger, and is to be made very elegant in appearance.

I requested Herr Gerning to ask you to let me know which day *Claudine* is to be played, in order that, if at all practicable, I may be present at the performance, or at all events let my wife have the pleasure of seeing it. I am afraid, however, that she is sickening for the measles, and so my whole little plan will fall through.

Great is my wish to see you again.

Michaelis will tell you that your *Meister* is in great demand in his part of the world.

I trust this letter will find you in excellent health.

Sch.

74.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, June 10, 1795.

I thank you sincerely for allowing your dear wife (to whom my kindest greetings) so speedily to relieve my anxiety about your attack of fever; I trust also that Karl will get happily over the measles.

I became ill immediately on my return here; the swelling on my cheek again made its appearance, and as I made light of it at first, it gradually became so bad that I could not even manage to go and take leave of Humboldt. The worst is now over. I have meanwhile had some of my novel copied, and shall perhaps next Saturday send you

the first half of the Fifth Book, which will also create a sensation.

I have received the *Horen.*

Here is a tragelaph* of the first water.

Meyer sends his greetings; he is very busy.

Farewell, and let me hear soon how things are with you and yours, and what you are working at.

G.

75.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 11, 1795.

Here is the first half of the Fifth Book; it will create a sensation, so I may venture to send it. I hope you will give it a kind reception. My having been unwell obliged me to alter my plans, and I had to push on with this work. Pray excuse the mistakes in writing, and do not forget to make use of your pencil. When you and Humboldt have read it, please let me have it back.

As I am impatient of suffering pain I shall probably go to Karlsbad, where I was once cured of a similar attack for some time afterwards. Farewell.

You shall very soon have something for the Almanack as well as for the *Horen.* I am anxious to know what you will say to an idea which has occurred to me for extending the *jurisdiction* of the *Horen,* in fact, for enlarging the journal itself. I shall send you a *Letter from a Contributor.*

I trust that you are in good health and not interrupted with your work. How is Karl?

G.

76.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 12, 1795.

That you had again been ill I heard from Humboldt, to my sincere regret, and am even more grieved that such a cause should oblige you to leave us for a time. When

* *τραγέλαφος*—a goat-stag, as the Greeks called the fantastic animal represented on Eastern carpets and the like. The term is here used in reference to the first volume of Jean Paul's *Hesperus.*

here, you were so cheerful and energetic with your work, and medicinal waters are a bad Hippocrene, at least as long as they are taken. I trust, however, that your health may soon allow you to leave home, for you will return to us all the sooner.

The fever I have been suffering from left me four or five days ago, and I am quite satisfied with my present state of health. Would that I could say as much about my work! But the changing from one occupation to another was ever a matter of great difficulty to me, and is now all the more so when I have to spring from metaphysics to poetry. However, I bridged this over as best I could, and have started with a letter in rhyme, which is to be called the *Poetry of Life* (*Poesie des Lebens*), and which, as you see, borders upon the subject I have just left. If you could have come and breathed your spirit into me but for six weeks, and given me only as much as I could take in, I should be rid of my difficulty.

The *Centaur* * is satisfactorily equipped, and with it the first quarter of the *Horen*. I am a little afraid about the others when I think of the small stock of articles we have in hand. If, however, you but get well and are at liberty, and I am no worse than I have been during the past year, we need not despair. I am very curious to see the Letter you promise to send me. But may I count upon having the continuation of your *Diversions* for the seventh number?

The Fifth Book of your *Meister* which I received a few minutes ago, I shall begin *in instanti*. I am looking forward to it with no little pleasure, and wish only that I had the whole of it.

The *Hesperus* † you recently sent me is a glorious fellow. He is a thorough tragelaph, and yet is not at all wanting in imagination and wit, and has occasionally such droll ideas that he is pleasant reading for long evenings. I like the book even better than *Life's Courses*. ‡

My wife is better and Karl is doing well. When you

* See note to Letter 45.

† See Letter 74 and note.

‡ *Lebensläufe nach aufsteigender Linie*, which was subsequently known to have been written by Hippel.

pass through this—which will probably be soon—you will, I hope, find us in a better way.

Please remember me very kindly to Meyer. Farewell, and regain your health as speedily as possible.

SCH.

77.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 13, 1795.

Herewith I send you the draught of the letters we spoke of, many passages in which will permit of being altered, if you approve of the main ideas. Such essays are like dice on a play-board: the result is generally something that was not expected, yet some result there must be. I leave this before the end of the month, but will let you have my usual contribution of *Diversions* for the seventh number. By that time I shall also have had the second half of my Fifth Book copied, and thus shall have made the most out of adverse circumstances.

Farewell, and do well. I wish you all success with your Epistle.

GOETHE.

78.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 15, 1795.

The Fifth Book of your *Meister* I have read with downright intoxication and with one undivided feeling. Even in the character of *Meister* himself, nothing had so powerfully laid hold of me, and so involuntarily carried me away in its whirl, and my mind only recovered its calmness upon coming to the end. When I think by what simple means you have contrived to create such absorbing interest, my astonishment is but the greater. Also the several parts I found to contain some admirable passages. Meister's justifying himself to Werner for having adopted a theatrical life, the very account of his joining the theatre, Serlo, the prompter, Philine, the riotous night at the theatre, &c., are all singularly well worked out. You

have managed to excite so much interest in the appearance of the anonymous ghost, that I do not know what to say to it. The whole idea is one of the happiest I know of, and you have contrived to drain the interest that it contained to the very dregs. It is true, every one expected that the ghost would appear at the repast, but as you yourself allude to this circumstance, every one is quite aware that there must be good reasons for its non-appearance. There are as many conjectures made about who this ghost is, as there are persons in the novel who might have represented it. The majority of us here insist upon its being Marianna, or at all events, that she is in league with it. We are inclined to think that the elf whom Meister succeeds in clasping in his arms in his bedroom is one and the same person as the ghost; on its last appearance, however, I thought of Mignon, who seems to have had many a revelation as to her sex on the evening in question. You will see from this one instance how well you have contrived to guard your secret.

The only thing I object to in this Fifth Book is that it sometimes struck me as if you had given more prominence to that part which is wholly taken up with theatrical life and its surroundings, than is consistent with the free and the grand idea of the whole. It sometimes looks as if you were writing *for* players, whereas, of course, you are only writing *of* them. The care you have bestowed upon certain little details of this kind, and the attention you pay to individual excellencies pertaining to theatrical art, which are indeed important to an actor and stage manager, but not to the public, give your representation the false appearance of being designed for a *special* purpose. Moreover, those who would not notice this would, at all events, blame you for having too strongly emphasised your private likings for such subjects. If you could manage to bring this part of the book into a smaller compass, I feel sure it will be an advantage to the work as a whole.

Now a few words about your letters to the publisher of the *Horen*. It had already occurred to me that it would be a good thing to open a critical arena in the *Horen*. Essays to this purpose would bring new life into the

journal, and would be sure to excite the interest of the public. Only, I think, we should take possession of the field ourselves, and not let it out of our hands, which would certainly happen if we made way for the public and authors, and allowed them certain privileges by giving them a formal invitation. The public would assuredly give us but the most wretched criticisms, and authors—as we know from experience—would give us no end of trouble. What I propose is that we should make the attacks from the midst of our own circle; if authors should then wish to defend themselves in the *Horen*, they would have to submit to the conditions which we chose to prescribe. Hence my advice would be to begin directly by *doing* the thing, and not by making any proposals. It would do us no harm to be considered unruly and ill-mannered.

What would you say were I—in the name of a Mr. X.—to accuse the author of *Wilhelm Meister* of being too fond of lingering among theatrical people, and of avoiding *good society*, in his novel? (This is sure to be the general objection raised against your *Meister* in polite circles, and it would not be superfluous, and, moreover, not uninteresting, to put their minds to rights on the subject.) If you approve of this, I will concoct a letter of this description for you.

I trust that your health is better again. May Heaven bless your undertakings and grant you many more hours as delightful as those in which you wrote your *Meister*.

I am anxiously awaiting your contributions for the Almanack and the *Diversions* which you promised to send me. We are all better. All send greetings.

SCH.

79.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 18, 1795.

Your approval of the Fifth Book of my novel delighted me greatly, and has strengthened me for the work that is still before me. I am very pleased also to find that the fantastic and sportive mysteries have had their effect, and

that, according to your testimony, I have succeeded in working out the proposed situations. All the more glad was I to make use of your suggestions about the theoretico-practical chat, and to set the shears to work upon several passages. Such remains of the early treatment one can never quite get rid of, although I have made the manuscript one-third shorter than it was originally.

When we meet, we shall soon come to some agreement as to what is to be done about the letter to the publisher, and about your plan in connection with it. I shall be with you somewhere towards the end of next week, and, if possible, will bring the promised story with me.

On Saturday you shall have Meyer's essay on *Johann Bellin*. It is very beautiful, but unfortunately a little short. Be good enough to return the Introduction, which I know you have got. Something has to be added to it. If he could subjoin his *Mantegna*, it would be an advantage to our seventh number.

I am glad that you do not altogether object to the new tragelaph. The man is really to be pitied. He seems to live a very isolated life, and, in spite of all the good there is in him, cannot succeed in purifying his taste. Unfortunately he seems himself to be the best society he comes in contact with. I send you two other volumes of this curious work.

I intend to devote my four weeks' stay in Karlsbad to revising my studies in natural science, and mean to make out a synopsis of what I have already done, and what I have to do next, if only to have a framework ready for scattered experiments and observations.

What would you say to a work from which I have copied the enclosed passage?

My best wishes for you and yours, and kind greetings to the Humboldts.

GOETHE.

80.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 19, 1795.

Here is Meyer's manuscript, with my kindest greetings. It is a great comfort to me that I may so soon expect

something from him. If, however, he only requires time to let us have his *Mantegna*, I can afford to wait a little, as I am expecting an essay from Fichte, and can now also safely calculate upon your *Diversions*. By Monday next I shall know more definitely what I am about.

That you should have considered my suggestions regarding the Fifth Book of your novel worth your notice, pleases me greatly, and gives me fresh courage for the future. And yet, on account of the affection I feel for this product of your genius, I am full of jealousy as regards the impression which it may make upon others, and I should not care to be on friendly terms with any one who did not know how to value it.

I cannot conceive in what mad-house you picked up that capital fragment you sent me, but it cannot have been written by any but a madman. It might perhaps be Obereit's, but I doubt it. I was greatly amused by it.

The post goes off immediately. I rejoice at the prospect of seeing you again soon.

SCH.

81.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 27, 1795.

A story for the *Horen* and a leaflet for the Almanack may serve as my out-riders. On Monday I shall be with you, and many a thing will then be discussed. Voss sends his greetings, and offers an essay on an antiquarian subject, the *Cocks of the Gods*, and in any case a piece of ancient geography.

Herder promises something on Homer as soon as possible. If we could also get a contribution from Jacobi, it would be a good thing.

I am longing to see what you have been working at.

Remember me to your dear wife and to the Humboldts. I am delighted at the prospect of seeing you.

GOETHE.

82.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, July 6, 1795.

On account of a large sending of *Horen* which I received to-day and have again to despatch, I have only a few spare minutes to send you a few lines to bid you welcome in Karlsbad, at which place I hope you have arrived safely. I am delighted that I can now stroke off four of the thirty days that you are to be absent.

I have had a letter from Fichte,* in which, it is true, he very sharply points out the injustice I have done him, and yet does his best not to quarrel with me. With all his undisguised vexation he has contrived to be very moderate, and has endeavoured to play the reasonable. That he should accuse me of having entirely misunderstood his article, is a matter of course; but that I should have accused him of confusion of ideas as regards his subject, is a thing he is scarcely able to forgive. When he has quite finished his essay he is going to send it to me to read, and expects that I will then recall my hasty judgment. This is the state of the case, and I must confess that he has acted very well in this critical situation. You shall read his letters when you come back.

News from here I have none to send, except that it is true that Schütz's daughter is dead. He himself is tolerably well.

Woltmann, who paid me a visit a few days ago, assured me that the author of the essay in the *Mercury* on *Style in the Plastic Arts*,† is not Fichte, but a certain Fernow (a young artist who is studying here, and who is also somewhat of a poet, and travelled for a time with Baggesen). Baggesen related this himself, and also maintained that the essay was the grandest thing that has ever been written on the subject. I hope, therefore, that you will in your heart ask pardon of the great *Ego* in Osmanstadt, and at all events acquit him of this sin.

* Schiller had, on the 24th of June, sent back to Fichte three letters of his which were useless for the *Horen*, as neither the form nor the substance satisfied him, and he missed Fichte's usual definiteness and clearness.

† See postscript to Letter 66.

Woltmann tells me that he has commenced to write a novel: this, I must confess, does not seem to tally well with his writing historical works.

Of Humboldt I have as yet no news. I wish with all my heart that your stay in Karlsbad may prove of great service to your health as well as to the work you have taken with you. If you should have an opportunity of sending me the rest of your Fifth Book, I should be greatly delighted to receive it.

I have sent off two copies of *Horen*, according to your instructions.

My wife sends kindest greetings. Farewell, and keep us in friendly remembrance.

SCH.

83.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Karlsbad, July 8, 1795.

I take this opportunity of sending you a letter by Fräulein von Göchhausen. After passing some roads that were tolerable, and others that were very bad, I arrived here on the fourth day. The weather till to-day has been extremely wretched, and this first sunlight to-day seems to be but a few passing rays. The company here is numerous and good. The complaint, as usual, is about the want of harmony, and every one lives after his own fashion. As yet I have only looked about me, and chatted a little. What will come of this, and whether my health will improve, remains to be seen. At all events, I have set about weaving a romance,* which is very necessary in order to entice me out of bed at five in the morning. It is to be hoped that I shall contrive to temper the "*sentiments*" and to guide the "*incidents*"† in such a manner as to make it last me the fortnight.

As a famous author I have moreover been very well received, and in this character have been the subject of

* In Karlsbad Goethe became acquainted with Rahel Levin, an enthusiastic admirer of his, and her friend Marianne Meyer, of Berlin.

† In *Wilhelm Meister* Goethe had expressed the opinion that the chief thing in a novel was the representation of *sentiment* and *incident* (*Gesinnungen und Begebenheiten*).

some strange mistakes. For instance, a charming little woman told me that she had read my last work with the greatest delight, and that she was beyond all measure interested in *my* Ardinghello. As you may imagine, I took friend Heinse's cloak about with me with the utmost modesty, and could by this means venture to put myself on a more confidential footing with my fair admirer. There is, moreover, no fear of her detecting her mistake within my three weeks' stay here.

I am by degrees becoming acquainted with all the people here, and shall have many a thing to tell you of.

In thinking over some old tales on my journey here, different thoughts as to the manner of treating them flitted through my mind. I will write one out, one of these days, so that we may have the text before us to discuss and examine.

May all things go well with you and yours, and keep me in remembrance.

G.

84.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Karlsbad, July 19, 1795.

Your dear letter of the 6th I did not receive till the 17th, and feel very grateful to you for the friendly words which reached me in the midst of an entirely strange world. This letter will be taken to you by Fräulein von Beulwitz, and I trust that you will receive it without much delay.

The waters are having good effect, but then I lead the life of a regular watering-place visitor. I spend my days in doing absolutely nothing; am constantly among the company, and there is no lack of amusement and small adventures. I shall have many a story to tell you of my experiences here.

On the other hand, I have neither copied the Fifth Book of my novel, nor have I written a single epigram, so that if the second half of my stay here is like the first, I shall return poor in good works.

I was very glad to hear that the *Ego* of Ossmannstadt * had been on his guard, and that your explanation was not

* Fichte. See Letter 82.

followed by any open quarrel. Perhaps he will by degrees learn to brook contradiction.

Fernow's sublime article in the *Mercury* has likewise been praised to me, and the author's name of course also revealed to me, by Madam Brun. Unfortunately, therefore, this spirit of arrogant superficiality is also making itself heard in Rome, and probably our lady friend will there become more intimately acquainted with the three styles. It is scarcely conceivable what a strange mixture of self-delusion and clear-sightedness this woman requires for her existence, and it is extremely remarkable what terminology she and her friends have invented for themselves in order to remove what does not suit them, and to set up what does, like the serpent of Moses.

More of all this, however, on my return. My fingers are dead with cold; the weather is frightful and the discomfort general.

May things be all the better and the warmer with you, and keep me in remembrance.

G.

85.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 20, 1795.

You will have heard from my wife that for the last twelve days I have been very unwell, and thus prevented from giving you any account of myself. I hope you duly received her letter, and one from me which left this, four days after your departure.

Yours gave me great pleasure and I heartily wish that Heinse's cloak may have been the means of procuring you many a pleasant adventure. It is not at all a bad thing to find oneself received by ladies under *such* a disguise, for the most difficult part of the business has then been got over.

I am anxious to know what progress you have made in the way of health and work, and I am looking forward to the remainder of Book Five. What I have heard meanwhile about the *Centaur* * was very good. Every one is pleased with the Elegies, and no one thinks of being scandalised with them. But, of course, the courts of judgment

* See Letter 45.

actually to be feared, have not yet pronounced their sentence. I too have had my share of praise for the hand I had in the *Centaur*, nay I have even been more fortunate than you, for scarcely eight days after its publication I received from an author in Leipzig, a poem written expressly in my honour.

I have received two new essays for the *Horen* from quarters whence I expected nothing. One of them treats of Greek and Gothic architecture, and in spite of being written in rather a careless style and including much that is unimportant, contains many ingenious ideas. After long deliberations whether I should accept it, I decided to take it for our journal on account of the appropriateness and the novelty of the subject, especially as it is not long. The second essay, which does not even fill a sheet, discusses the ideas of the ancients in regard to destiny. It shows a man of superior talents, and a keen thinker; I can, therefore, admit it without any hesitation. I received it only an hour ago.

Jacobi has at last sent in his article. It contains much that is excellent, more particularly on impartiality in judging of the different modes of representation, and it is pervaded throughout by a spirit of liberal philosophy. I cannot exactly define its subject; it treats of a variety of things under the title of *Occasional Effusions of a Solitary Thinker* (*Zufällige Ergiessungen eines einsamen Denkers*) in letters to Ernestina.

From Herder I have had neither manuscript nor news for many weeks past. Humboldt has arrived safely, but found his mother very ill.

My poetical efforts progress but slowly, as for weeks past I have been unfit for any kind of work. However you shall find something done by the time you come. I have no news from here to send you. Farewell, and Heaven grant that you may return home well and happy.

SCH.

86.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Karlsbad, July 29, 1795.

A letter may, after all, arrive sooner than I can, therefore let me thank you for your last. Your first letter was

eleven days on the road, your second five, the last seven. The posts are so irregular in coming here.

I am sorry to hear that necessity obliged you to rest from your labours, while my daily thefts of time have been arbitrary enough. I have continued to spend my days in the way I begun; have lived wholly among the visitors and found it very pleasant. One might travel a hundred miles and not see so many people, or get to know them so intimately. None can exactly call themselves at home here, and consequently are more accessible, and more disposed to show themselves in their most favourable light. The Fifth Book is copied, and the Sixth I shall be able to finish in a few days. Little has been done with the Epigrams, and of other work nothing whatever.

I wish you all success from the new contributions and shall be curious to read them.

Many are the inquiries made about you, and I answer according to what the people are who put the questions. The public has generally but the very faintest ideas of the author. One hears nothing but the very oldest reminiscences, and only the very smallest notice is taken of the development and progress of his mind. Still I must be fair and confess that I have found some who are remarkable exceptions in this respect.

The sixth number of the *Horen* has not yet found its way into these mountainous parts; I have already written to Calve, in Prague, about it.

Farewell and present my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

87.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Expectation is still on the increase, but light is already to be seen breaking in upon the forest. The mention of Marianna has a great effect, and Mignon developes with every Book. The weird Harper becomes more weird and mysterious, and Philine pleases me as much as ever. Every one is delighted that you have in this Book recalled to remembrance persons and scenes previously introduced.

The many mis-spellings and also some inconsistencies of

expression (sometimes public*um*, sometimes public*i*, &c.) induce me to advise you to devote more attention to it still. In the poem at the end you have used a word long, where, by its position, it necessarily becomes short, and a preposition short, which requires to be long.

Pray excuse this scrawl. I must hurry so as not to keep the manuscript any longer.

I hope soon to hear from you again, and wish you a safe arrival in Weimar. Give Meyer my friendly greetings.

SCH.

88.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 17, 1795.

Herewith, at last, come the Elegies on separate pages, numbered, and—for the sake of method—with an index annexed; my name I do not wish to appear on the title page for several reasons. I would also recommend that the motto should have some reference to antiquity.

In arranging them I have, it is true, allowed those belonging together to follow one another, and have also endeavoured to effect a certain gradation and variety, but, at the same time, in order to avoid all stiffness, have from the very outset, mixed precursors of the other species among those with a Venetian colouring. Some that you had struck out I have tried to render acceptable by modifications. No. 78 I wish kept in the place it is, unimportant though it is, in order to annoy and vex that School, which, as I hear, is triumphing over and boasting of my silence, thinking that I wish to let the matter drop. If you should have anything else to object to, and there is time, please draw my attention to it, if not, settle the question yourself without any hesitation.

I should like to have a few copies of this little work, to put them aside for future use when making a new edition.

Please send me a special reminder about the misprints, as some very awkward ones have crept into the Elegies.

As soon as the Almanack is published I could make some short notes to the Elegies and Epigrams, and at the same

time make some remarks about the misprints; all this together would make a short article for the *Horen*, and would thus serve more than one good purpose. It would be a simple matter to say a few words about these really indispensable notes at the end of the little book.

I send this parcel by a messenger, so that you may get it as soon as possible, and also that I may get back my novel, which must now not be delayed any longer.

I foresee that by the beginning of September I shall have to go to Ilmenau, and that I shall not get away from there within ten or fourteen days; I have much to get through between this and then, and should like to know from you, what you require for the *Horen*. As far as I can see, I could promise you the following contributions:—

August: *Diversions*, conclusion of the last Story. The Hymn, which please let me have back for this purpose.

September: Drama and Novel. The Story; I should conclude the *Diversions* with it, and it would perhaps be well if, by some contrivance of the imagination, they could be made to run out, as it were, into the infinite.

October: Continuation of the Story. Notes to the Elegies and Epigrams.

November and December: Announcement of Cellini, and, if it were possible, a bit of Faust.

As regards the latter, Ifeel like a powder which, after having effervesced, settles down again; as long as you are there to stir it, it seems to re-combine, but when left to itself, sinks down to the bottom.

Write and tell me, above all things, how you are and how your work is progressing. Farewell.

G.

89.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

August 17, 1795.

I took your recent promise literally, and calculated that I should see you here to-morrow, it being Tuesday. This is the reason why I kept your *Meister* so long, and why I did not write anything to you about it. I should very much have liked to discuss this Sixth Book with you by

word of mouth, as one cannot remember all one has to say in a letter, and dialogue is indispensable in such matters. It seems to me that you could not have conceived the subject from a happier point of view than the way in which you open up the silent communion between the person and the Divine within him. This relation is tender and delicate, and the course which you allow it to take is thoroughly in accordance with nature.

The transition from religion in general to the Christian forms through the experience of sin, is a masterly conception. In fact, the leading ideas of the whole are admirable, only, I fear, somewhat too gently touched upon. Further, I would not like to answer that it will not occur to many readers that the story comes to a standstill. It would, perhaps, be well if some parts could be brought closer together, others compressed, and again, if some of the main ideas were more expanded. Your endeavours to purify your subject by avoiding the trivial phraseology of devotion, and, as it were, of restoring it to honour, did not escape me; but I have nevertheless marked some passages where, I fear, a Christian mind might censure the treatment of the subject as being handled with too much levity.

So much for what you yourself have said and intimated. The subject, however, is of such a nature that one is tempted to speak of what has not been said. True, this Book is not completed, and I therefore do not know what may follow; nevertheless, the appearance of the Uncle and his sound common-sense seem to me to be introducing a crisis. If this is so, then, it seems to me, the subject is brought to an end too hurriedly, for too little, I think, has as yet been said about the *peculiarity* of the Christian religion and Christian fanaticism, and no sufficient emphasis has been placed upon that which this form of religion can be to a beautiful mind, or rather what a beautiful mind can make out of it. I find that Christianity virtually contains the first elements of what is highest and noblest, and its various manifestations in life seem to me repulsive and distasteful only because they are erroneous representations of this highest. If one considers the peculiar and characteristic features of Christianity—which distinguish it from all monotheistic forms of religion—it

consists of neither more nor less than *the abrogation of the law* (Kant's Imperative), which place Christianity wishes to see occupied by free will. Hence, in its pure form, it is the representation of high morality or the embodiment of the Holy Spirit, and in this sense it is the only *æsthetic* religion; this, I think, also explains why it is that this religion is so successful with feminine natures, and why it is that in women only, it is at all supportable. However, I do not care to discuss this ticklish matter any further in a letter, and shall therefore only remark that I should have liked to have had this chord struck a little more distinctly.

Your wishes as regards the Epigrams shall be punctually attended to. The misprints in the Elegies vexed me also, and I have had the most important of them published in the intelligence-sheet of the *Literary Gazette.* However, they are mistakes of the copyist, not of the compositor, so they will be the more easily avoided in future.

You will greatly oblige me if you are able to carry out what you promise for the remaining months of the year, and again I repeat my request for *Faust.* Were it only to be a scene of two or three pages. The story would greatly delight me, and the *Diversions* would conclude this year very well.

I have not indeed felt myself physically better this week, but have, nevertheless, been in the humour for writing some poems, which will increase my collection.

My wife wishes to know whether the needles with which you packed your Sixth Book are meant to be symbols of pangs of conscience?

Farewell. I am longing to see you and friend Meyer.

SCHILLER.

90.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

August 17, 1795.

Herewith I send you some *Horen* which I do not require. If, when you have an opportunity, you could in return procure for me Nos. I. and II. on writing paper and No. IV. on Dutch paper, my other copies would be complete.

As Meyer is now ready to start, we shall pay you a visit as soon as possible, in order to obtain your advice and blessing.

G.

91.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, August 18, 1795.

I have done as much to the Hymn (which I herewith enclose) as the shortness of the time and my engagements would permit. You shall have the end of the narrative and the transition to the story as soon as possible, but I do not think that this will fill a printed sheet. I feel myself in the mood for writing the story; it amuses me, and will therefore, probably, in some measure, prove amusing to others.

Your testimony that in my Sixth Book, at least, I have successfully sailed past the dangerous cliffs, is of great value to me, and your further remarks on this subject have gratified and encouraged me greatly. As the heroine of the Sixth Book claims no more from the appearance of her Uncle than serves her turn, and as it is my intention not to exhibit Christianity in its purest light till the Eighth Book—in the following generation—where it fully agrees with what you write about it, you will, in the end, probably not miss anything very essential, more especially if we can only talk the subject over again.

It is true, I have touched upon the matter but very gently, and perhaps by trying to avoid every species of dogmatising, and by endeavouring completely to conceal my purpose, I may have somewhat weakened the effect upon the great mass of the public. But it is difficult in such cases to keep a middle path.

Farewell. Meyer sends many greetings. Tell your dear wife that my wish is that she may use or lose my symbolical needles in good health. More ere long.

G.

92.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 21, 1795.

My contribution this time is more of a bound than a smooth transition from a tale of domestic life to a tale of wonder. Receive it kindly.

Herder's *Homer*,* which I have just read with Meyer, is excellent, and will be a great ornament to the *Horen*. I will try to manage that you get the essay to-morrow, by the carrier-woman. The first part of the tale shall be sent to you before the end of the month. Farewell.

G.

93.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Friday Evening, August 22.

I recollect being in Weimar once, about seven years ago, having spent all my money except a couple of pence, and not knowing where to get more. Imagine my surprise and delight, in this extremity, when on that very day a long-forgotten debt from the *Literary Gazette* was sent in to me. That was God's providence in very deed, as is also your sending of to-day. I really did not know what to send Cotta, who is most pressing in his demands for manuscript for the ninth number, and you, like a true Heavenly messenger, send me about half a sheet only, it is true, but with your *Apollo*, sufficient to fill a whole one.

I shall barely have time to read this manuscript, although I must run through it on account of the orthography.

I am looking forward to your story, for it seems to me to be making its appearance under good auspices.

Herder's essay, also, will be very welcome.

Humboldt sends you kind greetings. I shall have all sorts of curious things to tell you about the *Horen* and something too about your *Meister*, when you come here, which I heartily hope may be soon. Farewell.

SCH.

* An essay entitled *Homer, ein Günstling der Zeit.*

94.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, August 22, 1795.

I am glad that my little sending came at the right moment. The first half of the story should, according to my calculation, also appear in the ninth number; in how far it is necessary or advisable we will decide on Monday, for I think of coming over to see you with Meyer. I shall return home in the evening, for on Wednesday I must be off to Ilmenau, and shall be away about a week.

This is only to let you know what we are about here, for the carrier-women are already packing up their goods.

G.

95.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, August 24, 1795.

To-morrow morning early I go with Voigt to Ilmenau, and would be in better spirits about my trip could I picture you well at home, and not so often interrupted in your good work by illness. Meyer sends his greetings. I should like to hear that, in the end, my story had made a good impression, and that the first bad effect had been removed. When I bid you *farewell*, my wish is ever that you should continue to make use of your good hours for our mutual enjoyment as heretofore.

G.

96.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Ilmenau, August 29, 1795.

After the gay, idle life at Karlsbad, I could not have had a more opposite kind of existence than by coming to lonely, but busy Ilmenau. The few days I have spent here have passed very quickly, and I shall have to remain another week if I am to get as clear an insight in matters as I wish to obtain. I always liked being here, and like it still; this, I think, is owing to the harmony that pervades all things here: region, people, climate, occupations;

quiet, moderate, frugal aspirations, and all around the transition from *handi*craft to *machine*work; and notwithstanding the secludedness, a greater amount of intercourse with the world at large than many a small town in flat and accessible parts of the country. I have had no thoughts except such as related to this place; but it was very necessary that I should get this business off my mind before the advent of winter.

May you fare well in other regions, and think of me in your circle.

G.

97.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 29, 1795.

Your story is gay and cheerful enough, and I find that the idea of which you once spoke of to me, that of "mutually helping and referring to one another," very well worked out. My wife has enjoyed it very much; she finds it somewhat in Voltaire's style, and I must admit that she is right. As for the rest, you have, by your mode of treating the subject, as it were, pledged yourself that all is symbolical. One cannot refrain from trying to find a meaning in everything. The four rings make a splendid appearance, and the serpent, as a bridge, is a charming figure. Very characteristic also is lovely Lilly and her pug-dog. The whole, in fact, proves itself to be the product of a cheerful state of mind. Yet I could have wished that the end were not separated from the beginning, because the two halves have so much need of one another, and the reader does not always remember what he has read. If, therefore, you have no objection as to whether it appears whole or in part, I will begin our next number with it. Fortunately I know what to do with number nine, and we should therefore have the story complete in number ten; in this way it will be the more welcome.

The epigram, which I enclose, has no ending. Be so good as to return it to me at the earliest opportunity.

My health is not much better yet. I am afraid I shall have to suffer from the emotional excitement into which my poetic state of mind has transported me. Half a

man is sufficient for philosophising, and the other half can rest meanwhile; but the Muses drain one altogether.

My heartfelt greetings for your birthday.

SCH.

P.S.—I have not yet sent a copy of the eighth number to the Duke. You will perhaps be good enough to see that he gets one.

If you wish to write to von Humboldt, I can enclose a letter for you.

98.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 31, 1795.

Only a word or two to-day to thank you for your thought of me in Ilmenau. To-day is the despatch day of the *Horen*, a day on which I have always a great deal to do in the way of writing, as I make use of the parcels for enclosing letters.

For the sake of giving you a small "prosaic" bit of amusement, I send you a list of the subscribers to the *Horen* which Cotta forwarded to me to-day.

You have probably not yet received my letter and one from von Humboldt which were sent to you to Weimar the day before yesterday, together with a parcel of *Horen*, for the parcel was rather a large one. I am, however, anxious to have your answer about some questions I put to you in my letter.

(1.) I proposed to have your tale published complete in our tenth number. The public is always dissatisfied with interruptions, and at the present moment we must keep it in a good humour. I know what to do about our ninth number, so that this need not be considered, unless you have other reasons why you would like to have it divided.

(2.) Epigram 101 wants the half of the last pentameter:

. . . "*Es deutet die fallende Blüthe dem Gärtner,*
Dass die liebliche Frucht" . . .

Will you answer me these two questions as quickly as possible?

I trust that you may continue happy in the peaceful yet

busy circle where you are at present, and remember us with affection. Frau von Kalb has been here for a few days, and remains a few days longer. My wife sends her kindest greetings.

SCH.

P.S.—In No. 29 I find the word *unterständig*, and do not know whether it is a mistake in spelling or not. To alter the word completely and to put *unverständig* in its place would be too great a liberty on the part of a commentator. And yet, if it is to remain as it is, I can only say that I know of no such word as *unterständig*. Let me have your answer as soon as possible.

99.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Ilmenau, September 3, 1795.

I have just received your letter, and at the same moment hear of an opportunity of sending one to Weimar. This, therefore, is to be but a kind greeting from the mountains here, where I had been enjoying the loveliest weather.

The epigram I herewith return. The syllable *ter* I have changed into *be*, and so let it remain.

The last pentameter in No. 101 fill up thus:

"*Dass die liebliche Frucht schwellend im Herbste gedeiht.*"

The story I *do* wish to have divided, simply because the main thing in such compositions is to excite curiosity; for even at the end it remains pretty much of an enigma.

I congratulate you upon the success of the *Horen*, and also hope that the public may show that its liking for and pleasure in the journal has become doubled.

Convey my kind greetings to Frau von Kalb and to your dear wife.

On Sunday evening I shall be in Weimar, and hope to see you soon.

G.

100.—Goethe to Schiller.

Weimar, September 7, 1795.

The parcel of *Horen*, together with your and von Humboldt's letter, gave me a friendly welcome on my return from Ilmenau, and I to-day send you but a few words as a first greeting.

Here is the epigram, as you have probably not got a copy of it.

Jacobi's essay is strange enough. Not being initiated, I have been unable to gain anything from his *Ludwig*, *Lear*, or his *Oedipus;* the second, however, contains much that is good, and if one deducts his mode of conception from his own definition of the different kinds of conceptions, it becomes very simple to understand. The good reception given to my story is both pleasing and encouraging to me, I shall be content if but one of the hundred sprites of the old man of Ferney does its work. When it is all out, I shall want to hear what you think of my intention, and in how far I have been successful.

The second half of the story, and the conclusion of the Sixth Book of my novel must now be my next piece of work. By what time must you have the story?

How I wish that your first flight into the domain of poetry, after so long an interval, might have had a less evil effect upon you, and that you could rest from work for a time.

My kind greetings to your dear wife, and grant me the continuance of your affection.

G.

101.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, September 9, 1795.

I and my wife wish you all happiness upon your return to Weimar. Why cannot I join you in these little changes, which strengthen body and mind? Your story cannot now appear before our tenth number of the *Horen*, for while I was waiting for your answer, I had to send off the best thing I had of my own for this ninth number.

Besides, it will be even more necessary for No. X., as I have otherwise no brilliant prospects for the number. If therefore, you still wish the story divided, the conclusion could follow in No. XI. I must, however, repeat that I am not in favour of dividing articles where this can be avoided, for it is impossible so to fix the attention of the public that it will look at the thing as a whole, and judge it accordingly.

If the Sixth Book of your *Meister* is finished, please think of something for one of the last numbers of this year's *Horen*. We must now try to have all our sails set, for I know from several quarters—also from Cotta's letters,—that we are not at all sure of retaining all our present subscribers for next year.

I have honestly done what I can for the ninth number. All my longer and shorter poems, that were not absolutely necessary for the Almanack, have been given to it, so that this number now contains seventeen articles; this will make people stare with amazement. I will enclose you the table of contents.

The time during which you were away, I devoted alternately to compositions in prose and poetry. One essay on the *Naïve*, which I have commenced, seems to promise well; the subject, at least, is becoming developed, and I find myself getting on to some happy tracks.

I hope we shall see you again soon. My wife sends kind greetings.

SCH.

102.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, September 13, 1795.

Only a small sign of life to-day. I cannot at all accustom myself to say nothing and to hear nothing of you for eight days.

Otherwise things are here pretty much in their usual state. I cannot yet leave my room, but my work proceeds nevertheless. I picture *you* as very busy giving instructions to Meyer, who probably soon intends starting on his journey. Give him my kindest greetings.

I want to know whether it is at Vicenza that a beautiful

one-arched bridge spans the Etsch (as I think the river is called). Please send me a few lines in answer to this. I require the bridge for an hexameter.

Could you make up your mind to let us have a contribution of about a dozen epigrams, or some such small poetical pieces, for this year's last three numbers of the *Horen?* I shall make the same request to Herder, and intend myself to try to get hold of some ideas for the purpose. Small things of this kind are a cheap way of increasing the number of articles; they please the reader, and look as well on the table of contents as the longest essays. It is by this means that I contrived to have seventeen articles in our ninth number.

No. IX.

1. Realm of Shadows.
2. Contributions to the History of the Modern Plastic Arts.
3. Diversions. Continuation.
4. Hymn to Apollo.
5. Schwarzburg. Poems by Madam Mereau.
6. Homer, by Herder.
7. Nature and School, by me.
8. Veiled Image, item.
9. On the Necessary Limits of the Beautiful, more particularly in the explanation of philosophical truths. An essay by me.
10. German Fidelity.
11. To a Reformer.
12. Antique to a Wanderer.
13. The Philosophical Egotist.
14. The Highest.
15. Wisdom and Prudence.
16. Elijah.
17. Immortality.

(10–17: Poems by me.)

In the last number of the *Archives of the Time* there is a reply to your article on Literary Sansculottism. I have not yet read it, merely seen a notice of it in the *Hamburg Gazette.* If you should happen soon to get the number in Weimar, please let me have a look at it.

The Almanack will be published after all, and is, no doubt, just being printed. Humboldt will be back here in three weeks, if nothing intervenes.

My wife sends kindest greetings. Do not work too hard, and do not remain too long away from Jena.

SCH.

103.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, September 14, 1795.

I have not written to you for the last few days, because I contemplated paying you a visit, which I have not yet been able to manage. Meyer is preparing for his journey, and is working at a coloured drawing of *The Three Fates*, which you shall see. I only wish he enjoyed good health, otherwise he possesses every good gift. He is a splendid creature. As regards myself, I have, as you will easily understand, been latterly standing, so to say, on one leg, and stretching the other out towards the Alps. I have been trying both to get an insight into, and a general view of the mineralogical and geological basis—the original, the progressive, and the interrupted cultivation of the land from the very beginning; and have also fully discussed the artistic side with Meyer. And yet all this is mere school exercise. May some good spirit help us to see, to draw just conclusions from what we see, and grant us a happy re-meeting.

The *Horen* are daily in my mind, and I still hope, moreover, to be able to let you have something in time. If only you could have enjoyed the lovely weather by being in the open air.

The chastised Thersites is, I hear, writhing miserably, and begging and entreating that his life may be spared. I have not yet seen the piece.

Farewell, and believe my prediction that, with the New Year, the number of the subscribers to the *Horen* will rather increase than diminish.

G.

104.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, September 16, 1795.

I forgot in my last letter to answer your question about the bridge, and now tell you what I know. There is no remarkable one-arched bridge near Vicenza. The two bridges there, which were built by Palladio, are three-arched. Moreover, as far as I remember, there is no bridge of the kind in those parts, except the Rialto in Venice.

In addition to the *Pater-peccavi* of the Literary Sansculotte, another friendly star has appeared in behalf of the *Horen*, for Genz, in his monthly pamphlet, pays great respect to your letters on Æsthetic Culture. All this comes at the right moment, and it is worth considering whether it would not be well—before the end of the year—to set forth our views on certain matters, and thus spread hope and fear among authors and reviewers?

We intend to pay you a visit one day soon; be so kind as to send me back my story, it shall be returned to you finished. Farewell.

G.

105.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, September 18, 1795.

Herewith, according to your request, I return you your story. If only I get it back within eight days it will be in time for the press.

I thank you with all my heart for your consoling words in regard to the *Horen*. I too am in hopes that the last numbers will again bring us good luck. They, in fact, contain much of what was missed in the preceding numbers, that is to say, poetry and narrative. A few days ago Engel * again sent me an article, three printed sheets in length; the subject is a very appropriate one for the *Horen*, inasmuch as it is partly dialogue and partly narrative; it is not, indeed, a work of marvellous genius, but just what our good readers like. On the other hand I gladly and

* His *Lorenz Stark*, which met with such success. See Letter 125.

firmly hope that you will provide something for those readers who are above such offerings.

The tenth number is well provided for in having your tale. Hence it is only the eleventh that has to be attended to, and is the one in which we must concentrate our full strength. Variety is what we shall especially have to consider.

Could you not induce Herder to give us some small things, such as epigrams in the way of anthology, for our last numbers?

Humboldt writes to me from Berlin, that the last published numbers of the *Horen* are very well spoken of there.

If you receive the *Archives of the Time*, and Genz's monthly periodical, before I do, kindly tell me of the good things they contain.

I am rejoicing in the prospect of seeing you here soon.

SCH.

106.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, September 23, 1795.

The tale is finished, and a re-copy of it will reach you on Saturday. It was as well that you withheld it from publication, because, in the first place, I have been enabled to put several passages to rights, and it has, after all, not become immoderately long.

I would specially like your dear wife to read it through again from the beginning.

I hope to come to you, with Meyer, towards the middle of next week; his absence I shall feel very much. If only I could manage to spend some part of the winter with you.

I have much to say to and to ask you, and trust to find you in good health, and with some work to show me. Please give the Humboldts many kind greetings from me.

G.

107.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, September 26, 1795.

The enclosed will show you, dear friend, how I have been rolling my tub* during these troublesome times. Blessed are those who write stories, for stories are *à l'ordre du jour*. The Landgrave of Darmstadt has arrived at Eisenach with 200 horses, and the emigrants there threaten to come upon us for help. The Elector of Aschaffenburg is expected in Erfurt.

Ach! warum steht der Tempel nicht am Flusse?
Ach! warum ist die Brücke nicht gebaut? †

I trust, however, that, as once and for all we are men and authors, my production may not displease you. How serious every trifle becomes, the moment it is treated according to the principles of art; this has again been my experience. I hope that the eighteen personages in this drama may be welcome to those who are fond of riddles, for they are so many enigmas.

Meyer is packing up, and we shall soon make our appearance; I hope that you will have something to treat us to. Farewell.

G.

108.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, October 2, 1795.

I hear from our friend—who wishes to be most kindly remembered—that you have buried yourself in your room so as to get on with your novel, because Unger is pressing. I wish you all success with it. I am full of expectation to see this third part as a whole.

So the day after to-morrow you will be here; I am delighted to hear it, it is what I have long hoped for.

Humboldt is not coming back here this winter, which is very unwelcome news to me.

* A favourite allusion of Goethe's to Diogenes.

† Ah! why was the Temple not placed by the river?
Ah! why has the Bridge to it never been built?

These lines are from *The Story* that was being published in the *Horen*, forming the conclusion to the Diversions (*Unterhaltungen deutscher Ausgewanderten*).

Be so kind as to bring with you that number of the *Archives of the Time*, which contains the famous answer to your attack; and also that part of the new Monthly which is said to speak *in praise of me*. I cannot procure either here.

A host of poems is awaiting you here.

I am very pleased to hear that you are trying to obtain a new contributor * for the *Horen*, of whom I have a good opinion beforehand.

The story has amused us very much, and will certainly be generally liked. More of this when we meet.

Farewell. SCH.

109.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

October 3, 1795.

My wish to see you again has, during these days, always been in vain. To-morrow, at last, I hope to be with you, and to hear that you have meanwhile got through some work.

I am greatly pleased to hear that you think I have been successful with my story, and I now want to have a talk with you about the whole genus, and to make some further experiments.

The conclusion of the Sixth Book of my novel will be sent off on Monday, and this volume will soon wait upon you in print.

The following one has been set a-rolling, and most of it is already written and finished.

The two periodicals you ask for I shall look up, and, if possible, bring them with me.

Knebel's Elegies are well thought out, and in more than one sense good and salutary. I may, perhaps, bring some with me. Good-bye. G.

110.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

I should have much preferred remaining with you yesterday in place of hurrying away: hence an unpleasant

* Knebel, to whose translations from Propertius, Herder had likewise drawn Schiller's attention.

and dissatisfied state of mind accompanied me on my whole journey. On so short a visit many a theme may be broached, but not one actually carried out, and however much may be touched upon, little is rounded off and matured.

My thoughts were chiefly occupied with your poems on my journey home; they possess peculiar excellence, and I might say they are just such as I had formerly expected of you. The singular mixture of perception and abstraction which lies in your nature, shows itself here in perfect equilibrium, and all the other poetic virtues are displayed in beautiful order. I shall be very glad to see the poems again when they are printed so as to enjoy them again myself, and to share the enjoyment with others. The small poem in stanzas addressed to the public, would be a very appropriate and graceful ending to the last number of this year's *Horen.*

I am, at present, engaged with Madame de Staël's book, and find the labour more than I anticipated. However, I mean to go through with it, for after all it is not long; the whole will amount at most to fifty-five pages of manuscript. The first portion, consisting of one-and-twenty pages, you shall see ere long. I intend, in a short preface addressed to the publisher, to explain the manner in which I have proceeded with the translation. And in order to spare you the trouble of making trifling corrections, I must tell you that I have tried to render her words according to our mode of thought, and at the same time have endeavoured to give French indefiniteness somewhat more precision according to our German fashion. In individual parts you will find much that is very good, but as the authoress is prejudiced, and yet clever and honest, she can in no way manage to come to an understanding with herself; however, you will certainly be able to make good use of it as a text-book. I hope you will try to be as explicit and gallant as possible in your essay, so that we may send it to her, and thereby make a beginning towards leading the dance of the *Horen* over into transformed France.

G.

111.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 10, 1795.

I dictated so far the other day, and now again merely say good-bye; I do not start till early to-morrow morning. Madame de Staël's work you will receive soon, either half finished or complete. How the good woman first agrees with and then contradicts herself!

From Frankfort I shall write to you soon. May all go well with you and yours. Remember me to Humboldt; I shall write to him also from Frankfort. When my novel arrives you will find four copies, of which three are for Humboldt, Loder, and Prof. Hufeland, unless indeed Humboldt, as I hope, has already got his in Berlin.

G.

112.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Eisenach, October 16, 1795.

I shall see you again soon, as my journey to Frankfort is given up. Madame de Staël's book will probably arrive before I do; it is copied out. Have you said anything to Humboldt about his lodgings? It would be very pleasant if I could have his little room, for it is not likely that the noise of the soldiers passing to and fro in the castle will cease soon. I am now heart and soul in my novel, and do not mean to stir till I have got through with it. Farewell, and think of me while at your work. My kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

113.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

October 16, 1795.

Had I known that you were to have remained longer in Eisenach I should not have allowed so long a time to have elapsed without writing to you. I am truly glad to know that you are still some way off from the doings on the Main. The shadow of the giant* might have easily laid

* Allusion to a passage in *The Story*.

hold of you in rather a rough fashion. It often strikes me as strange to think of you thrown so much in the midst of the world while I sit between my paper window-panes, with nothing but papers about me, and that we should nevertheless be near one another and able to understand one another.

Your letter from Weimar gave me great pleasure. To one hour of courage and confidence, there are ten in which I feel faint-hearted, and in which I do not know what to make of myself. Therefore it is a real comfort to me to receive such an opinion of myself from without. Herder also sent me a letter lately, and cheered me greatly by what he said of my poems.

This much I have now learned from my own experience, that it is only strict precision of thought that confers facility of expression. Hitherto I had thought the very opposite, and feared that hardness and stiffness would have resulted from it. I am now truly glad that I did not let myself be deterred from pursuing what I considered a difficult path, and often thought injurious to the poetic imagination. But this kind of work is of course a great strain upon the mind, for while the philosopher may venture to let his imagination repose, and the poet may allow his power of abstraction to rest, I—when working in this manner—am obliged to keep both of these faculties in an equal state of tension, and only by a constant effort within me can I keep the two heterogeneous elements in a state of solution.

The sheets of Madame de Staël's book I am looking forward to with much curiosity. If space will in any way permit, I too am in favour of admitting the whole into one number. The reader will meanwhile have formed his own opinion of it, and will listen more attentively to what I have to say about it. Moreover, even though I should receive the translation by Monday next, I should scarcely be able to get my essay ready in the short space of time that must be devoted to the eleventh number. Herder has sent me an essay for our eleventh number, on the Graces, in which he endeavours to restore these abused personages to their old rights. He also promises an essay for the twelfth number. I hope to get my essay on the Naïve ready for

the eleventh number; it will amount only to a few sheets, and is, I trust, written in a very popular style. There is also no dearth of small poetic contributions. Herewith I send you a few scraps of mine. The *Partition of the Earth* you should, properly speaking, have read in Frankfort at your window overlooking the Zeile,* where the view would just have suited it. If it pleases you, read it to the Duke.

In the other piece I have made game of an axiom that philosophy always appears ridiculous when it presumes to enlarge the domain of knowledge by its own small means, and to make laws for the world without acknowledging its dependence upon experience.

I am very glad that you intend soon to take up your *Meister* again. I shall then not fail to make myself master of the whole, and, if possible, attempt a new style of criticism according to a synthetical method, if such a one is practicable, which, however, I cannot as yet venture to say.

My wife and mother-in-law—who is with us at present—wish to be most kindly remembered to you. I have been asked where you are staying, but thought it unnecessary to let people know. If you receive tidings from our wanderer in Italy, pray let me hear.

Farewell. SCH.

114.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Eisenach, October 17, 1795.

Although I hope to be in Weimar again by Wednesday, I send you my treatise beforehand. I have not even been able to look over it since it was copied, and there are still some passages that require to be touched up. Perhaps I may come over to you at the end of the week, and we shall thus see each other sooner than I anticipated. What a fruitless life, a life of distraction is! One learns only what one does not care to know. I am rejoicing at the prospect of seeing you again.

G.

* The principal street of business in Frankfort.

115.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Welcome back to Weimar! I am heartily glad to know you near. That you could not manage to be here last week was a great disappointment to me. During the beautiful weather I felt myself considerably better, and have to-day again been out driving without feeling any bad effects. But, as a matter of course, I have done no work for several days.

Your Madame de Staël I am anxiously awaiting.

The letter I sent you to Eisenach last Friday has probably not reached you yet, as you had doubtless started before it arrived there.

I am expecting Humboldt's answer about his lodgings. I broached the subject very gently, as I did not know whether his rooms could legally be handed over to another; and this would leave him free to pass the subject by in silence, if he wished it. I should indeed be glad if thoroughly comfortable quarters could be procured for you. I wish you all success with your novel. I have not the slightest doubt that it will be of the best possible advantage to your work, as a whole, if you can uninterruptedly devote all your time to it. I should also consider it no small gain if you could get the last volume finished some months before it has to be sent to the press. You have a large account to settle. How easily some small matters might be overlooked.

If you can find among your papers the letter I wrote to you last year on my return to Jena, when commencing an æsthetic correspondence, pray have the kindness to let me have it; I am thinking of turning it to some account. My wife and mother-in-law—who will be with us for a few weeks—beg to be kindly remembered to you.

Sch.

116.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

(October 24.)

By the express which brings you this letter, I send you the Intelligence-sheet of the *Literary Gazette*, which con-

tains an exceedingly rude and offensive attack by Wolf, in Halle, upon Herder's essay in the ninth number of the *Horen*. I think it absolutely necessary—as you yourself certainly will also—that Herder should reply to it somewhere. But you will find that this cannot well be done otherwise than by ridiculing the philistine.

I should be glad if you would read the attack and write to Herder about it before you come here, so that we might determine together as to what should be done.

Perhaps I shall see you to-morrow, which would be a great pleasure, for we have much to talk over.

I have kept back my essay on the Naïve one post-day, so as to be able to read it to you in case you come to-morrow, or the day after. My wife and mother-in-law send kind remembrances. SCH.

117.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 25, 1795.

I am curious to see what the Intelligence-sheet contains; yesterday, in the theatre, while the comedy was being acted, I heard some whispering about it.

To-day I cannot come to you, dear friend, but I hope to do so soon. I am daily expecting a new citizen of the world to put in an appearance in my house. The castle will meanwhile be purified of military effluvia, and I shall be able to spend a few days with you.

Farewell; remember me to the ladies, and let me continue in your affection.

During these last interrupted days I have set to work with my notes on Italy, and while arranging them, found, to my delight, that with some industry on my part, I shall be able to make them into a wondrous work.

Have you no transcript of your essay on the Naïve?

G.

The letter you asked me for I have not yet found, but it cannot be far off.

118.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, October 26, 1795.

I congratulate you beforehand upon the expected arrival in your house. Let it but be a girl, and we may in the end become kinsfolk.

I forgot to write to you yesterday about Madame de Staël. The work shows much esprit, and as it contains more flashes of light than ordinary daylight, it is not ill-qualified for being commented upon. To introduce true harmony into it would probably be difficult, and perhaps not sufficiently repay the trouble. In some details this is worth attempting, and I have already chosen several subjects from it, which in other respects also are not out of place.

You have in several cases used the word *verführen* (to lead astray) in speaking of poetry. I should like to know what the word is in the original, and whether, in fact, it merely signifies *täuschen* (to deceive); for *verführen* has an accessory significance when used in an æsthetical sense.

I am glad to hear that you have found so much spoil among your notes on Italy.

I have always been curious to know more about these papers; the little I know of them excited my interest. In looking over them, please remember our *Horen*, and thus turn one branch of this Pactolus into it.

I am anxious to hear what you say to Wolf's attack, when you have read it. Herder wishes me to make some mention of it, merely as the editor, because the *Horen* themselves are involved in it. I myself do not consider it advisable to remain altogether silent, and to let the philistine have the last word at the very outset, so I feel inclined to do this, rather than that no notice should be taken of it.

I have read the two new Almanacks of the Muses,* and they are beyond all measure poor and wretched. Voss has written twenty-nine pieces for his, among which you will hunt in vain for a single good one, and the majority are abominable.

I have given them to Herder to take with him.

Farewell. I hope soon to hear from you again. All here send kind greetings. Sch.

* Published by Voss and Reinhardt.

119.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 28, 1795.

Since my return I have felt myself unable to settle down to work; herewith, meanwhile, is the letter you asked me for.

I have, I think, not yet said anything to you about the poems you sent me to Eisenach; they are very pretty; *Das Theil des Dichters* (The Poet's Fate) is especially charming, true to the point, and consoling.

Would it not be well for you now to look around on all sides, to collect whatever has been said generally and specially against the *Horen*, and to pass judgment upon it at the end of the year, at which opportunity the favorite of the day might be alluded to. The philosophical journal of Halle is also said to have acted in an unbecoming manner. If such things were tied into bundles they would burn all the better.

Farewell. Love me. Remember me to your dear wife and to your mother-in-law. Your little daughter-in-law has not yet made her appearance.

G.

120.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Sunday evening (November 1).

I am impatient to receive some friendly sign from you again. It seems to me as if I had not heard anything of you for very long The expected event in your house is, I trust, happily over.

We are at present living in the midst of feuds. It is a regular *Ecclesia militans*, the *Horen*, I mean. In addition to the people in Halle, headed by Jacobi, and whom Manso urged forward in the Library of the Fine Arts (*Bibliothek d. S. W.*), and in addition to Wolf's heavy cavalry we may soon expect a very sharp attack from Nicolai in Berlin. In the tenth part of his *Travels* he is said to speak of nothing but the *Horen*, and to rail against the application of Kant's philosophy, in doing which he is said blindly to cast everything that is hatched by this

system—the good as well as the horrible—into the same pot. We shall probably still have time to discuss whether we are in all cases only to answer these platitudes. I should prefer finding out some way of giving very evident proof of his indifference to such things. However, we ought henceforth—in the text and in notes, and wherever an opportunity occurs—to treat Nicolai with supreme contempt.

Have you seen the new Almanacks of the Muses? They are horrible.

Farewell. SCH.

121.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 1, 1795.

In place of a little girl, a delicate boy has at last arrived, and thus one of my cares is laid in its cradle. It is for you now to provide a girl to form a relationship between us, and thus to increase the poetic family. I shall come soon, and am really in need of a talk, such as I can have with you. There is much to tell you. I have not yet managed to get on to the pathway of poetry. Owing to outward circumstances I have again been occupied with architecture, and have, at this opportunity, arranged some points for facilitating and determining judgment upon such works of art.

Meyer sent me a letter from Munich with a very beautiful account of the place, and one from Nürnberg. I shall bring them with me. Write and tell me how you are, and think of me.

G.

122.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, November 4, 1795.

Accept my congratulations upon the arrival of the little new-comer. I should not have grudged you a little couple, but there is help for that. I now hope to see you here soon, and rejoice at the prospect. Humboldt is most willing to let you look upon his lodgings as entirely yours.

the translator know where I find anything to object to, for as he has given himself so much trouble, nothing ought, perhaps, to be altered without his sanction.

I wish you could induce Cotta to pay for this manuscript at once; it could easily be calculated how many sheets it would print. I have, it is true, no actual occasion to ask this, but it would look much better, would encourage energetic co-operation, and also help in making the good name of the *Horen* better known. A publisher has often enough to pay money in advance, so Cotta might surely once in a way pay upon the receipt of a manuscript. Knebel wants the Elegies to be divided into three contributions; I, too, think this the right proportion, and we should thus have the first three numbers of next year's *Horen* nicely adorned. I will see to it that you get them in proper time.

Have you seen Stolberg's abominable preface to his Platonic discourses? The disclosures he there makes are so insipid and intolerable that I feel very much inclined to step out and chastise him. It would be a very simple matter to hold up to view the senseless unreasonableness of this stupid set of people, if, in so doing, one had but a rational public on one's side; this would at the same time be a declaration of war against that superficiality which it has now become necessary to combat in every department of learning. The secret feuds, of suppressing, misplacing, and misprinting, which it has carried on against us, have long deserved that this declaration should be held in honourable remembrance, and that continuously.

I find this doubly necessary and unavoidable in the case of my scientific works, which I am gradually getting into order. I intend to speak out my mind pretty frankly against reviewers, journalists, collectors of magazines, and writers of abridgments, and, in a prelude or prologue, openly to declare myself against the public, and in this instance, specially, not to allow any one's opposition or reticence to pass.

What do you say, for instance, to Lichtenberg, with whom I have had some correspondence about the optical subjects we spoke of, and with whom, besides, I am on pretty good terms, not even mentioning my essays in his

new edition of Erxleben's Compendium, especially as a new edition of a compendium is surely issued in order to introduce the latest discoveries, and these gentlemen are usually quick enough in noting down everything in their interleaved books. How many different ways there are of despatching a work like this, even though it were but done in a passing manner; however at the present moment my cunning brains cannot think of any one of these ways.

I am, at present, very far from being in anything like an æsthetic or sentimental mood, so what is to become of my poor novel? Meanwhile, I am making use of my time as best I can, and my comfort is, that at so low an ebb one may hope that the flood is about to return.

Your dear letter reached me safely and I thank you for your sympathy, which I felt sure you would give me. In such cases one hardly knows what is best to do, to let grief take its natural course, or to brace oneself up with the assistance which culture gives us. If one determines to follow the latter course—as I always do—one feels better merely for the moment, and I have noticed that Nature always reasserts her rights in other ways.

The Sixth Book of my novel has made a good impression here also; to be sure, the poor reader never knows what he is about with works of this kind, for he does not consider that he would probably never take them up, had not the author contrived to get the better of his thinking powers, his feelings, and his curiosity.

Your testimony in favour of my tale I prize very highly, and I shall henceforth work with more confidence at this species of composition.

The last volume of my novel cannot in any case appear before Michaelmas; it would be well if we could arrange the plans we lately discussed in reference to this.

My new story can, I think, hardly be ready by December, and moreover I can scarcely venture to pass on to it till I have in some way or another written something in explanation of the first. If, by December, I could write something of this kind neatly, I should be very glad of

thus being able to give you a contribution for next year's opening number.

Farewell. May we long enjoy having around us those who are nearest and dearest to us. Towards New Year I hope again to spend some time with you.

G.

125.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

November 23, 1795.

I am very anxious to have Schmidt's performance, and have no doubt that the better class of our readers will feel indebted to us for it. The majority, of course, will not be pleased with it, that I know beforehand; their approval can be won only by contributions in the style of *Lorenz Stark*.* You cannot imagine how general the pleasure in this work has been. No other has been so much talked about.

As regards the payment for the Elegies, I think that Cotta will just now be anything but edified by the suggestion, for his courage in regard to the *Horen* is somewhat at an ebb on account of the frequent withdrawal of subscriptions. He would, however, of course pay if we urged it, but I would like to spare him any annoyance. What the sum may amount to I do not know, but if it is at all moderate, I, as editor, would pay it for Cotta. Perhaps, also, our object would be attained were half of the amount to be paid down, and the remainder at the time of the sale. The payment would thus in either case be settled before all the manuscript was printed, for I have no thought of allowing the three articles to appear successively in the first three numbers, but always mean to let a month intervene. It would be considered too monotonous were six or eight sheets, by one author, and under one and the same title, and the work moreover a translation, to appear so quickly one after the other. Therefore if you think that a sum of say 20 louis-d'ors, paid down at once, would be of any use, I will forward the amount and we should not need to apply

* A tale by Engel. See Letter 105.

to Cotta at all. I know that he has already advanced Fichte 60 louis-d'ors, and God knows when he will get back his money. Several short essays also, such as Weisshuhn's and others, have been paid for by him. But I have said enough on the subject.

Your vexation with the Stolbergs, Lichtenbergs, and their set also affected me, and I should be glad if you could make them feel it. However, it is but the *histoire du jour*. It always was, and ever will be the same. Rest assured that having once written a novel or a comedy, you must ever go on writing novels or comedies. Nothing further will be expected of you, nothing else acknowledged; had the great Newton made his *début* with a comedy, not only would his science of optics, but his very astronomy would long have been sequestrated from him. Had you, by way of amusement, published your optical discoveries under the name of Professor Voigt, or some such professional hero, you would have found that you had done wonders. It is certainly less on account of the innovation itself than the person with whom it originates that makes these philistines so bitter against it.

I should like to have a look at Stolberg's *delictum*. If you could let me have it for one post-day I should be greatly obliged. In his case conceit is coupled in so great a degree with inability that I cannot bring myself to feel any pity for him. That fool Jenisch, in Berlin, who must ever be meddling, has also read the reviews of the *Horen*, and in the first fumes of his rage, wrote an article upon me and my character as an author, which is intended to be a defence against the above accusations. A friend, fortunately, got hold of it in manuscript from Genz, for whose monthly it was written, and prevented its being published. However, I cannot feel sure that he will not have it printed elsewhere. It is a most strange misfortune that I, who have such violent and numerous enemies, should, after all, have most reason to fear the folly of a friend, and that the few who might be inclined to speak in my favour, I am obliged by hook or by crook to keep silent.

I shall be able to furnish a full and detailed criticism of your *Meister* by August or September of next year, and hence I should think it very *à propos* were the last part to

appear at Michaelmas, 1796, or at Easter, 1797. Perhaps there is a portion of the Fourth Book that you might publish at Easter, 1796, at which time the public will be expecting the whole; this would satisfy it for a time.

Yesterday I received a capital historical essay from Archenholz, entitled *Sobiesky*, which must appear in the last number of the *Horen*. I should be truly delighted if you could manage to give us something for the first number of our second year's course. You may perhaps feel disposed to open the attack* in this number. Herder will send you my essay on the Sentimental Poets, of which you have as yet seen but the smallest portion, and I would like you to read it over again from the beginning. I trust you will be satisfied with it; I do not think I could do better in this style of writing. I think, too, that this latest judgment of the greater portion of German poets will have a good effect at the end of our annual course, and give critics, in particular, something to talk about. The tone I have struck is free and firm, but, as I hope, applied in all cases with becoming tolerance. As I proceed I do indeed strike about me lightly in all directions, and there are but few who come out of the fray unscathed.

Further, I have descanted largely upon Naturalness and its Rights (in respect to the Elegies), and on this occasion had a passing shot at Wieland. I could not help it; others (even Wieland) have never thought of suppressing their opinion about *my* faults: on the contrary they have often enough told me of them pretty harshly; hence I have not withheld mine when the game has chanced to come into my hands.

Farewell. I shall be glad if, after New Year, we can again spend some time together.

SCH.

126.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 25, 1795.

I send you herewith the latest abomination of princely twaddle.† The underlined passage in the Preface is the

* On Stolberg, Lichtenberg, &c., see last Letter.

† Count Stolberg's work, entitled *Auserlesene Gespräche des Plato.*

one that must be attacked when we have nothing better to do. It is, in fact, incredible how generally ignorant this set of people are; for who does not know that the Christians have appropriated to themselves all that is reasonable and good, by ascribing it to the λογος? And the good Christian lady on p. 304* simply does this, and no one will be hard upon the good creature on that account.

The enclosed letter from Prince August will please you. It is by no means the worst production of his own peculiar humour. The copy I sent you for Humboldt please return to me. He got his in Berlin.

I should also like to have back Hederich's Lexicon, and a small copy of the seventh number of the *Horen*.

Your essay I am very anxious to see. What I know of your ideas on the subject, has latterly been of much practical use to me. However little one may create consciously, consciousness is always necessary, particularly in large works. As for the rest, I cannot take it ill of any one for playing out their trump cards after having long waited patiently for them.

There is still time to consider about the payment for the new Elegies. I quite agree to the proposal of paying only twenty louisd'ors in advance, and allowing the rest to remain till all are published. This will act as bait and have a good effect. In any case, there is no hurry about it till the new year.

Weisshuhn's essay in the sixth number of Niethammer's journal pleased me very much. This style of philosophising is more to my taste than Fichte's. We must read the essay again together, for I should like to have your thoughts on some points. In arranging my experiments in physics, I find that my having latterly looked down into the philosophical arena more frequently than usual, will be of great use to me. I have just received your essay, and look forward with pleasure to reading it in my first quiet hour. As soon as you hear more trustworthy accounts about the subscriptions to the *Horen*, let me know. Farewell.

G.

* Of his *Wilhelm Meister*.

127.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 29, 1795.

I herewith return your essay, with many thanks. Your theory treats me so kindly that nothing can be more natural than that I should approve of its principles, and that your conclusions should appear to me correct. I should, however, place less confidence in your theory had I not, at the outset, felt myself inclined to be averse to your views. For you are not unaware that, owing to too great a fondness for ancient poetry, I have often been unjust to modern poetry. According to your doctrine, I ought to be able to come to an understanding with myself, as I no longer need to grumble at that which, after all, an irresistible impulse—under certain conditions—obliged me to give forth; and it is a very pleasant feeling to find that one is not dissatisfied with oneself and one's contemporaries.

I have lately again set to work with my novel, and have every reason to go on with it. The demands which the reader is entitled to make, on account of the first parts, are—as regards matter and form—simply prodigious. One rarely sees how deeply one is in debt till one comes to settle one's accounts. But I am, nevertheless, in good spirits. All depends upon making the most of my time, and upon not wasting a propitious mood.

G.

128.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, November 29, 1795.

Prince August's letter amused me. It contains much subtle humour, especially for a prince.

Could we not, through the Prince, obtain the permission to translate for the *Horen* Diderot's story *La Religieuse*, which appeared in Diderot's journal, and which, as far as I know, has not yet been translated? *Jacques le Fataliste* was taken from the same journal, and a translation of it has been published in Berlin by Unger.

I cannot help it, but in talking of a prince, my first thought is always—can any good be got out of him?

Here is the seventh number you wished to have. I expect this week to get copies of the *Almanack of the Muses*.

If it can be done, I mean to become a member of the Journal Society in Weimar, and could give it three journals, either:

Clio, or
Posselt's European Annals, or
Flora.

If they have got these already, and would not care to countermand them, I would be willing to pay the usual contribution in money.

It occurs to me, in talking of this, that I still owe half a carolin to Mr. ——*us* (I forget the first syllable of his name), who engraved the seal of the *Horen* for me. Will you be kind enough to pay him this for me?

St.'s Preface is again execrable. What consequential shallowness, what presumptuous impotence, and what affected piety—clearly nothing but affected piety—to praise Jesus Christ in a Preface to Plato!

Of Jacobi I have not heard anything for an age, and yet he ought—if only for the sake of politeness—to have said a few words about some poems which I sent him at his own request.

If you have not sent me my essay* by to-day's post, be kind enough to let me have it by the post on Tuesday—that is to say if you do not wish to keep it any longer. I want to send it to Humboldt, and am most anxious to hear your opinion of it. When I look back and consider how far I have ventured herein without a guide, and merely with the aid of those principles which follow from my system as a whole, I feel greatly pleased with the fertility of the principles, and promise myself more from them at a future time.

The rest of the essay which is only just finished, and which treats of the Idylls, is not yet copied. You shall have it to-morrow or the day after. A supplement to this essay will appear in January under the title of *Platitude and Exaggeration*—the two rocks dangerous to the naïve and the sentimental.

* On Naïve and Sentimental Poets, &c.

I feel just now in the humour for starting a small hare-hunt in our literature, and more especially to regale such good friends as Nicolai and his party.

Farewell. SCH.

129.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

December 8, 1795.

Here come the *Horen* which have this time given me a good deal of trouble. We still owe you two copies of this number. Cotta—whose head seems somewhat turned—has sent me no less than seven copies too few, and in the ones he does send—those on post-paper I mean—some are in a bad condition. It is a comfort to think that we shall have better paper for our new year's course.

It is long since I heard from you, and I have myself been long silent. The bad weather has oppressed me so very much that I have had to turn night into day, and day into night. I am not better yet, and my work proceeds but slowly. But it has become more important meanwhile. I hope, on my part, to begin the New Year with a tolerably interesting essay, if I can get it finished by that time.

Would that you, too, could manage to let one of your spirits appear in the New Year's number. The essay on de Staël I must keep for the eleventh number for the sake of variety, because the number treats of nothing but poets and theories on poetry.

The *Almanack of the Muses* herewith sends a small epigrammatical honorarium. It will not suffice to replace the *zechini** which have been expended upon the Epigrams. But lay the rest to the account of the beautiful Bettinas and Lacertas! That stupid man Michaelis has not yet sent me any copies.

It is said here that Iffland is to be in Weimar next week. This will, of course, be a cause of great rejoicing

* *Zechini* is the name of an Italian coin. Here the words Zechini, Bettinas, and Lacertas are an allusion to Nos. 47, 37 ff., and 68 ff. of the Epigrams.

to Thalia and Melpomene. Perhaps you will bring him here. I should be glad to meet an old acquaintance again.

My wife sends kindest greetings. Farewell, and be busy. SCH.

Please send me but a few words on a separate page by way of receipt for Michaelis.

The courier sends me back my parcel, and refuses to take it on account of the money. As the mail-coach does not leave till Monday, I shall send the *Horen* meanwhile.

130.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 9, 1795.

The accompanying pages will give you information as regards the journals, therefore you have now only to make your arrangements with the carrier-women to receive the numbers regularly.

Here also are my Elegies.* I hope you may be satisfied with them. I put a good many touches to them at the last; but if one rarely feels satisfied with one's own work, one never feels so with translations. If you have anything further to which to draw my attention, please be good enough to tell me of it. It would be well if these two pieces could appear together; they would together not amount to more than one sheet and a half. The others should appear from time to time.

What prospects have you in the way of contributions for the next quarter, and what have you heard about the new subscriptions?

When your treatise on Sentimental Poets is returned to you, I should like to look at it again. I have still some scruples about the conclusion, and if the spirit warns one, one should, at least, not be silent on the subject. As your treatise is both lengthy and broad, it seems to me on closer examination to terminate too narrowly and too much in a

* Knebel's translations from *Propertius*, which Goethe had obtained for the *Horen* and carefully revised. See also Letter 124.

point, and as this point happens to fall exactly between myself and an old friend, it makes me a little anxious. But more of this by word of mouth. To-day I can only send you a greeting.

G.

131.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 13, 1795.

My essay on the Sentimental Poets, which I have had copied twice, was sent to press three weeks ago; but you may make your mind easy about the conclusion. You have only read what was finished at the time; to this, however, I have added eight pages relating to the Idylls, which concludes the essay in the twelfth number of the *Horen*. The actual conclusion will appear in the first number of our next year's issue. You and W., therefore, do not come in at the end, and I think that when the essay is fairly finished, the impression as a whole and the interest in the subject will prevent any personal references.

I herewith return the Elegies with my remarks on them. I have purposely been somewhat careful with these, because, in a translation, and very justly so, small matters require to be more strictly attended to than in an original work; and, moreover, we have got the Vossian rigorists at our heels. I do not need to send off this article for a week, so there will be time to alter these trifles should you care to make use of my remarks. It is done quite in the spirit of the author, and, with the exception of the small inequalities I have marked, is unusually fluent and unconstrained.

Herewith also is the money which I was unable to send you a short time ago. At the New Year I shall forward twenty louisd'ors for the *Propertius*.

Farewell. SCH.

132.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 15, 1795.

Accept my best thanks for the money you send me; I herewith enclose a receipt. It seems that we poets—

who came off so badly at the *partition** of the earth—have had one great privilege granted to us, namely, that of being paid for our follies.

Your poem to which I here allude has met with great success, and people are extremely curious to know who the author is.

Otherwise the *Hundsposttage*† is now the work upon which our more refined public is expending the surplus of its favour. I hope that our good friend at the court here may find some pleasure in it during the gloomy winter days.

If the essay in question does not actually conclude with the questionable note, its effect will become less important, and we must wait and see what comes of it.

Have you seen the accompanying Address which has been written in your honour? I should have had it copied in any case. It is evident from this that in literature also one is expected to imitate the sower who sowed without caring much where he threw his seed.

As regards the Notes to the Elegies, we will make as much use of them as time will permit. In so remarkable a language as the German, something, it is true, always remains to be desired.

I will gladly write something for the January number, but my novel, unfortunately, is at present occupying all my time. This last volume had, as it were, to make itself, or it would never have been written, and the working of it out is now forcing itself upon me; thus the pile which has been so long in being collected and arranged is at last beginning to take fire.

I should advise you not to postpone your essay on de Staël longer than February, because a translation of the work itself together with the tales will probably appear at Easter. French copies of the book are beginning to circulate in Germany.

Perhaps I may have my second tale, the sketch of which I showed you, ready by March, and at the same time write a short introduction in explanation of the first. That the

* An allusion to Schiller's poem, *Die Theilung der Erde*.

† A novel of Jean Paul's; its full title is *Hesperus oder* 45 *Hundsposttage*.

latter has not failed to produce its effect you will see from the enclosed letter from the Prince.

It would be a good thing to make use of *La Religieuse* for the *Horen*. You might obtain permission to do so through Herder. I do not care to ask for it, because I might, in that case, be remonstrated with for having travestied the Clarion story.*

Iffland will not be here for some time yet. The conquerors of Mannheim † have forced him to give performances there. He hopes to come at Easter or shortly after.

I am arranging my affairs so as to be able to pay you a visit at the New Year, for I am very anxious to go over the whole series of your dramatic works with you, and thus to strengthen myself for the work that I have before me. I like your principles and deductions the better because they insure a friendly relation between us, and promise a further agreement of our minds; for, unfortunately, it is more frequently the opinions expressed on things than the things themselves that divide men. Of this we in Weimar have daily the most lamentable instances.

Farewell. Give my kind greetings to your dear wife. Has she been doing anything in the way of drawing?

G.

133.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 17, 1795.

How I envy you your present poetic state of mind, which enables you to devote yourself so entirely to your novel. I have for long not felt so prosaic as during these last days, and it is high time that I should close my philosophical booth for a while. My heart pines for some tangible object.

It is capital that the acute-minded Prince has been so completely caught by the mystical significance of your story. I hope you intend to let him riggle for a time;

* See Letter 29.

† This probably refers to the French, who were at this time in possession of the town.

nay, even though you do not, he would not believe your own words were you to tell him that he was upon the wrong scent.

That the *Hundsposttage* should be all the rage in Weimar I consider a very remarkable physiological fact; for who would dream that the same taste could tolerate such entirely heterogeneous things as this production and *Clara du Plessis?** I should find it no easy matter to have to adduce another such instance of want of character in a whole community.

The poem which you were kind enough to have copied for me the author himself sent me last summer in manuscript. I am glad that after all something is here and there found to be growing and thriving, and I am specially glad that it is being published just now, for it will mightily vex our adversaries.

Cotta, who wrote to me a few days ago, cannot yet tell me anything about the new subscriptions. Still I conclude something good from the fact that no orders have as yet been countermanded.

I shall try to induce Herder to translate *La Religieuse.* Your essay on de Staël will not appear later than February. We should be censured for giving a translation in our first number when it already contains one poetical article.

Farewell. My wife wishes me to send her thanks for your kind thought of her. Not much has been done in the way of drawing.

SCH.

134.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 17, 1795.

We have made the utmost possible use of your kind and judicious remarks on the Elegies, which I herewith return. We shall thus be enabled to bring this species of work nearer to perfection.

In the hope of learning something from my colleague, I have during these last days been reading and studying that admirable *Herr Stark.*† I cannot say, however, that I was very much edified. At first there seems to be

* A work of Lafontaine. † *Lorenz Stark*, a novel by Engel.

something about it that captivates one, but it soon appears lamentably wanting.

On the other hand, I have had a real treat in the novels of Cervantes, both as regards amusement and instruction. How delightful it is to find oneself able to recognise the excellence of what is generally recognised as good, and how greatly one is encouraged by meeting with works that are based upon those very principles according to which we ourselves act, within the limit of our ability and in our own sphere.

Farewell. More soon. G.

135.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 23, 1795.

My best thanks for the Elegies. I do not think that they now contain anything that could give captious critics an opportunity for being insensible to the beautiful spirit of the whole on account of trifling defects.

Lorenz Stark, as Humboldt writes, was originally intended to be a comedy, and has accidentally assumed the form of a narrative. Its being rather light in tone is a recommendation, but we here have more the lightness of emptiness than the lightness of beauty. When minds like Herr E.'s aim at being true and naïve, they are in danger of becoming flat; but most divine flatness—this is its very recommendation.

Have you seen the admirable pictures of the Seifersdorfer valley with an account of the place by Becker of Dresden? I recommend the work to you as a great lover of ornamental gardens and sentimental productions. It deserves, when occasion offers, to be honourably mentioned in the *Horen* by the side of Racknitz's treatise.

Herder refers me to you in regard to Diderot's *La Religieuse*; he, too, thinks that it is either already translated or that it will appear next Easter together with some other tales by the same author. It seems, therefore, to be no very safe undertaking for us.

May Heaven grant that you continue in your present happy mood for finishing your novel. I am beyond all

measure anxious to see how you work out the *dénouement*, and am looking forward to the pleasure I shall have in studying the whole thoroughly.

The success which my small poem *The Partition of the Earth* appears to have met with must be laid to your account, for I have heard from a number of persons that it is ascribed to you. On the other hand, your *Literary Sansculottism* is by others ascribed to me.

As regards the expected review of the *Horen* by Schütz, I heard yesterday that he is quite in earnest about it, and that we may hope to see it in the course of a few weeks. I doubt, however, whether I shall see it in manuscript, for I have of late had but little intercourse with Schütz. It seems he has asked the younger Schlegel to review the poetical articles and your *Diversions, etc.*; and I have to-day heard from Schlegel himself that his review has already been sent to Schütz.

From Cotta I have no further news, and the Almanack also has not come yet.

We send you all good wishes for Christmas. Would that you could have spent it with us here. Farewell.

SCH.

136.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

December 23, 1795.

I am longing for the New Year, and am trying to settle all kinds of small business matters so as to be free to spend some time with you. I only hope I may find you well and busy poetising, for that is the happiest state which God has granted to man. My novel shall now have no rest till it gets finished, for, although surrounded by distractions, it is proceeding well on its course.

I have much to discuss with you. Here, for instance, is an explanation of the dramatic personages in my story by our friend Charlotte.* Please send me by return another explanation that I can show her.

We must carry out the idea of making epigrams upon all the periodicals, each in a separate distich like the

* Frau von Kalb.

Xenia of Martial which I was lately looking into, and introduce a collection of this kind into your next year's *Almanack of the Muses*. Only we must write a good many and select the best. I enclose a couple as specimens.

I am not altogether satisfied that Cotta will not admit anything about the subscriptions to the *Horen;* wherever I hear the matter spoken of the talk is of an increase of subscribers. Does this noble Sosias intend to appear at the Feast of Epiphany with his gold and silver? We could dispense with the myrrh and incense.

P. Castel's treatise entitled *Optique des Couleurs*, 1740, was sent to me the other day; the gay Frenchman has made me quite happy. I shall print entire passages from it, and show the herd that the true state of the case was publicly known in France as early as 1739, but that even at that time it was suppressed.

I have hurriedly added a few variations to the Explanation,* if you too add a few more we may hope to have no end of confusion from these explanations.

The *Xenia* will come shortly. G.

N.B.—Those marked in red are my variations.

137.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

December 25, 1795.

Here is a small contribution to the interpretation of your Tale. It is poor enough, as you were before me with the best. In such things the imagination does not invent as much as the folly of man actually produces, and I am convinced that the explanations already given will surpass all expectation.

What you tell me of the increased subscriptions to the *Horen* surprises me, and it can only be partially true, for to judge from the astonishing outcry and the complaints of many publishers, for instance of Unger in Berlin and others, there must undoubtedly be a decrease in the number.

* In regard to the characters in his Story.

As regards the payment, you forget that the accounts were settled from one Easter-fair to the other.

A few days before Jubilate, Cotta, in order to pay up the whole year's honorarium, appears with a money-bag slung over his shoulders, and moreover is as punctual in this "as a well-calculated eclipse." I did not expect him to settle a large account sooner than this, as he likes abiding by a contract, although, when specially asked, he is ready enough to pay.

Woltmann has just sent me a tragedy and an operetta of his own production. I have not yet looked at them, but when you come I shall doubtless have much to tell you about them.

In ten or twelve days you will see the *Horen* reviewed in the 'L. Z.' The poetical articles have fortunately been reviewed by Schlegel and not by Schütz. The latter reserved the philosophical and historical essays for himself.

Farewell. SCH.

138.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 26, 1795.

Productions like those I herewith send, you ought to see, they have probably not yet reached you. Please let me have the *Theater-Kalender* back again soon.

With a hundred *Xenia* like the dozen I enclose we might gain favour both with the public and with our colleagues.

It is very fortunate that the review of the poetical parts of the *Horen* has fallen into the hands of a man of the new generation; we shall probably never come to an understanding with the old. I may perhaps read it when with you, for, if possible, I shall leave this on the 3rd of January.

That we should be confounded in our works is a pleasant thought to me, for it shows that we are becoming more and more free from mannerism and attaining what is generally good. It will then be for us to consider what an extensive gap might be spanned by our holding each other

by one hand and stretching out the other as far as nature will permit us to reach.

Thank you for your contribution to the Explanation of my Story; we might wait a little with it still. However I still hope for a favourable turn in my *Diversions*, so as to be able to have my fun out of it.

Would to God that Woltmann's tragedy were presentable, I should have had it performed at once. Everybody is so anxious to write and, in fact, does write, and yet the stage is in a lamentable state of poverty.

I know the pictures of S———dorf and its environs; and you, of course, know the enchantress (*Trude*),* who lives there and has decorated it in that fashion.

An account of Wieland's reception and entertainment there in the summer of 1794 would make a capital story if he would write it down as he told it. Cotta we shall therefore expect at Jubilate; I had forgotten that this was the time fixed upon.

Farewell. I am trying to rid myself of everything that might detain me here and distract my thoughts, so as to be able again to spend a good long time with you.

G.

139.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

December 29, 1795.

The idea about the *Xenia* is capital and must be carried out. Those you sent me to-day have greatly diverted me, especially the gods and goddesses among them. Such titles at once produce a good effect. I think, however, that if we are to complete the hundred we shall have to attack individual works, and what a rich field we should find there! If only we do not altogether spare ourselves, we might attack holy things as well as profane. What material is offered to us by Stolberg and his set, by Racknitz, Ramdohr, the metaphysical world with its *Egos* and *Non-egos*, friend Nicolai, our sworn enemy, the *Leip-*

* *Trude*—witch, or enchantress. Here the word refers to the wife f Count Moritz, of Brühl, who decorated her "*English*" garden in a very eccentric fashion with busts of poets, inscriptions, *etc.*

*ziger Geschmacksherberge,** Thümmel, Göschen as his master of the horse, and others of the same stamp.

Yesterday I received the printed sheets of my essay on the Sentimental Poets, which can therefore still be included in the great review in the *Literary Gazette.*

I have already spoken to Schütz since he read it, and although he understands it most wretchedly, still he is not so much horrified at it as I expected. I let him notice that I do not wish at all to influence his judgment of it, but that every determined opposition to my opinions would absolutely oblige me to make a reply, in which case the authors, whose part he took, might readily come into the tussle, as I should have to adduce proofs in support of my opinion.

The review will be a very long one, as the poetical part alone is, I hear, to fill more than an entire leaf of the newspaper. I, too, am to take part in it, for Archenholz's essay in our last number has been handed over to me, as Schütz would otherwise not have been able to get through all in time. This review, therefore, will be a regular harlequin's coat. But nothing of it will appear before the sixth.

Woltmann's tragedy is wretched and in no way available; it is wanting in character, without probability, without naturalness. More tolerable is his operetta, although tolerable only as compared with his tragedy.

Have you read a work on Zoonomy by Brandis? It mentions your Metamorphosis with great respect. But it is laughable that as your name stands on the title-page the reader must absolutely be reminded of the fact of your having written novels and tragedies. "A new proof," says our friend at this opportunity, "of how favourable poetic genius is to scientific truth."

I am not a little glad that you are to be here so soon. We will again give everything a thorough shaking-up. Of course you will bring your "knitting"—that is to say, your novel with you. And then it shall further be said: *nulla dies sine epigramme.*

You speak of great dearth of dramatic productions.

* An ironical name given by Schiller to the Library of the Fine Arts—*Bibliothek der schönen Wissenschaften.*

Have you never thought of trying to adapt one of Terence's plays for the stage? His *Adelphi* was very well re-modelled by a man of the name of Romanus thirty years ago, according to Lessing's testimony. It would be well worth the trouble to make the attempt. For some time past I have again been reading the old Latin authors, and Terence was the first to fall into my hands. I am translating the *Adelphi* to my wife extempore, and the great interest it has awakened in us leads me to expect a good result. This play in particular possesses glorious truth and reality, is animated in action, has quickly-determined and sharply-defined characters, and is pervaded throughout by a pleasant humour.

The *Theater-Kalender* contains a vast amount of names and remarkably little matter. I, for my part, have done very well, but by what a company one is there surrounded! The Julius Cæsar is generally ascribed to you, for which, however, you will, no doubt, remain debtor to the public.

But wherein does not friend Böttiger write?

Farewell. My wife sends kind greetings.

SCH.

140.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(30) December, 1795.

I am very much pleased that the *Xenia* are accepted and approved of by you, and I am fully of the opinion that we ought to extend our sphere of action. How splendidly *Charis* * and *Johann* † will look together! We shall only need to make a note of these trifles and in the end carefully select them. As regards ourselves we can only put into rhyme what the stupid fellows say, and thus we shall even be hiding ourselves behind the mask of irony.

The review of the *Horen* will therefore become quite a wonderful work; our rivals also are watching eagerly for it, and whatever be the result there are sure to be disputes.

* A work by Ramdohr. See Letters 8 and 9.

† Referring to a work of Göschen's, entitled *Reise von Johann*.

I do remember what Brandis says in his work on *Lebenskraft* of my Metamorphosis, but not the passage you quote; he probably mentions it again in his translation of Darwin's Zoonomy, as Darwin had also the misfortune to have been previously known as a poet (in the English sense of this word).

It is only extreme necessity that would lead me to hope that the tragedy you speak of might prove a success. Yesterday again a detestable piece by Ziegler, entitled *Barbarei und Grösse*, was performed; in this play the performers hit at one another so barbarously that one actor nearly lost his nose. What is the name of the adaptation of the *Adelphi* of which you spoke in your last? I have some recollection of having known it in my younger days.

I am longing to see you again and to be at work in the quiet castle; during the last four weeks my life has been a regular *quod libet*, at one time a hundred different kinds of work and then a hundred different kinds of do-nothings; my novel has meanwhile come to look like a soiled piece of knitting, on account of the slow progress of the work. However, it is getting fully ripe in my brain, and that is the main thing.

Meyer writes to me from Rome; he has arrived there safely, and is now fairly among the rushes, but complains bitterly of the other fellows who are also sitting there making whistles.

Germany cannot escape even though it ran to Rome, it is everywhere accompanied by platitudes, as Englishmen are by their tea-pots. He* hopes soon to send something for the *Horen* from Hirt as well as from himself.

Enclosed is a letter from Obereit, which is again very remarkable in its way; I will see if I can procure something for the poor old man from our Duke.

Farewell, and let me continue in your affection.

G.

* Probably Meyer.

141.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Wednesday Evening (December 30.)

Here is a copy of the Almanack to appease the first rage. Humboldt sends me three of them to-day from Berlin. I have as yet not received any from the publisher; perhaps he will leave us waiting for them some weeks longer in order to be able to let us have good copies.

Accept my best wishes for the New Year!

SCH.

1796.

142.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 2, 1796.

I can only briefly announce that I at last see a possibility of getting away from here, and that I hope to be with you by to-morrow between 3 and 4 o'clock. I am looking forward with much pleasure to seeing you again.

G.

143.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(January 17.)

I herewith send you four Almanacks and sixty-six *Xenia*. Before they reach Weimar—counting those which you have already written—they will have amounted to eighty. May you have a pleasant journey: our good wishes are with you.

SCH.

144.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

January 18, 1796.

We have after all been unjust towards poor Michaelis. The ten copies recently sent were intended only for contributors *ad extra;* the package containing copies for you, Herder, and myself, only arrived to-day; it has been on the road twelve days beyond the regular time. Herewith, therefore, I send you other three copies on

satin. The remaining sheets of Epigrams I shall order by to-day's post. Should you have one too many of the bad copies I could have it returned to the publisher.

Farewell.

SCH.

DIE GESUNDBRUNNEN ZU N. N.*

"*Seltsames Land! Hier haben die Bäche Geschmack und die Quellen;*
Bei den Bewohnern allein hab' ich noch keinen verspürt."

The message girl will bring you two Calendars, the post would not take them.

145.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 20, 1796.

Many thanks for the good copies; I herewith return one of the smaller ones. Every one speaks well of the Almanack; it is in general request.

The Epigrams have not yet been copied, and I fear that you will get such a start of me that I shall not be able to overtake you. The next fortnight I look upon as already gone. The new opera † will keep us pretty well engaged; however it will be cheerful and edifying work. Farewell, and again let me thank you a thousand times for all the kindness and affection you have shown me. As soon as ever I can, I shall pay you another visit.

G.

146.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

January 22, 1796.

Here is a small parcel of Epigrams. Those which you do not like, do not have copied. After all, these little jests are not as quickly composed as one would have thought, for one cannot benefit by a succession of thoughts and sentiments such as one makes use of in longer works. They will not surrender their original right of being

* THE MEDICINAL SPRINGS AT N. N.

"Curious land! here the brooks have a taste and the springs;
In the people alone have I none yet perceived."

† An opera entitled *Die neuen Arkadier*, the music by Franz Süssmayer.

happy thoughts. I doubt, therefore, whether in my spare hours I shall outstrip you as much as you fancy, for, of course, I cannot continue working at them for any length of time; I must set my mind to more important things, and leave the Epigrams to be the work of the moment. However, no post-day shall pass without something, and thus in four or five months we shall have made good progress.

Your Epigrams are very successful, as I am perpetually being told by persons of whose judgment one need not be ashamed. It is a consolation to me to hear that the Almanack can hold its own in Weimar by the side of the *Emigrirten* and the *Hundsposttagen*.*

May I trouble you with a small commission? I want sixty-three yards of paper-hangings, of a pretty green colour, and sixty-two yards of border, this I would leave entirely to your taste and to your theory of colours. Will you ask Herr Gernig about it, and in any case give the order so that I can have the things within six or eight days.

Farewell. My wife sends kind greetings.

SCH.

AN EINEN GEWISSEN MORALISCHEN DICHTER.†

"*Ja, der Mensch ist ein ärmlicher Wicht, ich weiss—doch das wollt' ich*
Eben vergessen und kam, ach wie gereut mich's! zu dir."

DER KANTIANER.‡

"*Sollte Kantische Worte der hohle Schädel nicht fassen?*
Hast du in hohler Nuss nicht auch Devisen gesehen?"

147.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

January 23, 1796.

For the next few days I shall be leading a bustling kind of life. To-day the Duke of Darmstadt and family

* See Letters 132—133.

† TO A CERTAIN MORAL POET.

"Yes, man is a miserable creature, I know—but that's just what
I would have forgotten, and came,—how I rue it, to thee.

‡ TO A DISCIPLE OF KANT.

"Might not an empty skull Kantian words contain?
Hast thou not also seen devices in an empty nut?

arrive, to-morrow there is a ball at court, dinner, concert, supper, and *redoute.* On Monday, *Don Juan.* The rest of the week will be devoted to rehearsals, for on the 30th we are to have Iffland's *Advocaten*, and on the 2nd prox. the new opera. After that, however, I mean to settle down again as quickly as possible and see what I can do in the way of work. My Eighth Book has meanwhile often come up before me in the midst of all these strange figures, and I hope to get it finished at the first opportunity.

The last epigrams you sent me are full of delightful humour, and I shall have them all copied; whatever cannot in the end hold its place among this lot, will fall off naturally like a foreign body.

The paper-hangings and the border you want to have cannot be procured ready for use. A *piece* is one yard broad and twenty yards long. It would therefore take four pieces to make sixty-three yards, and you would have a good deal over. A piece last year cost 1 fl. 20 kr. Of the enclosed border the piece contains forty yards, and costs 3½ gulden (crowns). Hence you would require two pieces. It is on a green ground and looks very nice; if you would like a more cheerful one there is also a pretty border of roses of the same breadth. If you let me have the pattern back quickly I could write to Frankfort on Monday evening, and you would get what you want without much delay. It is more troublesome to have the paper coloured here, particularly as Ekebrecht is at present very busy with decorations.

Farewell, and enjoy the beautiful weather.

G.

148.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, January 24, 1796.

During the next ten days you will have a tolerable amount of dissipation for an author who is engaged with the *dénouement* of a novel, with a thousand epigrams,* and two detailed accounts of Italy and China.† But what

* Their original plan was to make a thousand.
† Probably the continuation of the *Diversions.*

time takes from you, it gives you back in material, and you have in the end gained more than I who have to suck my subjects out of my fingers' ends. However, to-day, I too shall have some distraction, for Charlotte Kalb is to be here.

I am sorry that my commission about the paper-hangings has cost you more trouble than a few words. As, however, you are kind enough to offer to procure the decoration of my horizon for me, please order from Frankfort four pieces of the green paper and two of the border with the roses (that is if the latter also measures forty yards). I prefer the border of roses to the enclosed pattern, on account of its greater cheerfulness.

Woltmann was three hours with me yesterday alone, and I fortunately managed that not a syllable was said about his two stage pieces. He was very kind and liberal in his praise of your, and of my works—without, however, awakening in me a spark of mercy about his.

Farewell. Here again are a few *Xenia*, so that our rule may not be broken.

SCH.

149.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 27, 1796.

I have not yet got the whole collection of our small poems into order; meanwhile, however, here is my contribution for this week. If we intend to make out our proposed number, we shall have to take up some of our own personal concerns, for when the heart is full, the mouth speaketh, and this is a splendid opportunity of sending forth things from the study and from the world of reviewers to the public at large, where some one or other —who would otherwise have allowed the matter to slip past his notice—will be certain to catch fire.

Things are nowadays becoming quite lively with me; more is undertaken than can be carried out. Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

150.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(January 27.)

You gave me a very agreeable surprise by the large stock of *Xenia* which you sent me. Those referring to Newton will, of course, be recognisable from the subject, but this will not signify in a learned dispute that does not concern any living person. Those that I have marked pleased us most. Do think of honouring our *soi-disant* friend Reichardt with a few *Xenia*. I am just now reading a review of the *Horen* in his journal *Deutschland*, which is edited by Unger; Reichardt has there attacked your *Diversions* and other articles in a disgraceful manner. He gives long extracts from Fichte's and Woltmann's essays, and represents them as excellent. Our fifth number (the worst of all) is declared to be the *most interesting* one; Voss' poems and Humboldt's *Rhodische Genius* are very much extolled, *etc.* It is written throughout in a spirit of animosity that is not sufficiently concealed. Heinse's musical novel is declared, in a long-winded manner, to be the most important work of modern German literature—but I have not yet read the review to see how he manages to make this out.

This Reichardt, who attacks us in this way without reason or mercy, must be bitterly persecuted in the *Horen.*

Here again are a few stakes thrust into the flesh of our colleagues. Choose those which you like best.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

151.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 30, 1796.

The first act is played out! A scene for yesterday's *redoute* which I helped to arrange; all went off well, although the hall was full to overflowing. As everybody is now speaking in distichs, the Turkish court had to present its compliments to the Duchess in this form of verse—as you will see from the enclosed. Another party got up a procession of mixed maskers, among whom were

a couple of will-o'-the-wisps who acquitted themselves admirably; they were capitally got up, and while turning and twisting about, scattered gold leaflets and verses around them.

The distichs are multiplying daily; they now amount to about 200. I enclose the last number of the *Journal of Fashion*,* on account of the article on the *Xenia*, page 18. The author little thinks there is one in store for himself. How mean and careless people are to be sure—to give as specimens but two such small poems, and these moreover, badly translated. It seems, however, as if everything genial fled from its fiery-coloured binding.

I have received, from Göttingen, Cellini's treatise on Goldsmiths and Sculptors; but as I shall have to read it and to make extracts from it, the little biography will probably be furthered by this. Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

I had almost forgotten to tell you the best piece of news. Meyer has sent me a very beautiful and excellent letter, giving a very clear account of his present position. Owing to his irresistible desire to do everything thoroughly, and at the same time with the utmost finish, letter-writing becomes a matter of difficulty to him on account of the immense quantity of subjects he would wish to describe and to criticise, together with the charms of others which he would wish to copy. He asks for my advice, and I shall refer him back to his own genius.

In a letter of his to the Dowager Duchess, there is an amusing passage about the artists who are at present representing Kant's ideas in allegorical pictures. If this is not mere persiflage, they must be the oddest phenomena that have emanated from the latest style in art.

Your letter gives me the first intimation that the proprietor of the periodical *Deutschland* is one and the same as the editor of the *Frankreich*. If he has attacked us as you say, he shall be greeted with Carnival gypsum *dragées* on his buffalo coat, so that he will be taken for a *peruquier*. We have known this false friend for long, and overlooked his general misdemeanours only because he paid his special

* Bertuch's *Journal des Luxus und der Moden* contained an essay by Böttiger, in which the *Xenia* of Martial were fully discussed.

tribute regularly; as soon, however, as he gives indications of refusing to do this, we will send him a bashaw of three burning fox-tails. A dozen distichs are already dedicated to him, which, please God, will reach him on Wednesday next. Meanwhile, again, farewell.

G.

152.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

January 31, 1796.

I congratulate you on the success of your fête, which must have been a very pretty spectacle. The will-o'-the-wisps diverted me especially.

Do bring Meyer's letters with you when you come. I am very anxious to see how things will gradually become clearer and settle down in him. As it is only the letter to the Duchess that contains an account of the Kantian figures, it is to be hoped that it is only a joke; such a delicious piece of news he would surely have announced to you more definitely.

You may depend upon it that Reichardt is the proprietor of the *Deutschland*, and also that he (or the reviewer, which is the same thing to us) has taken liberties with your *Diversions*, although, on other occasions, and in the same review, he speaks of them with cheeks inflated with praise; the production is indescribably wretched. Heinse's book—the review of which I have now examined more closely—is condemned in strong terms; of this I am really sorry, as there will be one piece of folly the less to inveigh against.

All kinds of ideas have meanwhile been developing in my mind as regards our *Xenia*, which, however, are not quite ripe yet. I think that if you come by the end of the week, you will find a hundred or more ready. We must harass these good friends in every allowable form, and poetic interest even demands variety of this kind within the limits of our strict law, i.e., of not exceeding a monodistich. I have during the last days been looking into Homer, and have discovered a glorious mine of parodies in the judgment he passes upon the suitors, this I

have partially worked out; some also I have drawn from the art of necromancy, to torment deceased authors and occasionally living ones as well. Do think of introducing Newton in the lower regions—we must herein work together.

My idea is that at the end we should also have a comedy in epigrams. What do you think?

My wife sends kindest greetings. Come as soon as you can.

SCH.

153.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 4, 1796.

The first transcript of the *Xenia* is at last finished, and I send it at once, for I cannot be in Jena before the 14th of the month, They already look a merry lot, but it would be well were a poetic vein again to run through the collection. My last are—as you will find—very prosaic, which could not well have been otherwise, considering the principle of their composition.

I shall probably send you the seventh volume of my novel in a very short time. I am now working it out of the first mould in which it was dictated; what has otherwise to be done to it will appear in good time, when the Eighth Book is as far advanced, and we have talked the whole well over.

The other day I received, from Göttingen, Cellini's work on the Mechanical in the various Arts. It is admirably written, and the preface, as well as the work itself, throws some good light upon the character of the wonderful man. I have therefore again set to work with his life, however, the difficulties in regard to the treatment of it always remain the same. But I mean to begin by translating a few interesting passages, and shall then wait and see what more can be done. Besides this, according to my matter-of-fact mode of representation, there is nothing but details in a biography, especially in the case of a person, where there are no results the breadth and width of which might at all events make an imposing show, and also in the case

of an artist, whose works—the enduring effects of his existence—are not immediately within our view. Before I come to you I may have a pretty good quantity prepared, and we shall then more clearly see what has to be done.

How is it that the new number of the *Horen* is so long in appearing?

The first performance of the opera went off successfully, and we have obtained the approbation of the multitude; and really its effect as a whole is very good, the music is not deep, but pleasant; the dresses and decorations told very well. I shall let you have the book at the first opportunity, so that you may see what a strange and thoroughly ultra-German course the German stage is taking. Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. I hope that my present bustling life—too bustling even for the greatest realist—will come to an end soon, and that I may get into port with you.

G.

154.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, February 5, 1796.

It is quite a pleasure to see how the collection* is growing under our hands. I am glad to find that there are several political ones among the new batch; for, after all, as they are sure to be confiscated in unsafe places, I do not see why we should not deserve it on this account also. You will find from forty to forty-two new ones from my pen; I keep back about eighty others, which belong together, and which are not quite finished in some small points. Reichardt is well taken care of, but he must be so still more. He must be assailed as a musician, for he is not right in that either, and it is but fair that we follow him into his last hold, since it was he that made war upon us in our legitimate territory.

I am glad that you intend to begin with single passages from *Cellini*. It is the best way to get on with it, for, where the subject admits of it, I consider it always better not to begin with the beginning, which is ever the most difficult and the most barren.

* The collection of *Xenia*.

You do not write whether I may hope to receive anything from you for the third number of the *Horen*. This I would require to have within three or four weeks at latest. At present I am still living upon detestable *Tourville*.* The second sending of *Propertius* I should like to have within eight days. Herder has withdrawn himself from the *Horen* for an indefinite period. I do not know whence this coldness arises, or whether he is really prevented by other work.

That this month's *Horen* have not yet arrived is in reality my fault; my essay which you read when you were here, was sent off only four weeks ago, and it takes three weeks for a parcel to get there and back again, and one week is taken up with the printing. The copies are sure to come to-morrow, for the one sent by letter-post arrived last Monday. The new type looks much better, and the paper will give more satisfaction.

I am looking forward to the new part of your *Meister* as to a feast.

Körner writes that he is coming here at the end of May, and intends to stay a fortnight, the prospect of which pleases me greatly. His presence here is sure to give you pleasure also. As Schlegel also intends coming this spring, and it is probable that Funk too will spend a month here, I shall have a pretty gay time of it.

During the first year authors will not gain anything by the larger type, because Cotta has incurred new expenses in getting rid of the old, and in procuring new paper and the cover. He therefore begs that so much be deducted from this year's honorarium as will be in proportion to the old type.

Farewell. My wife sends kind greetings.

SCH.

155.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

February 7.

Here at last are the rejuvenated *Horen* of the year 1796. They look gayer and incomparably more modern than the

* An article by Gerbert, entitled *Der Ritter von Tourville*, which appeared in the *Horen*.

old ones, and I am only vexed that we were not clever enough to have done this at the very outset.

That the countermanding of orders must be considerable I infer both from the smaller parcel sent to the bookseller here, which was enclosed in mine, and from the fact that the Saxony post has countermanded four copies. We must hope that this proportion does not apply to all Germany. Cotta's complaints are very moderate, and there are some traces of good hope in him still.

I herewith send a *Hore* for Knebel, together with fifteen louis-d'ors. One copy is for the Duke and six for yourself. Please see that Herder gets the one enclosed for him.

Do you happen to know a maker of medallions, one Abramson by name, in Berlin, and have you seen any of his works? He writes to me for a drawing of myself to assist him in making a medallion, but I should like to know what he can do.

Here are a few dozen new *Xenia*, which were written yesterday and to-day in a moment of inspiration. Let the roving copy be returned to me soon, with a fresh supply from yourself.

Farewell. SCH.

156.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 10, 1796.

As the *redoute* robbed us of a night and we got up rather late, I shall only send you a few lines to-day (in order not to detain the parcel) to tell you that the *Horen* and the enclosed money reached me safely, and that I think the journal looks well in its new dress and somewhat modern decorations. I hope to be able to send the Elegies* by Saturday, although I may not be able to have them all copied out by that time. I contemplate coming over on the Monday following, when we will think over and discuss the state of our affairs and plans. I have again read the conclusion of your essay on the Naïve and Sentimental Poets and Men, with great pleasure; I hear also from outsiders that the first parts have been very well received. All now depends upon your always hitting the same point, and it cannot fail to have an effect.

* Of *Prodertius*. See Letter 154.

The border, I hope, will please you, only take care that it is not wrongly pasted up; it has two different light-sides, so as to be turned either to the left or to the right of the windows, and you must also see that the bouquets are made to *droop*. People do not always pay attention to these things, and in my own house here, a border has been wrongly pasted up, this is the reason of my putting you on your guard. I will prepay the parcel, and let you know the whole amount.

G.

157.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, February 12, 1796.

If only you were not in such absolute want of the promised Elegies, for I do not see how I shall manage to get them ready. I have already been eight days at them and have discussed them with Knebel; the manuscript has, therefore, of course again been spoilt, and must be recopied. If it were possible to give me a week's respite, I could get them all into order. I am still sorely pressed by the carnival, and the fresh arrival of foreign princes has compelled us to alter and to add to our theatrical entertainments and dances.

As I know of nothing that I can give you for the third number, I have been looking over my old papers, and found some curious things among them, but they are for the most part of personal or ephemeral interest, and are therefore not available. In order to show you that I have at least the good-will, I herewith send you a very subjective account of a journey to Switzerland. I leave you to judge in how far it can be made use of; perhaps if a love-tale were added to it it might do. The country has been visited and described hundreds of times and yet people still continue to visit it, and to read descriptions of it. Tell me what you think. It is a matter of course that all personal references would be struck out.

Farewell! I am looking forward with great longing to the moment when I shall see you again.

Meyer has written again; he is trying to obtain per-



mission to copy *Aldobrandini's Marriage.** How I should like to see this glorious work in our possession. The news about the Kantian paintings is true; a notice of them has already appeared in the *Mercury*, which however, I unfortunately did not see.

G.

158.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, February 12, 1796.

Accept my best thanks for the trouble you have taken about the paper-hangings, *etc.* The border will do very well. I am looking forward to the beautiful walls which I shall soon see around me.

This week I have again had many sleepless nights, and suffered much from spasms. I am not better yet, and have, of course, not made much progress with my different works; probably, therefore, you have now overtaken me in the *Xenia.* If only I had lost my time in a merrier fashion.

Humboldt will probably write to you to-morrow himself. He wrote to me a short time ago that no caviar could be sent at present.

Please be so kind as to bring with you, when you come, (1) some moon-landscapes and (2) your collection of comedies of the last few years.

At the time of the last fair, I edited a book which I yesterday commenced to read. It is a new part of the *Mémoires** containing Brantome's account of various characters, which are often very naïve, and which indeed describe the subjects themselves very miserably, but himself all the better.

This collection is still issued with my name, although I

* The picture subsequently found a place in Goethe's house. See end of Letter 373.

* *Allgemeine Sammlung Historicher Memoires, etc.* This was a collection of memoirs of historical personages from the 12th century up to the latest times, translated by several different authors. Of this collection there appeared between the years 1790 and 1806 thirty-three volumes; but Schiller had not contributed anything to it since 1790.

have publicly announced that I have no connection with it. This is again a German proceeding.

Farewell. I am rejoicing with all my heart at the prospect of your coming.

SCH.

159.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 13, 1796.

As I cannot now hear whether you may not require the Elegies, I had better send them off to-day, although only three of them are copied. The others are at all events legible, and you will not be hindered. If you can, and are willing to withhold these till I come over, we may perhaps yet be able to talk over one or two points in regard to them.

I am desired by the author to send you his best thanks for the fifteen louis-d'ors you sent him.

Abramson, the medallion-maker, in Berlin, is a clever man; if you let him make a medallion, I would advise you first to have it embossed here by Klauer, and to send a plaster cast of it to Berlin. He could do it much better from a cast than from a drawing, and, moreover, who is there that could make a drawing? It is a pity that Meyer is not here, for there might in that case have been something sensible to say on the other side of the question. The medallion-maker would, of course, have to pay Klauer.

Your letter of the 7th of February was to have contained a dozen *Xenia*: I did not, however, find them, although I looked most carefully through the enclosed copies of *Horen*. Unfortunately also, during these last days, nothing xenial or genial has occurred to me. I hope more than ever that a change of air will set me to rights; unfortunately I do not yet know whether I can come on Monday.

I am truly sorry to hear that you have again been suffering, and that your lonely life does not suit you, while distractions of all kinds prevent me from doing the work that it is desirable I should get through. I am glad to

hear something of Humboldt; he has done wisely not to send any caviar in this damp weather.

You might perhaps make use of a few sketches from my Swiss journey, for instance that of the Münsterthal, the view from the Jura, *etc.*, without placing them in any kind of connection. Of this, however, you are the best judge; I had no time to read the papers through, and cannot therefore express any opinion as to their merit or demerit.

Meyer has written again; he is probably now at work with *Aldobrandini's Marriage*. He has continued his method of observing the ancients, which he commenced in Dresden, and writes: "all depends upon fine observation and the drawing of the eyes, the way in which the lines curve and meet, how the mouth is pencilled and worked out, how the hair is laid on—if we are to find out what knowledge the artist possessed and what theory he followed."

He is also in hopes of gaining something new from Raphael.

G.

160.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

That you cannot come this evening is disappointing. I am in tolerably good health, and we might have talked over all kinds of things.

Niethammer has just been here: we had a discussion on the idea of Right, and at times some really sensible things were said.

The little *danseuse* from the last ball is also here.

Farewell. I hope you intend to come all the earlier to-morrow.

SCH.

161.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, March 18, 1796.

Since you left I have been keeping very well, and should be glad to hear that things are the same with you in Weimar. I have been pondering upon Wallenstein, but have otherwise not done any work. I hope to get

some *Xenia* finished before the time of the noteworthy constellation.*

The preparations for so complicated a work as a drama set the mind in a strange state of motion. Even the very first operation of seeking a certain method in the work—so as not to grope about aimlessly—is no trifling affair. I am at present engaged with the skeleton, and find that in a dramatic structure, as in the case of the human body, it is the most essential part. I should like to know how you set to work in such matters. With me the conception has at first no definite or clear object; this comes later. A certain musical state of mind precedes it, and this, in me, is only then followed by the poetic idea.

According to a letter from Charlotte Kalb, we may hope to see Herder here to-day. However I have not yet seen anything of him.

Farewell. Here is *Cellini*, which I forgot the day before yesterday. My wife sends kind greetings.

SCH.

162.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 21, 1796.

Cellini comes herewith to wait upon you. Before you return I hope to have made a good beginning for the next contribution.

Enclosed is also the list of the characters to *Egmont*, to which I beg you to add the titles according to their different ranks. Please let me have the paper back by the messenger.

The good effects of our four weeks' adventure we shall not feel till after some time of rest and composure.

Farewell, and accept my best thanks for your faithful assistance.

G.

* A playful reference to their meeting in Weimar.

163.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, April 21, 1796.

My best thanks for the prompt sending of *Cellini.*

The list of the characters to *Egmont* I herewith return to you specified and with their titles.

We arrived here quite safely yesterday, but I am, with half my soul, still in Weimar. What a good effect my stay with you has had upon me, both physically and morally, I have already felt indirectly, and it will certainly manifest itself in deed. Farewell; my wife wishes me to send her kind greetings. On Monday evening, when full of and intoxicated with the performance of *Egmont,* we shall see each other again.

The person who takes this to you will also take back the rope which you lent us to cord our box.

SCH.

164.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(May), 1796.

"*Eine nicht hält mich zurück, gar zwei sind's, die mir gebieten.*"*

The good practice we have in distichs will, I hope, lead us at last to express ourselves in single hexameters. Please tell me when you set out on your villegiatura and whether I shall find you at home to-day after dinner? Also let me have the glass tube and the large hollow prism.

My novel is making good progress. I feel myself in a truly poetic state of mind, for, in more than one sense, I do not know what I have yet to do. So it is also as regards my return to Weimar. To my next contribution of *Cellini* I have added a genealogy of the Medici, that is to say in so far as they are mentioned in this biography.

How is your dear wife? Farewell, and love me.

G.

* "One it is not that detains me, 'tis two that would have me obey them."

165.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 10, 1796.

I hope you are again at peace and progressing with your work. I am very anxious to hear how you are working out your various ideas, and hope to hear something about this ere long. I must again beg you to let me have the transcripts of your finished pieces;* and must also remind you of the letter which you said you would write to Zelter in Berlin. I wish that in this letter you would mention our Almanack, if only in a word or two. When you have prepared him for it, I would myself then write to him and send him something to set to music.

Herewith I send you some specimens of types for the printing of the Almanack. I have selected the poem I wrote last,† for this purpose, and I hope it may meet with a kind reception from you.

The specimens will not as yet bear examining, for they have been set up roughly; but I wish to know which type you prefer. The proofs will follow on Monday. Göpferdt is not quite ready.

This letter will likewise be followed by drawings by Hirt, together with the manuscript of *Meister*.

My wife sends kindest greetings. Farewell.

SCH.

166.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 10, 1796.

After having arrived safely at Weimar, I at once set most vigorously to work; *Cellini*, and my novel also, I hope, will soon give proof of this. Be so good as to send me back the Seventh Book of my novel soon. The promised Epigrams will follow this; there are about thirty of them. Unfortunately in this case also hatred is twice as strong as love. As soon as you have arranged them, please return them all to me; many *Xenia* which are still imperfect will

* These are probably *Alexis und Dora* and *Musen und Grazien in der Mark*.

† His *Lament of Ceres* (*Klage der Ceres*). See also Letter 173.

thus certainly be fully completed and give rise to new ones.

The one entitled *The Dangerous Man* * I worked out in accordance with your idea; you will, perhaps, accept the alteration. In fact, in going over the others I intend in general to be guided by the principle that while being bitter we should be on our guard against the charge of libel.

The Idyll, and some other poems of the same kind, shall follow soon. I am now enjoying perfect freedom in my house and am rejoicing over the immense tasks I see before me. Let me again thank you for all your kindnesses. Farewell, and pray send me tidings again soon of yourself and those belonging to you.

G.

The novel arrived early this morning; in a few days you will hear again and receive more of it. The drawings to Hirt's manuscripts were not enclosed; what was enclosed was, I think, one of Göpferdt's specimens of paper.

167.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 11, 1796.

The *Xenia* sent yesterday gave us much pleasure, and however much hate may predominate in them, still the contingent of love has come in very prettily. I mean to entreat the Muses most beseechingly to allow me to contribute to them also. Meanwhile give a friendly welcome to my *Ceres*, as it is my first poetic offering of this year; and if you should find anything to object to in it, pray draw my attention to it.

I hope to have the *Xenia* copied and sent to you by Friday next. I, too, am in favour of not touching upon anything in the way of libel, in fact, of quitting the domain of gay humour as little as possible, for the Muses are surely no executioners. However, we need not exactly make any concessions to these gentlemen.

* This one was subsequently suppressed or received a

Körner writes that the *Victorie* is to be had for eight louis-d'ors, and that therefore you can look upon it as yours. He and his whole household send you their kindest greetings.

Farewell. SCH.

Herder wrote to me yesterday, and very kindly sent me his *Humanität*. He promises me contributions both for the *Horen* as well as for the Almanack.

168.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 14, 1796.

Here, dearest friend, is a pretty good sending. The portion of *Cellini* has become about five sheets shorter, which, in fact, I wish to have left out; they contain his longer stay in France, and (finding no work there) his return to Rome. I shall only give you a short extract from it, and therefore my next contribution will treat of his imprisonment in Engelsburg, the detailed account of which I mean likewise to abridge, and again to give you from fourteen to fifteen written sheets.

At the same time I send you back your *Idyll* and the parody,* as also the specimens of the type. Your poem is most successful; the Existing and Allegory, Imagination and Sentiment, the Important and the Insignificant, are beautifully interwoven with one another. I hope soon to possess a copy of it.

The large type is quite to my taste. If, before the types are set, you could find a corrector to cast out the wrong letters as well as those that are badly printed and uneven, and further to see that all possible care is taken with the print and the blackness, no great difference will be perceptible between it and the previous Almanack. It would be well also if you could soon decide about the paper, *etc.*, and have the printing begun. I will make all possible haste with my small contributions. Whether Cellini's poem on his imprisonment, is worth being translated I leave you and Schlegel to determine. The sonnet I sent

* Goethe's *Musen und Grazien in der Mark.* See also Letter 165.

recently you will, at all events, have put in the proper place, and I also beg you to be kind enough to read the accompanying contribution of *Cellini* with your pen in your hand; I could read it over but once.

The copper-plates I will order at once, and as soon as I know who can make them and what they are to cost I will write again. The Seventh Book of my novel I am again revising, and hope to be able to send it off on Thursday. All that is wanting is an outward compulsion, and the Eighth Book will be ready; we can then extend our thoughts in many ways. I have received a letter from Meyer, who says that no words can describe the present state of anxiety and confusion in Rome; he himself has probably by this time left for Naples.

Thank Körner very sincerely from me for the trouble he has taken about the *Victorie*.* The work of art is becoming more and more precious to me; its worth is really inestimable.

Herder's two new volumes† I have read with great interest. The seventh, particularly, seems to me to be admirably conceived, developed, and worked out; the eighth, although containing much that is excellent, leaves no pleasant effect, and the author himself cannot have been altogether in a pleasant state of mind when writing it. A certain reserve, a certain caution, a turning and twisting, a niggardly dealing out of praise and blame, renders, more especially what he says about German literature, extremely meagre. It may be owing to my present mood, but it always seems to me, when speaking of literary works as well as of actions, that, unless one expresses oneself with kindly interest, or with a certain amount of one-sided enthusiasm, the result is so small that it is hardly worth mentioning. Delight, pleasure, and sympathy in things is all that is real and again produces reality; all else is empty and vain.

G.

* See Letter 167. † His *Humanität*. See Letter 167.

169.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 17, 1796.

My answer to your dear letter I shall leave till Monday, and herewith only send you word that we this evening expect Voss, who himself announced in a short note his intention of coming. He cannot stay longer than one day; he starts as early as possible on Sunday, and does not go to Weimar.

He says he would very much like to meet you here. It is for you to decide whether you will give him this pleasure; all here would give you a hearty welcome. He comes from Gibichenstein, and, it is to be hoped, brings Reichardt with him—a scene I should almost enjoy.

Farewell. SCH.

It is just 10 o'clock P.M., and Voss has not yet come, but I have no doubt that he will yet make his appearance.

170.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 18, 1796.

I am very sorry that I shall not see Voss; one should not neglect from time to time to renew friendly relations by personal intercourse. Unfortunately, I dare not at present divert my thoughts for one moment from my work; my novel is so well and happily started that, if things go on as they are now, you may receive the Eighth Book this day week, and we should then surely have concluded a singular epoch under singular aspects.

My very kind greetings to Voss, and renew in my name a relationship which, considering its nature, can always go on improving. In case of another guest being present, which, however, I hope will not be the case, I herewith enclose a gift for him.

"*Komm nur von Gibichenstein, von Malepartus! Du bist doch Reineke nicht, du bist doch nur halb Bär und halb Wolf.*"*

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* "Come thou from Gibichenstein, or from Malepartus;
Thou art no Reineke, thou art but half bear and half wolf."
This *Xenion* refers to Reichardt. See Letter 169, also 172.

Farewell. My kind greetings to your dear wife and to Schlegel. I have a great deal to say to you, and if good luck will but favour me I will at once set to and put it into shape, so that you may be able to make use of for the *Horen*. Adieu. G.

I had almost forgotten to tell you that Richter is here. He intends to pay you a visit with Knebel, and I think you are sure to be very much pleased with him.

171.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 18, 1796.

Voss has not yet arrived, at least I have not seen anything of him as yet; and, as I doubt whether you will come, I shall send off this letter, for which a good opportunity has offered itself.

A second reading of your Idyll* affected me deeply, more deeply even than when I first read it. It certainly is one of the most beautiful you have written, so full of simplicity and yet of such unfathomable depth of feeling. Owing to the hurry with which the attendant crew are brought into the action, the space allotted to the lovers becomes so contracted, and the circumstances so pressing and so important, that the moment in reality acquires the value of a whole life-time. It would be difficult to imagine a second instance where an incident breaks off the flower of the poetic thought as neatly and as successfully. That you should have brought jealousy into such close contact with it, and have caused good-fortune to be so speedily swallowed by fear, I cannot as yet quite reconcile with my own feelings, although I cannot bring forward any satisfactory objection against it. This alone I can say, I should have liked always to have remembered the happy intoxi[illegible]on with which Alexis leaves the girl and em[illegible]s on the [illegible]p.

Herder's book leaves upon me pr[illegible]y [illegible] impression it made upon you, only [illegible] in [illegible] case, as in his works generally, I al[illegible]

* *Alexis und Dora.*

which I thought I possessed than I gain in new realities from it. By always endeavouring to bind and to unite what others separate, the effect he leaves upon me is always more disturbing than reassuring. His irreconcilable hostility to rhyme, I also think carried too far, and what he adduces against it I consider as being very far from sufficiently satisfactory. Be the origin of rhyme ever so common and unpoetical, we must consider the impression it produces, and this cannot be reasoned away by any argument.

As regards his confessions concerning German literature, besides being displeased with his coldness for what is good, I also feel annoyed at his strange tolerance of what is bad; he speaks as readily with esteem of a Nicolai, an Eschenburg, *etc.*, as of the most eminent writers, and in a strange fashion, he throws the Stolbergs and me, Kosegarten, and I don't know how many others, into the same pot. His veneration for Kleist, Gerstenberg, and Gessner, in fact for all who are dead and decayed, is on an equal footing with his coldness towards those that are living.

You have meanwhile become acquainted with Richter. I am very curious to hear what you think of him. Charlotte Kalb is here nursing a friend. She tells me that the dealings with Iffland are as good as broken off, and indeed speaks with great coldness of his being engaged for the Weimar theatre. The enthusiasm for Iffland seems to have died out some months earlier than we thought it would.

Von Humboldt has doubtless written to you himself. He is extremely well satisfied with your Idyll. He also writes that he is extremely pleased with your *Cellini*.

The *Xenia* you will receive on Monday. Several new ones will be required to connect the different kinds of subjects, in regard to which my hopes are set upon your good genius. The parodies from Homer* I have been obliged to reject because they cannot be made to link themselves to the whole, and I also do not yet exactly know how I shall be able to introduce the spectral apparitions. Most gladly would I have placed the pretty and pleasing *Xenia* at the

* See Letter 152.

end, for the storm ought to be followed by sunshine. I too, have succeeded in writing some of this species, and if both of us could provide but another dozen, the collection would be brought to a very pleasing conclusion.

Farewell. My wife sends her kindest greetings. Her health is much the same as it was.

SCH.

172.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 20, 1796.

Voss has not yet come; he wrote to me briefly that unpleasant interruptions had obliged him to put off his journey. I am truly sorry not to have become personally acquainted with him, and yet it would have cost me a very unpleasant scene, inasmuch as Reichardt, as I hear to-day from friends in Halle, really intended to have accompanied him. The incivility which I should have been obliged to have shown towards this guest would have placed Voss in great embarrassment, and probably have put him thoroughly out of humour.

I heartily congratulate you upon the progress which your novel is making. The day that brings me the rest of it will be a gala day to me.

Your new contribution of *Cellini* has again interested me very much. The account of his illness is most admirable; the occurrences in Florence are also very interesting, and are well connected with the history of the family. The odd mixture of gallantry and coarseness in friend Benvenuto is most amusing.

The *Xenia* cannot, after all, be sent off to-day; my copyist did not come.

Farewell. May all the nine be with you!

My wife sends kind greetings. Did you receive the biscuit and a letter on Saturday?

SCH.

173.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Sent off on June 22, 1796.

Your two dear and valued letters, together with the biscuit, reached me safely, and as I wrote the appointed portion of my novel early this morning, I will now dictate this letter in advance for to-morrow.

The Eighth Book is making uninterrupted progress, and when I think of the concurring circumstances whereby what seemed almost impossible has at last been accomplished in a most natural manner, one might almost become superstitious. This much is certain, that the old habit of availing myself at the moment of resources, accidental occurrences, moods, and whatever else of agreeable or disagreeable feelings that come over me, is at present of great advantage to me; yet it seems I was somewhat precipitate in my hope of being able to send it as early as next Saturday.

Your poem the *Lament of Ceres* (*Die Klage der Ceres*) reminded me of various attempts I had made in order further to establish the idea which you have there taken up and handled in so genial a spirit. In some of these attempts I have been most unexpectedly successful; and as I foresee that I shall be at home for some time during this beautiful summer weather, I have already made arrangements for raising a number of plants in the dark, and will then compare the results with what is already known.

That Voss should not have been to see you, does not please me in him, particularly as I see from your letter that you did not know each other personally. This is a species of neglect and inattention of which most of us unfortunately are apt to be guilty in our younger days, but which we ought to avoid as much as possible when we have learned how to value our fellow-men. It may have been Reichardt who prevented his coming, for that he cannot feel very comfortable in his equivocal relation to us is but too plain.

Zelter, in Berlin is prepared. It would be well if you now wrote to him at once. I have a song of Mignon's which I should like you to insert in your Almanack; it is

only spoken of in the novel. The question is whether one should not say a word in confidence about it to Unger; for even though an explanation were given, the declaration of war* would nevertheless be made, which according to our feeling the sooner it came the better.

Of *Xenia* I have again written a few dozen, but unfortunately not exactly of the most necessary species.

I am glad that my Idyll holds its own on a closer inspection. I have two reasons for the jealousy at the end. One is drawn from nature; in reality every unexpected and unmerited good fortune in love is directly and closely followed by the fear of losing it; the other is drawn from Art, for as the whole drift of the Idyll is pathetic, its passionate character had to be increased towards the end, and, when the poet makes his farewell bow, it is then led back into the path of pleasantness and gaiety. So much in justification of the inexplicable instinct through which such things are produced.

Richter is so complex a character, that I cannot spare the time to tell you all I think of him; you must and will see him, and we shall then both enjoy a talk about him. He seems here to share the same fate as his works. At one time he is rated too high, then too low, and no one knows exactly what to make of his strange nature.

We are altogether fortunate as regards *Cellini;* and as it is to our convenience, let us strike the iron while it is hot. Tell me when you require another sending.

I herewith enclose a pasquil† which will take you into quite a peculiar world, and which—although very unequal—nevertheless contains some capital jokes, and takes off certain poltroons, hypocrites, cits and pedants, in a mad enough way. Do not let any one see it, and return it to me at once.

G.

* Against Reichardt.

† *Germania im Jahre* 1795. (Stuttgart, 1796.) This pasquil refers to the politics of the smaller German Courts and the course of the negotiations for peace in the *Reichstag.*

174.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

June 24.

You are right in saying that the pamphlet would lead me into a peculiar world. I should never in all my life have been able to make such a collection of caricatures, and every stroke bears the mark of having been drawn from nature. It is truly not an unremarkable production, coarse and awkward though it be, and it has diverted me very much. I am glad, too, that political enmities also are beginning to be expressed humoristically. In this respect it ought to find imitators.

It is most refreshing to hear of Meyer's activity, and to think of him, in the midst of his Italy, taking so kindly to German apes and asses. Write and tell him that all depends upon his mixing in the fight between the Trojans and the Achæans. He can begin at once in the next letter he writes to you, and which we could then have printed.

Humboldt wrote to me last Wednesday only a few lines to excuse himself for not having written to me or to you. He intends sending you back your Idyll to-morrow, and hopes to be able to answer you fully in regard to it. His mother is on the point of death, and this, doubtless, prevents his leaving.

I shall write to Zelter as soon as I have anything to send him. Would you advise me to have my *Ceres* set to music? It might be a good theme for a song, unless, indeed, it is not too long.

Except what I have of yours, there is but little else that can be set to music.

That you can give me a song from your *Meister* for the Almanack is delightful, and we may now verily boast somewhat of this year's Almanack.

The *Xenia* you shall most certainly receive on Monday. After deducting those that have been omitted, there are still from 630 to 640, and I do not think that more than from fifteen to twenty of these will need to be rejected. Further, for the sake of connection and completeness, about eighty new ones will be required, so that the number will probably amount to 700.

More on Monday. Farewell. Sch.

175.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 25, 1796.

I am very glad to hear that you so thoroughly enjoyed the fun from the other world. I shall be sure to make inquiries about the latest affairs of the Imperial Diet, more especially about some pamphlets mentioned there. It would be a good joke to throw a dozen *Xenia* into that quarter of the world.

Do not return the merry brothers till you receive my novel. It will come towards the beginning of next week by a special messenger, who can bring me back the *Xenia*, if you have any ready. Read my manuscript first with friendly enjoyment, and then critically, and acquit me if you can. Many passages require more development, many demand it, and yet I scarcely know what has to be done. The demands which this Book make upon me are endless, and ought not—considering the nature of the case—to be altogether conceded to, although everything has to a certain extent to be cleared up. My trust rests wholly upon your demands and your absolution. The manuscript has grown in my hands, and, in fact, if I had cared to work out the representation more in detail, and to pour into it more of the water of reasoning, I could easily have extended the last volume into two. In its condensed form, however, it may produce a better and a more lasting effect.

Give my kind greetings to Humboldt when you write to him. As regards Zelter, let us first do something for him together, and then you could also send him your *Ceres* to let him try his hand with it. Farewell. My kind greetings to your dear wife, and let me soon hear how you both are.

G.

176.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 25, 1796.

Herewith, at last, I send you my large piece of work, and can scarcely say that I am glad to have got so far, for one always feels tired after so long a journey. I have,

moreover, only been able to look it over once, and so you will find many a little thing to suggest. At any rate, it will have again to be revised and copied.

I should be glad if you could manage to send back the *Xenia* by the returning messenger. During the next ten or twelve days I shall be busy with a variety of things with which I must, at least, keep up some connection; after that I hope to devote my chief thoughts to the *Horen* and to the Almanack.

Mignon's song, as you will see, I have, after all, inserted for the sake of effect; however, I may have another to give you for the Almanack.

Farewell. I trust this parcel may find you in very good health. I shall not want my Book returned till I have put my other affairs in order. Let me hear from you soon.

G.

177.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

June 27.

Accept my heartfelt thanks for your parcel. It found me in good spirits, and I hope to enjoy it with my whole heart and soul.

The taking leave of a long and important work is always more sad than enjoyable. The strained faculties collapse too quickly, and the mind cannot be at once directed towards a new object. You should, in fact, now take up something to *handle*, that is, work upon some living subject.

I send you by the messenger what I have ready of *Xenia*. There are about eighty that I must still keep, but they shall be sent by the message-girl. To these—all of which are kindly in spirit—I am now adding a few new ones, which a happy state of mind has suggested to me. In fact, I am in hopes that the conclusion will turn out rather good. You will find among those that will follow to-day's sending, about a hundred new acquaintances, and also miss several old ones. The reason why I leave out the latter I can tell you better by word of

mouth. Please strike out, without hesitation, all those of which you in any way disapprove. Our stock will admit of a severe selection.

Do not let your *Spiritus** write anything in the manuscript. I should like to send it to Humboldt, who—owing to the change in the handwriting—will have no clue as to who the author is. If any headings should occur to you, please mark them in pencil.

In order to increase the number of the poetical and pleasing *Xenia*, I should like to induce you to make a range through the best antiques and the beautiful Italian paintings. These images live in your heart, and were you in a propitious mood, every one of them would bring up some beautiful thought before you. The subjects are the more appropriate, as they are all individual objects.

Farewell. Enjoy your life and your work. Who in this world could wish for any other cause for joy?

My wife sends kindest greetings, and is dying to have your Eighth Book.

SCH.

178.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 28, 1796.

Do not to-day expect me to give you any definite account of the impression which your Eighth Book has made upon me. I am both ill at ease and content. Longing and calmness are strangely mingled. From amid the mass of the impressions left upon me, most strikingly prominent, at the present moment, is the image of Mignon. Whether this strong feeling of interest is greater than it ought to be, I cannot as yet say. It may have been accidental, for upon opening the manuscript my glance fell first upon her song, and this moved me so deeply that I could not afterwards rid myself of the impression.

The most remarkable point of the general impression seems to me to be, that earnestness and sorrow absolutely

* A jocose Latin name given to Goethe's attendant, whose surname was *Geist* (spirit).

become mere shadow-play, while gay humour carries the day. This, I think, is partly to be accounted for by the gentle and light manner in which the subject is treated; however, it also seems to me that another reason is to be found in the theatrical and romantic bringing together and relative position of the incidents. The pathetic calls to mind that it is a novel, all else the truth of life. The most painful blows that our hearts receive, sharply as they may have been felt, are quickly forgotten, because they were the result of something wonderful, and hence remind one the more forcibly of art. Be this as it may, this much is certain, that the earnestness in the novel is mere sport, and the sport in it, the true and the only actual earnestness, that the sorrow is semblance, and the repose the only actual reality.

Friedrich, whom you so wisely reserve, and who, in the end, by his turbulence shakes the ripe fruit from the tree and blows together what belongs together, appears, at the *dénouement*, exactly like one who has awakened us out of an anxious dream by laughing. The dream flits away to shadowland, but its image remains to impart a higher spirit to the present and to give to the repose and cheerfulness a poetical substance, an infinite depth. This depth, accompanied by a calm surface—which is so peculiar to you—is an eminent and characteristic feature in your present novel.

But I will not permit myself to say more on this subject to-day, however much I should like to do so; for I could not yet offer you any mature thoughts. If you could let me have the first sketch of your Seventh Book—of which a transcript was made for Unger—it would be very useful to me, and help me to follow the whole in all its details. For although it is still fresh in my memory, many of the finer threads in the concatination may have escaped me.

I see plainly in what an admirable manner this Eighth Book is connected with the Sixth, and how much has been gained by what was anticipated in the last. I could positively not have wished any other arrangement of the story than the one you have made. We know the family so long before it actually appears, that we seem to remem-

ber no beginning to our acquaintance with it; this is a kind of device which produces a capital effect.

You have contrived to make delightful use of the Grandfather's collection of pictures; it plays the part of a real personage, and is even somewhat of a living thing.

But enough for to-day. On Saturday I hope to have more to say.

Here are the remainder of the *Xenia*. Those that follow to-day are as you see, not in their proper connection, and all my endeavours to bring the different groups together have been in vain. You will, perhaps, help me out of my difficulty. It would indeed be a good thing if we could manage to equip this last lot rather sumptuously.

If I receive your new contribution of *Cellini* in three weeks, it will still be in time.

Farewell; kindest greetings from my wife, who is at present deep in your novel.

I have not yet told you anything about *Hesperus*.* I found him pretty much as I expected; strange, like something that has fallen from the moon, full of good-will and heartily inclined to look well at things around him, only not with the organ that is generally used for seeing. However, I have spoken to him but once, and therefore cannot as yet say much about him.

Sch.

179.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, June 29, 1796.

I am heartily glad that we have at last reached this point of time, and that I have heard your first expression about my Eighth Book. Of inestimable value to me is your testimony that, upon the whole, I have produced that which accords with my nature, and, in this case, accords also with the nature of my work. I herewith send you the Seventh Book, and shall eagerly set to work again with the Eighth, as soon as I have your opinion of it more in full.

* Jean Paul F. Richter, the author of the novel mentioned, who had paid Schiller a visit, as Goethe said he would. See Letter 173.

For about eight days my time will be wholly taken up with outward occupations, which is a good thing, for with so much fiction one would at last become a fable oneself. After that the *Xenia*, *Cellini*, and the novel shall share what is left of July among them. I have almost adopted your mode of life, for I scarcely leave the house.

Your new *Xenia* of the dignified, serious, and tender species are very successful. I, on my part, have all kinds of plans for the completion of this collection, if only the proper state of mind for this would come.

I am very glad that you have seen Richter; his love of truth and his desire to improve himself prepossessed me in his favour. Yet the social man is a species of theoretical man, and when I come to think of it, I doubt whether Richter will ever approach us in a practical sense, although there seems to be some similarity between his theoretical views and ours.

Farewell, and let us write to one another frequently during the month, for what we have to do requires a good deal of encouragement.

G.

180.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, July 1, 1796.

As I do not know whether I can write to you to-morrow morning, being very much pressed by all kinds of outward occupations, I send you meanwhile the eulogy * I have received from Humboldt. The many good things he says, as well as the small objections he raises, oblige me to be all the more careful on the narrow path upon which I am wandering; I hope to receive a like favour from your remarks on my Eighth Book. Farewell; more ere long.

G.

* Humboldt's letter to Goethe, in which he speaks highly in praise of his *Alexis und Dora*. See also Letter 182.

181.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 2, 1796.

I have now run through all the eight Books of your novel, very hurriedly, it is true, but the subject-matter alone is so large that I could scarcely get through it in two days' reading. Properly speaking, therefore, I ought still not to say anything about it to-day, for the surprising and unparalleled variety which is therein *concealed*—in the strictest sense of the word—is overpowering. I confess that what I have as yet grasped correctly is but the *continuity*, not the *unity*, although I do not for a moment doubt that I shall become perfectly clear on this point also, if, as I think, in works of this kind, the continuity is more than half the unity.

As, under the circumstances, you cannot exactly expect to receive from me anything thoroughly satisfactory, and yet wish to hear something, you must be content with a few remarks; these, however, are not altogether without value, inasmuch as they will tell of direct impressions. To make up for this, I promise you that our discussions about your novel shall continue throughout the month. To give an adequate and truly æsthetic estimate of a whole work, as a work of art, is a serious undertaking. I shall devote the whole of the next four months to it, and that with pleasure. Besides this, it is one of the greatest blessings of my existence that I have lived to see this work of yours completed, that it has been written while my faculties are still in a state of growth, and that I may draw inspiration from this pure source; further, the beautiful relation that exists between us, makes it seem to me a kind of religious duty to make your cause my own, and so to develop all that is real in my nature that my mind may become the clearest mirror of that which exists beneath this covering, and that I may deserve the name of being your friend in the higher sense of the word. How vividly have I felt at this time, that excellence is a power, that it can influence selfish natures only as a power, and that as contrasted with excellence there is no freedom but love.

I cannot say how much I have been moved by the

truth, the beautiful vitality and the simple fulness of your work. My agitation, it is true, is greater than it will be when I have completely mastered your subject, and that will be an important crisis in my intellectual life; but yet this agitation is the effect of the Beautiful and only of the Beautiful, and is merely the result of my reason not having yet been able to master my feelings. I now quite understand what you meant by saying that it was the Beautiful, the True, that could often move you to tears. Calm and deep, clear and yet incomprehensible like nature, your work makes its influence felt, it stands there, and even the smallest secondary incident shows the beautiful equanimity from which all has emanated.

But I cannot as yet find words to describe these impressions, and, moreover, I must to-day confine myself to the Eighth Book. How well you have succeeded in bringing the large and widely extended circle, the different attitudes and scenes of the events so closely together again! Your work may be compared to a beautiful planetary system; everything belongs together, and it is only the Italian figures which, like comets, and as weirdly as they, connect the system with one that is more remote and larger. Further, these figures, as also Marianna and Aurelia, run wholly out of this system again, and, after having merely served to produce a poetical movement in it, separate themselves from it as foreign individuals. How beautifully conceived it is to derive what is practically monstrous and terribly pathetic in the fate of Mignon and the Harpist from what is theoretically monstrous, from the abortions of the understanding, so that nothing is thereby laid to the charge of pure and healthy nature. Senseless superstition alone gives birth to such monstrous fates as pursue Mignon and the Harpist. Even Aurelia's ruin is but the result of her own unnaturalness, her masculine nature. Towards Marianna alone could I accuse you of poetic selfishness. I could almost say she has been made a sacrifice to the novel, as the nature of the case would not permit of her being saved. Her fate, therefore, will ever draw forth bitter tears, while in the case of the three others the reader

will gladly turn from what is individual to the idea of the whole.

Wilhelm's false relationship to Theresa is admirably conceived, motived and worked out, and still more admirably turned to account. Many a reader will at first be actually alarmed at it, for I can promise Theresa but few well-wishers; all the more beautiful is the way in which the reader is rescued from this state of uneasiness. I cannot imagine how this false relation could have been dissolved more tenderly, more delicately, or more nobly. How pleased Richardson and all his set would have been had you made a scene out of it, and been highly indelicate in the display of delicate sentiments. I have but one little objection to raise: Theresa's courageous and determined resistance to the person who wishes to rob her of her lover, even although the possibility is thereby re-opened to her of possessing Lothar, is quite in accordance with nature, and is excellent; further, I think there are good reasons for Wilhelm's showing deep indignation and a certain amount of pain at the banterings of his fellow-men and of fate—but it seems to me that he ought to complain less deeply of the loss of a happiness which had already ceased to be anything of the kind to him. In Natalie's presence, as it seems to me, his re-gained freedom ought to be to him a greater happiness than he allows it to be. I am quite aware of the complication of this state of things and what is demanded by *delicatesse*, but, on the other hand, Natalie may in some measure be said to be hurt by this same *delicatesse* when, in her presence, Wilhelm is allowed to lament over the loss of Theresa.

One other thing I specially admire in the concatination of the events is the great good which you have contrived to draw from Wilhelm's already mentioned false relation to Theresa, so as most speedily to bring about the true and desired end, the union of Natalie and Wilhelm. In no other manner could this end have been arrived at so well and so naturally as by the path you have pursued, although this very path threatened to lead from it. It can now be maintained, with the most perfect innocence and purity, that Wilhelm and Natalie belong to one another;

and Theresa's letters to Natalie lead up to this beautifully. Such contrivances are of the greatest beauty, for they unite all that could be desired, nay, all that appeared wholly ununitable; they complicate and yet carry the solution in themselves; they produce restlessness and yet lead to repose; they succeed in reaching the goal while appearing to be making every effort to keep from it.

Mignon's death, although we are prepared for it, affects one powerfully and deeply, so deeply, in fact, that many will think you quit the subject too abruptly. This, upon first reading it, was a very decided feeling in my own case; but on reading it a second time, when surprise had subsided, I felt it less, and yet I fear that you may have in this gone a hair's breadth too far. Mignon, before her end, had begun to appear more womanly and softer, and thus to have become more interesting in herself; the repulsive heterogeneity of her nature had relaxed, and with this relaxation some of her impetuosity had likewise disappeared. Her last song, especially, melts one's heart to the most intense sympathy. Hence it strikes one as odd that, directly upon the affecting scene of her death, the doctor should make an experiment upon her corpse, and that this living being should so soon be able to forget the person, merely in order to regard her as the instrument of a scientific inquiry. It strikes one as being equally strange that Wilhelm—who, after all, is the cause of her death, and is aware of it—should at that moment notice the instrument-case, and be lost in the recollection of past scenes when the present should have so wholly absorbed him.

You may, in this case also, justify yourself as having been quite true to nature, but I doubt whether you will be able to do this as regards the "sentimental" demands of your readers, and therefore—in order that nothing should interfere with the reader's acceptance of a scene which is so splendidly motived and so well worked out—I would advise you to pay some attention to it.

Otherwise, I find everything you do with Mignon, when living as well as when dead, most uncommonly beautiful. This pure and poetic creature is specially and excellently qualified to have so poetical a funeral. In her isolated

condition, her mysterious existence, her purity and innocence, she is so pure a representative of the period of life on which she stands, that she moves one to a feeling of unmixed sadness and genuine human sorrow, for nothing but pure humanity was manifested in her. That which in every other individual would be inconsistent, nay, in a certain sense revolting, is in her sublime and noble.

I would have liked to have seen the appearance of the Marquis in the family motived by something more than his mere dilettanteism in art. He is too indispensable to the development, and the *need* of his interference might easily have been made more conspicuous than the inner necessity. You have yourself spoilt the reader by the arrangement of the rest of your work, and have justified him in making greater demands than can generally be required of novel-writers. Could not the Marquis be made an old acquaintance of Lothar or of the Uncle, and his journey hither be more interwoven with the whole?

The end, as well as the whole history of the Harpist, excites the greatest interest. I have already said how excellent I find your thought of deriving the terrible destinies of the Harpist and of Mignon from religious extravagance. The priest's notion of describing a small transgression as monstrous in order that a great crime—which he will not mention for humanity's sake—may be atoned for by it, is sublime of its kind, and a worthy representative of this whole mode of thinking. You might perhaps make Sperate's story a little shorter still, as it comes in at the end, where one is apt to hurry impatiently to the goal.

That the Harpist should prove to be Mignon's father, and that you yourself do not mention it, nor thrust it at the reader, makes the effect all the greater. One is forced to reflect upon the fact oneself, to recall to mind how close in life was the relation which existed between these two mysterious natures, and to look down into an unfathomable depth of fate.

But no more for to-day. My wife wishes to enclose a little note to tell you her impressions of your Eighth Book.

Farewell, my beloved, my esteemed friend! I am deeply moved when I think that that which we otherwise look for and rarely find in the far distance of favoured antiquity lies so close to me in you. You need no longer be astonished that there are so few who are capable or worthy of understanding you. The wonderful naturalness, truth, and fluency of your descriptions, hide from the common herd of critics every thought of the difficulty, of the grandness of your art, and those who are capable of following the artist, who perceive the means by which the effects have been produced, will feel themselves so averse, so hostile towards the genial power which they there see in action, and find their needy selves in such straits, that they will angrily thrust the work from them, while in their hearts—though with *de mauvaise grace*—they are certain to be your liveliest worshippers.

SCH.

182.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 3, 1796.

I have now maturely considered Wilhelm's conduct at the loss of Theresa in all its bearings, and recall all my previous doubts. As you have it, so it must remain. You have shown the utmost delicacy in this without in the slightest degree violating the truth of feeling.

It is wonderful how beautifully and how truthfully you have marked the differences between the three characters of the Canoness, Natalie, and Theresa. The first two are saintly characters, the last two are genuine human beings; but just because Natalie is both saintly and human, she appears an angel, while the Canoness is merely saintly, and Theresa entirely an earthly character. Natalie and Theresa are both realists; but in Theresa we have the limitation of realism, in Natalie only its substance. I wish the Canoness had not denied the latter the name of a beautiful soul, for in reality it is only Natalie who is purely æsthetic in nature. What a beautiful trait it is in her that she has no knowledge of love as a passion, as something exclusive and special, for love is her nature,

her permanent character. The Canoness also, it is true, does not exactly know what love is, but from an entirely different cause.

If I have understood you rightly, it is by no means without design that you make Natalie pass directly from her conversation on love and her own inexperience of this passion into the Hall of the Past. The state of mind into which one is thrown on entering this Hall raises one above all passion; the repose of beauty takes possession of the soul, and this gives the best interpretation of Natalie's nature, which is at once free of, and yet full of love.

This Hall of the Past connects in a splendid manner the æsthetic world, the realm of shadows,* in the ideal sense, with the living and actual world; in fact, whenever you introduce works of art they are admirably connected with the whole. It is so glad and free a step out of the confined and narrow present, and yet always leads one so pleasantly back to it. Again, the transition from the middle sarcophagus to Mignon and to the actual story, produces the highest effect. The inscription, *Gedenke zu leben*, is admirable, and the more so as it reminds one of the accursed *Memento mori*, and triumphs over it so beautifully.

The Uncle, with his curious idiosyncrasies for certain natural objects, is a very interesting character. It is just such natures that possess as definite an individuality, and as large an amount of susceptibility as the Uncle must needs possess, to be what he is. His remarks on music, that it should address itself purely to the ear, are also full of truth. It is unmistakable that you have put more of your own nature into this character than into any of the others.

Of all the leading characters, Lothario stands out least prominently, but for reasons that are wholly objective. A character such as his can never appear complete in the *medium* through which the poet works. No single action or speech can describe him; one must see him, must hear him speak, must live with him. On that account it is a matter of course that those who live with him are unanimous in their trust and estimation of him, that he is

* An allusion to his poem, *The Realm of Shadows* (*Reich der Schatten*). See Letter 102.

loved by all those women who judge from total impressions, and that our attention is directed to the sources of his mental culture. In this character much more is left to the reader's imagination than in any of the others, and most justly so, for his is an æsthetic nature, and must therefore be produced in the reader's own mind, not arbitrarily however, but according to laws which you have given with sufficient precision. It is only his approximation to the ideal that prevents this precision of features resulting in sharpness.

Jarno remains true to himself to the end, and his choice in regard to Lydia is the crowning trait in his character. How well you have managed to dispose of your women! Characters such as Wilhelm's and Lothario's cannot be happy except when united to congenial natures; a person like Jarno can be so only with one who is a contrast to himself, he must ever have something to do, to think about and to decide upon.

The good Countess does not come off very well in the poetic bill of fare; but here also you have acted quite in accordance with nature. A character like hers can never rest upon itself; for there is no development that could guarantee it rest and contentment; it remains ever in the power of circumstances, and hence a kind of negative condition is all that can be granted to it. This, indeed, is not very pleasant for the looker-on, but so it is, and the artist here only gives utterance to the law of nature. While speaking of the Countess, I must observe that her appearance in the Eighth Book does not seem to be sufficiently accounted for. She comes *into* the development, but not *out* of it.

The Count sustains his character admirably, and you also deserve praise for having—by means of well-contrived arrangements in the house—made him the cause of the misfortune that befalls the Harpist. In spite of their love of order, such pedants must ever create disorder.

The naughtiness of little Felix in drinking out of the bottle, which subsequently brings about such important consequences, is likewise one of the happiest ideas of the plot. Your novel contains several incidents of this kind, which are all well devised. They connect in so simple

and natural a manner the Unimportant with the Important, and *vice versa*, and commingle Necessity with Chance.

Greatly did I rejoice at Werner's sad transformation. Such a philistine might indeed, for a time, be lifted aloft by his youth and his intercourse with Wilhelm; but as soon as these two angels leave his side, he falls—as is both right and proper—under material influences, and is in the end himself astonished to find how far he has remained behind his friend. This character has, therefore, a salutary effect upon the whole, inasmuch as it explains and ennobles the realism to which you lead back your hero. He there represents a beautiful human centre—equally removed from extravagant enthusiasm and prosiness—and while you have succeeded in curing him of his predilection for the former, you have no less warned him against the latter.

Werner reminds me of an important chronological mistake which I fancy I notice in your novel. No doubt it is not your intention that Mignon should be twenty-one at her death, and that Felix should at the same period be between ten and eleven years of age. The fair-haired Friedrich also, should at his last appearance probably not have exactly reached the age of twenty, *etc.* And yet this is actually the state of the case, for at least six years have elapsed between the date of Wilhelm's engagement with Serlo and his return to Lothario's castle. Werner, who was unmarried in the Fifth Book, has, at the beginning of the Eighth, several boys of his own who are able to write and count, to work and amuse themselves, and for each of whom Werner has already arranged some occupation for the future. I therefore imagine the eldest to be between five and six, the second between four and five years of age; and as he was not married immediately after his father's death—and the children too did not all arrive at once—some six or seven years must have elapsed between the Fifth and Eighth Books.

Humboldt's letter I herewith return. He says a great deal that is true about your Idyll; some things he does not appear to have felt exactly as I feel them. Thus the splendid passage,

"Eternally, she said softly,"

I think beautiful, not merely on account of the *earnestness* which is self-evident, but because a single word suddenly and completely reveals her heart's secret with its endless consequences. This one word takes the place of a long and full love story, and the position in which the two lovers stand to one another is such that the relation between them might have existed for years.

The trifles which he censures disappear in the beautiful whole; however some heed ought perhaps to be taken of them, and the reasons he gives cannot be rejected. Two trochees in the foremost hemipentameter certainly does make the verse drag too much, and this also happens in other passages. The antithesis between *for* one another and *to* one another, is indeed somewhat playful if one is inclined to take it seriously, and one is always inclined to be serious with you.

Farewell. I have written a tolerably long epistle; may you read it as willingly as I have written it.

SCH.

183.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 5, 1796.

Now that I have obtained a fuller insight into your novel as a whole, I cannot say enough of how successful you have been in the choice of the character of your hero, if indeed such things can be said to be chosen. No other character would have been as appropriate to be the *bearer* of the incidents, and leaving entirely out of consideration that the problem could be given to and solved only by such a character, still no other would have suited as well for the mere *presentatiou* of the whole. Not only did the *subject* itself require this particular character, but the *reader* also was in need of him.

His predisposition to meditation holds the reader back at the most rapid point in the course of the action, and obliges him constantly to be looking forwards and backwards, and to think of everything that is taking place. He, so to say, gathers together the spirit, the significance, the inward nature of everything that goes on around him,

converts every obscure feeling into an idea and thought, expresses each individual thing in a general form, places the meaning of everything more clearly before us, and while he thus fulfils his own character, he at the same time most perfectly fulfils the aim of the whole.

The rank and outward position from which you have selected him makes him specially fitted for this. A new world is opened up to him which makes a vivid impression upon him, and while he is engaged in trying to assimilate it to himself, he leads us into its midst and shows us what there is of reality in it for man. His mind possesses a pure and moral image of humanity, with it he tests every outward manifestation of the same, and while on the one hand experience aids him in more accurately fixing his wavering ideas, these very ideas, this inward feeling in turn again corrects experience. In this manner the character helps you wonderfully in discovering and interpreting what is essentially human in all the events and relations that occur. His mind is indeed a faithful but still no mere passive mirror of the world, and although his imagination influences his perception, still this latter is after all but idealistic, not fantastic, practical but not wildly extravagant; it is not founded upon any caprice of the wayward imagination, but upon a beautiful moral freedom.

Exceedingly true and admirable is the picture you give of him in his dissatisfaction with himself when telling Theresa the story of his life. His worth lies in his mind, not in what he effects, in his aspirations, not in his actions; hence as soon as he is about to give an account of his life, to another, it must appear to him wanting in purpose. On the other hand, a Theresa and similar natures can always calculate the worth of such characters in ready coin, and can always vouch for them by some outward object. Further, it is a very beautiful and delicate trait of character in Theresa, to find that she has a mind, a sense of justice to appreciate this higher nature; her clear soul feels the necessity of being able to mirror even that which she herself is not; by this means you have at once raised her above all those narrow natures which are unable even in imagination to rise out of their miserable selves. Lastly,

that a mind like Theresa's should so believe in a mode of viewing things and of feeling, entirely foreign to her own nature, as to be able to love and esteem the heart which is capable of it, is at the same time a beautiful proof of its objective reality which must delight every one who reads the passage.

Another thing that pleased me very much in this Eighth Book was that Wilhelm is beginning to feel himself of more consequence in face of the imposing authorities—Jarno and the Abbot. This too is a proof that he has pretty well got over the years of his apprenticeship, and Jarno on that occasion answers quite according to what I feel: "You are bitter, that is all very well and good, but if only you would get thoroughly angry it would be better still." I confess that without this proof of self-reliance in your hero, it would be lamentable to me to think of him as so closely connected with this class of people, as happens subsequently through his union with Natalie. What with his predilection for the aristocracy, and his honest distrust of himself and his class—which he on so many occasions holds up to view—he does not seem to be altogether capable of maintaining his perfect freedom in this relation, and even here, when you show him to be more courageous and more self-reliant, one cannot refrain from being in a certain degree anxious about him. I ask myself will he ever be able to forget the *bourgeois* class, and must he not do this if his destiny is to be fully and well developed? I fear he will never wholly forget it; he has, it seems to me, reflected too much about it; what he at one time saw so distinctly beyond himself, he will never be able to make his own. Lothario's noble presence, as well as Natalie's twofold merit of birth and heart will always keep him in a certain state of inferiority. I sometimes become uneasy about him when I think of him as the brother-in-law of the Count, who does not temper the elevation of his rank by anything æsthetic, but rather renders it the more conspicuous by pedantry.

As for the rest, it is admirable that—with all due respect for certain outward and positive forms—the moment there is any question about what is purely human, you make birth and rank go completely for nothing; and

moreover, as is but fair, without wasting a word on the subject. But what I consider to be an obvious beauty, you will scarcely find generally approved of. Many a one will think it strange that a novel which has so little "*Sans-culottism*," which, in fact, in several passages seems more inclined to speak in favour of the aristocracy, should wind up with three marriages, all three of which are *més-alliances*. Although I would not wish to have anything in the development itself different to what it is, still I should nevertheless not like to see the true spirit of your work misunderstood in trifles and casual circumstances; I would therefore have you consider whether it would not be possible to prevent people forming a false judgment by putting a few words "into Lothario's mouth." I say Lothario's mouth, for he is the aristocratic character. He, consequently, will be most credited by readers of his own class; in him the *mésalliance* is most glaring. This would at the same time be an opportunity—and one that does not often occur—of showing Lothario's character in its full development. I do not mean to say that this should be done at the very point where the reader would apply the words: on the contrary, it would be better were the remark to come from Lothario as the natural expression of his mind, and not as a rule for any single case.

In Lothario's case, it might indeed be said that Theresa's being an illegitimate child and belonging to the middle class of society, was a family secret; but—others might say—it is all the worse on that account, as he has to deceive the world in order to give his children the advantages of his rank. You will yourself know best how much or how little regard need be paid to this.

No more to-day. You have now heard all kinds of things from me, and will, I foresee, have more yet to hear. Would that some of my suggestions could be of any service to you.

Farewell, and be of good cheer. SCH.

Could you spare your copy of *Vieilleville** for a week,

* *Mémoires de Vieilleville*, extracts from which Schiller subsequently published in the *Horen*.

my wife would be glad to have it, and I too should find something to read in it at night.

Please also let me know what you paid for my paper-hangings, and add to this the two *laubthaler* (about eight shillings) which I asked you to pay to Herr Facius for the seal of the *Horen*.

The caviar which Humboldt sent you, the bill of which I settled with him, cost eight thalers (£1 4*s*.); this I think rather much for an article of food that has already been enjoyed.

184.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, July 5, 1796.

As soon as I received your first letter I at once sat down to write to you; but verily your two following letters have come to me, in the midst of my truly worldly occupations, like two voices from another world to which I can do nought but listen. Pray continue to refresh and to encourage me! Your suggestions will enable me to finish the Eighth Book as soon as I am able again to take it in hand. I already possess the means to satisfy nearly every one of your suggestions, by which, moreover, even to my mind, the whole work becomes more connected at the points in question, and both truer and more pleasing. Do not become weary of telling me your opinion frankly, and keep the book a week longer. What you require of *Cellini* I shall meanwhile push forwards; I shall also give you a sketch of what I still think of doing to my Eighth Book, and hence the last transcript shall be out of our hands by the beginning of August.

Your letters are now my sole recreation, and you must know how grateful I am to you for having so unexpectedly set my mind at ease about so many points. Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

185.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Wednesday evening, (July 6.)

I intended to devote this afternoon to you and to your *Meister;* but I have not had a spare moment, and my room has scarcely been free from visitors. Even now while I am writing the Kalbs and Steins are here. Much has been said about your Idyll, and it is thought "to contain things that have never yet been uttered by mortal man." In spite of the general delight it affords, the family Kalb are nevertheless scandalised at the little bundle which is carried after the hero, and which they consider to be a great slur upon refined society. The production, it is said, is so *rich*, and yet the hero acts like a poor man.

You may imagine that on hearing this criticism I felt as if I had fallen from the clouds. It was so new to me that I was under the impression that they were speaking of some other work. I assured them, however, that I had no objections to such a species of poverty, provided that the other wealth existed.

Farewell. More on Friday. SCH.

186.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Thursday, (July 7.)

I thank you sincerely for your refreshing letter, and for communicating to me what you feel and think about my novel, more especially about the Eighth Book. If it accords with your mind, you cannot fail to see your own influence in it, for I should certainly never have been able to finish it—at least not in the way it is done—had it not been for the friendly relation which subsists between us. A hundred times when I was talking to you about theory and practice, my mind was dwelling upon the situations which you have now lying before you, and I was silently judging them according to the principles upon which we were agreed. Even now your friendly warnings are guarding me from one or two glaring errors. In the case of some of your

remarks I saw at once what had to be done, and shall introduce the alterations in the new transcript.

How seldom, in the business and transactions of ordinary life, do we find the sympathy we want, and in the case of high æsthetics it is scarcely to be expected, for how few persons judge of a work of art by itself, how few are able to grasp it as a whole, and even then it is only the inclination that can see all that it contains, and pure inclination also that can in addition see what it lacks. And how much more might be added to express the special case in which I stand to you alone. . . .

I had proceeded thus far directly upon receiving your first letter, when outward and inward obstacles hindered me from writing further. I feel, moreover, that even were I quite calm I could not give you any counter-remarks to your observations. What you suggest to me must be made practicable, so that the Eighth Book may have the full enjoyment of your sympathy. Pray continue to make me acquainted with my own work; I have already in thought worked out many of your suggestions; next Wednesday perhaps I will send you a summary of what I think of doing. I should like to have the manuscript back by Saturday, the 16th, and on that same day shall send you *Cellini.*

As soon as I have had the *Xenia* written out, I shall return your copy, and meanwhile work in my own.

I had given the Idyll to Knebel in order to have it circulated. Some remarks which he made to me, as well as those you communicated, convince me anew that our readers are really wanting in that attention which a tranquil work like this demands. Whatever dawns upon them at once they of course accept willingly, and everything upon which they stumble in their own fashion, they speedily condemn without looking either forwards or backwards, without paying heed to the sense and the connection, without considering that they ought properly to ask the poet why he has said this or that in the way he has and not in any other. Surely it is plainly enough expressed—

"*Sorglich* reichte die Mutter ein *nachbereitetes* Bündel."*

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* *Carefully* the mother handed a bundle she had *prepared.*



It is, therefore, by no means the whole company which has already long been on board the ship, and must be there; the old lady appears but in the capacity of a mother and a woman, active in individual things; the father comprises in his blessing the whole idea of the voyage. The son takes the little bundle himself (the boy having gone again), and does this out of his filial piety towards his mother, and to represent the simple golden age, when one was permitted to render oneself a service. In the gradation we then have, the girl also giving, loving, and more than blessing, the boy returns, and is ready at hand to *carry*, as Alexis is scarcely able to carry himself on board the ship. But why do I say all this? and why to you? Looked at from the other side, men should perhaps—as soon as they show good-will towards anything—be, with good-will, made acquainted with its æsthetic reasons. But it is evident that we can never succeed in making our readers look at things as a whole; they will always cling to individual points, so that we lose both pleasure and courage, and leave them—in God's name—to themselves. Farewell. Give my kind greetings to your dear wife, and thank her for her little note. I hope to hear from you again soon.

G.

187.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 8, 1796.

As you can let me keep the Eighth Book a week longer, I will confine my remarks for the present to this Book in particular. When the whole work is once out of your hands and in the wide world, we can talk more about the form of the whole, and you will, I hope, then give me an opportunity of correcting my judgment.

There are more especially two points to which I should like to draw your attention before the final closing of the Book.

Your novel, as it stands, in several instances resembles an epic poem, among other things in this, that it pos-

sesses machinery which in a certain sense represents the gods or ruling fate. The subject demanded this.

Meister's years of apprenticeship are no mere blind effort of nature; they are a kind of experiment, a secretly-working higher force; the powers of the Tower accompany him with their attention, and, without interrupting nature in her free course, watch and lead him at a distance to an object of which he has and should not have any idea. Gentle and undefined as this influence is from without, it nevertheless really exists, and was indispensable to the attainment of the poetic purpose. *Years of apprenticeship* convey the idea of relationship; they demand their correlative, *years of mastership;* and indeed the idea of the latter must explain and furnish a basis for the former. But the idea of mastership—which is but the work of ripe and full experience—cannot itself guide the hero of the novel. It can and dare not stand *before* him as his aim and object, for were he to have thought of the aim, he would have attained it *eo ipso;* while guiding him, therefore, it must stand *behind* him. In this way the whole receives a beautiful purpose, without the hero himself having any aim. The understanding, then, finds its work accomplished, while imagination fully maintains its freedom.

The fact of your having, even in this matter, this object—the only one in the whole novel that is actually expressed—avoided all heaviness and harshness, as also in the case of Wilhelm's being secretly led by Jarno and the Abbot, and further, your having drawn the motives more from a freak, a human trait, than from a moral source, is one of those beauties that belong peculiarly to yourself. The *idea* of machinery is thereby suppressed while its effect continues, and all that concerns form remains within the bounds of nature, only that the result is greater than what nature would have accomplished had she been left to herself.

In spite of all this, I would have liked you to have brought the significance of this machinery—its necessary bearing upon the internal character of the work—a little more clearly before the reader. For the reader should in all cases be allowed a clear insight into the economy of the

whole, even though this has to be concealed from the persons represented. Many readers will, I fear, believe that that secret influence is merely for dramatic effect, a device to increase the complication, to create surprises, and such things. The Eighth Book does indeed give a *historical* interpretation of all the single incidents brought about by this machinery, but it gives no sufficiently satisfactory *æsthetic* interpretation of the inner spirit of the poetic necessity of these contrivances. I myself was not convinced of this till I had read it a second and a third time.

If, in fact, there were anything else to find fault with in the work it would be this, "that considering the great and deep seriousness that pervades all the single parts, and by which it produces so powerful an effect, too much scope is allowed to the play of the imagination." It seems to me that you have in this case carried the free grace of the movement somewhat further than is compatible with the poetic seriousness, and that, owing to your just horror of everything that is heavy, methodical, and stiff, you have approached the other extreme. I think I perceive that a certain condescension towards the weak side of the public, has induced you to make more use of dramatic purposes and dramatic contrivances than is necessary or appropriate in a novel.

If ever there was a poetic narrative that could dispense with the aid of the marvellous and the surprising, it is this novel of yours; and such a work could very easily be injured by what is useless to it. It might happen that the reader's attention will be directed more to what is accidental, and that his interest will be taken up with solving riddles when it should have been concentrated upon the inward spirit of the work. It might happen, I say, and do not we both know that this has already happened?

Accordingly, the question is whether this fault—if fault it is—might not still be obviated in the Eighth Book. However, it would apply only to the representation of the idea; as regards the idea itself, nothing remains to be desired. It would, therefore, merely be necessary to bring that which the reader has hitherto treated too frivolously, somewhat more prominently forward, and to justify the

theatrical incidents which he may have looked upon as the mere play of the imagination, by connecting them more definitely with the most serious import of the work, also in face of reason, as indeed is done *implicite*, but not *explicite*. It seems to me that the Abbot is very well fitted to be charged with this duty, and he would thereby have a further opportunity of recommending himself to the reader. It would, perhaps, not be superfluous if, in the Eighth Book, mention were made of the principal reason why Wilhelm is made a subject of the Abbot's pedagogical plans. These plans would thus receive a more special application, and Wilhelm's personality would also appear of more importance to the company.

You have, in the Eighth Book, thrown out various hints as to what you wish one to understand by the terms Apprenticeship and Mastership. When examining a poetical production it is chiefly the purport of ideas that comes into consideration, particularly in the case of a public like ours, and as this is often the only thing that is afterwards remembered, it is of importance that you should herein be thoroughly understood. Your hints are very good, but they do not appear to me to be sufficient. It is true you would rather have the reader find out more himself, than that he should be forthwith instructed by you, but just because you yourself say *something* about it, people will fancy that *all* has been said, and the consequence is that you make the limits of your idea narrower than if you had left it entirely to the reader.

If I had in bare words to define the goal which Wilhelm finally reaches after a long series of aberrations, I should say, "he steps from an empty and undefined ideal into definite, active life, but without losing any of his idealising power." The two opposite paths that lead away from this happy state are represented in your novel, and, moreover, in all possible shades and degrees. From the time of that unfortunate expedition where he wishes to have a play performed, without having thought of its character, to the moment where he chooses Theresa for his wife, he has, as it were, onesidedly run through the whole circle of humanity; those two extremes are the two greatest contrasts of which a character such as his is at all capable, and

harmony must now necessarily arise out of it. The fact of his passing under the lovely and glad guidance of nature (through Felix) from the ideal to the real, from a lively endeavour to act and to recognise what is real—without however losing that which was real in his first state of endeavour—the fact of his acquiring determinateness without losing his beautiful determinableness, his learning to limit himself, but in this very limit again finding his way to the infinite by means of form, *etc.*—this I call the crisis of his life, the end of his apprenticeship, and I think all the contrivances in the work seem to unite in the most perfect manner for this purpose. The beautiful and natural relation to his child, and his union with a woman as noble as Natalie, are a guarantee of this state of spiritual well-being, and we see him and leave him on a path which leads to endless perfection.

Now the way in which you explain the ideas of apprenticeship and mastership seems to give a narrower limit to both. You understand the first to signify merely the error of seeking for that which must proceed from the inner man himself, outside of ourselves; the second, the conviction of the error of that search, and of the necessity of producing things ourselves, *etc.* But do these two ideas really embrace and exhaust the whole life of Wilhelm as we have it in the novel? Does everything become intelligible by means of this formula? And can he be acquitted merely because a paternal heart has declared itself in him, as happens at the end of the Seventh Book? What I should like, therefore, would be this, that the bearing of all the several parts of the novel to the said philosophical idea, should be made somewhat more apparent. I might say the story is perfectly true, that the moral of the story also is perfectly true, but the relation of the one to the other does not rise up before us with sufficient distinctness.

I do not know whether, in making these comments, I have made myself very intelligible; the question affects the whole work, and therefore it is difficult to explain it by particular instances. But a mere hint on this point will suffice.

Before you send me the transcript of the *Xenia*, please be kind enough to strike out what you wish left out, and to

underline what you wish altered. I shall then be better able to make my calculations as to what has still to be done,

May you be in the humour and find time for the little poems you promised to let me have for the Almanack, and for the song of Mignon's which you already have *in petto.** The lustre of the Almanack rests, in fact, entirely upon your contributions. I am again living in and working at criticism, so as to become quite clear about your *Meister*, and therefore cannot do much more for the Almanack. Then comes my wife's confinement, which will not be favourable to a poetical state of mind in me. She wishes to be kindly remembered. Farewell. On Sunday evening I hope to have something more to say. SCH.

Would you be so kind as to procure for me from the library in W. the fifth volume of the large *Muratori* collection.

One other small request.

I should like to have your vignette as a frontispiece to the new Almanack of the Muses, and have to-day written to Bolt in Berlin to ask him whether he can undertake to make one. Now I should prefer having it taken from a painting than from Lipsen's engraving, and wish to know whether you would consent to let me have Meyer's portrait of you.

Should you not care to give it out of your hands, I hope at all events that you would allow it to be copied, that is to say, if a tolerably good artist can be found in Weimar.

188.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 9, 1796.

On a separate sheet I have marked the several passages which I think of altering and filling up in accordance with your suggestions, but besides this I owe you my sincerest thanks for the admonitions contained in your letter of to-day, and for having directed my attention to the adequate completion of the work. I pray you not to desist from—I

* See Letter 176.

might almost say—driving me out beyond my own bounds. The fault you justly notice lies in my inmost nature, in a certain realistic tendency, owing to which I take a delight in veiling my existence, my actions, my writings from the eyes of the world. Thus I should always like to travel incognito, to choose the poorer dress in preference to the better one, and, in the intercourse with strangers or acquaintances, prefer a subject of lesser importance, or at least the less important expression, to deport myself with more levity than is natural to me, and thus to place myself as it were between my actual self and what I appear to be.

You know very well how this is, and why it is so.

After this general confession I gladly pass over to particulars and must tell you that had it not been for your incitement and instigation, I should—and moreover against my better knowledge and conscience—have abandoned myself to this peculiarity in my novel, which would have been unpardonable, considering the great expenditure that has been made upon it, inasmuch as all that is demanded is both easy to perceive and can easily be accomplished.

Thus, were the attention which the Abbot at an early date shows towards Wilhelm clearly expressed, it would throw quite a peculiar light and spiritual lustre upon the whole work, and yet I have neglected to do this; scarcely have I been able to induce myself, through Werner, to say anything in favour of his outward circumstances.

I broke off the Apprentice's indenture in the Seventh Book, because few maxims on Art and the appreciation of Art are now read. The second half of the letter was to have contained important words on life and the object of life; I thus had the best opportunity through an oral commentary of the Abbot, of explaining and of vindicating the incidents in general, but particularly the events brought about by the Powers of the Tower, and saving this machinery from the suspicion of being a cold necessity demanded by a novel, and of giving it æsthetic value, or rather of placing its æsthetic value in a proper light. You see that I perfectly agree with your remarks.

There is no doubt that the apparent results expressed by me are much more limited than the contents of the

work, and I seem to myself to be like one who, after having set down a number of large figures one above another, finally himself wilfully makes an error in calculation in order to lessen the total sum, God knows for what sort of freak.

I also owe you my heartfelt thanks—as for much besides—for having in good time spoken in so decisive a way of this perverse manner of mine, and I shall certainly comply with your just wishes as far as I possibly can; I need only distribute the contents of your letter in the appropriate places, and the matter is settled. And should it happen to me—for human perversities are difficult to overcome—that the more important words will not come from my heart, I shall beg to add with a few bold pencil strokes that which I, being tied by the strangest necessity of nature, am unable to express. Pray continue throughout the week to remind and to encourage me; I will meanwhile see to *Cellini*, and if possible to the Almanack also.

G.

189.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, July 9, 1796.

The *Xenia* I herewith return to you with my thoughts upon them; the serious and well-meaning ones are now in such force, that one begrudges the ragamuffins there assailed the favour of being mentioned in such good company.

As regards the portrait, I do not see how we shall manage it. There is no one here who could copy it for your purpose; to send the original away would be precarious; moreover Bolt is a pleasing but, as it seems to me, no thorough artist. How would it be to defer your friendly intention till Meyer's return, as we might then, in every respect, hope for something good?

My kind greetings to your dear wife. Would you not, in case of an increase of your family, send Karl over to us during the first days? August would give him a hearty welcome, and he would be very happy among the many children that assemble in my house and garden. Farewell.

G.

[*Postscript in Goethe's hand.*]

Muratori you shall have. *Vieilleville* you have doubtless already received. The bill will follow shortly.

Owing to various abridgments, my next contribution of *Cellini* will amount only to three printed sheets and a few pages.

190.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 9, 1796.

I am very glad to hear that I have succeeded in making my thoughts on the two points in question intelligible to you, and that you intend to take them into consideration. That which you call your realistic tendency, you should, however, by no means disregard. That too is a part of your poetical individuality, and you must naturally remain within its boundaries; all the beauty in the work must be *your own.* The question is merely about drawing an objective advantage for the work from this subjective peculiarity, which you will certainly succeed in doing, as soon as you make up your mind to do so. As regards subject, the work ought to contain *all* that is needful for its interpretation, and as regards form this must *of necessity* be contained in it, the inner connection must produce it; but in what degree of closeness or looseness it has to be connected, must be left to your own inmost nature to decide. It would indeed be more convenient to the reader were you yourself point-blank to state to him the moments upon which this depends, so that he would only require to accept it; assuredly, however, he would be more drawn to the book, and be oftener led back to it, were this left for himself to do. Hence, if only you take care that he is sure to find it, but if he seeks in good earnest and with open eyes, then, I say, do not spare him the trouble of seeking. The result of such a whole must always be the reader's own free production, yet not an arbitrary one: it must be a kind of reward which is granted only to those that deserve it, while it is withheld from those that are undeserving of it.

I will now add a few other suggestions, which I beg you to take into consideration in regard to the secret machinery I spoke of. 1. The reader will like to know for what purpose the Abbot, or his helper's help, plays the ghost of old Hamlet. 2. The veil with the little note "flee, flee, *etc*," being twice mentioned raises the expectation that this invention serves some important object. Why, one is inclined to ask, is Wilhelm on the one hand driven from the theatre, while on the other he is assisted in the representation of his favorite play, and in making his début? The reader expects a more definite answer to these two questions than Jarno has yet given. 3. He would also be glad to know whether the Abbot and his friends—before Werner's appearance in the castle—were already aware that they had to deal with so close a friend and relation, when purchasing the estate? To judge from their conduct, it would almost seem so, and hence one is again astonished at the secret which they made of it to Wilhelm. 4. It is surely to be desired that one should learn the source from which the Abbot derived his information about Theresa's parentage, especially as it is after all somewhat strange that this important circumstance should have remained a secret to persons deeply interested in it, and who are otherwise so well served by it, up to the moment when it is required by the poet.

It is doubtless no mere accident that the second half of the indenture is omitted, but a dexterous use of accident—in Art as well as in Life—often brings about what is excellent. It seems to me this second half of the indenture might be introduced in the Eighth Book in a far more important passage, and with wholly different advantages. The events have meanwhile moved on, Wilhelm himself is more fully developed. He, as well as the reader, is much better prepared for those practical results of life and the use of life; the Hall of the Past and his greater intimacy with Natalie may likewise have produced a more favorable state of mind. For this reason I strongly advise you not to leave out this second half of the letter, but if possible to set down in it the philosophical contents of the work either more or less clearly, or more or less obscurely. Besides this, in the case of a public such as,

in fact, the German public is, too much cannot be done in justification of an intention, and in the present case, moreover, in justification of the title which is given to the book and which distinctly expresses the intention.

I felt no small satisfaction in finding in your Eighth Book a couple of lines which turn upon metaphysics, and relate to the speculative tendency in man. But the offering you present to the poor goddess is somewhat petty and mean, and I do not know whether one can let you off with so trifling a gift. You will probably know to which passage I here allude, for I fancy I can see that it has been introduced after much deliberation.

I confess that in our speculating age it is somewhat hard to write a novel of such dimensions on such a subject, where the one thing needful is so quietly despatched, and where a sentimental character such as Wilhelm always remains, should be allowed to complete the term of his apprenticeship without the help of that worthy guide. The worst of it is, that in all earnestness he actually does complete it, a fact that does not awaken the best opinion of the importance of the said guide.

But seriously, how is it that you have brought up and fully developed your hero without stumbling upon those requirements which can be met only by philosophy? I am convinced that this is to be ascribed simply to the *æsthetic* tendency which you have invariably pursued in the novel. The æsthetic state of mind calls for none of those arguments of comfort which have to be drawn from speculation; its characteristics are independence, infinity; it is only when the sensuous and the moral elements in man come into conflict, that help has to be sought from pure reason. A healthy and beautiful nature—as you yourself say—requires no moral code, no law for its nature, no political metaphysics. You might as well have added that it requires no godhead, no idea of immortality wherewith to support and to maintain itself. These three points, round which all speculation ultimately turns, do, it is true, offer a sensually-developed mind matter for poetic speculation, but they can never become serious circumstances and requirements.

The only objection that might perhaps be raised against

this, is that our friend is, as yet, not so very fully possessed of this æsthetic freedom as to make him perfectly sure of never getting into certain embarrassing situations and of never requiring certain expedients (of speculation). He is not wanting in a certain fondness for philosophy, such as is peculiar to all sentimental natures, and thus, were he once to enter the speculative domain, the consequences might become serious with him, owing to his character not possessing a philosophical foundation, for it is only philosophy that can render philosophical speculations harmless; without it philosophy inevitably leads to mysticism. (The Canoness herself is a proof of this. A certain æsthetic want in her nature makes speculation a necessity to her, and she joins the Moravians because philosophy did not come to her aid; had she been a man she would perhaps have wandered through all the aberrations of metaphysics.)

The demand now made upon you (and which in all other cases also you have settled so satisfactorily) is to place your pupil in a position of perfect independence, certainty, freedom, and, so to say, erect solidity, which he can always maintain without the aid of any outward support; hence what is wanted is, that æsthetic maturity should raise him completely beyond even the want of that philosophic culture which he has not received. But then the question comes to be: is he enough of a realist never to require to seek support from pure reason? If he is not, then should not the wants of the idealist be somewhat more carefully attended to?

You will perhaps think that I am merely taking an artful way of driving you into philosophy; but what I find wanting can assuredly be perfectly well accomplished in your own way. The extent of my wish is only that you should not *evade* the subject in question, but that you should solve it entirely in your own fashion. That which in you is a substitute for all speculative knowledge, and which keeps you in ignorance of all its requirements, will be perfectly sufficient in the case of Meister himself. You have already let the Uncle say a great many things, and Meister too touches upon the question several times very successfully; hence there would not be so very much to be done. If only I could clothe in your way of thinking that

which I have expressed in my own way, in my *Realm of Shadows* and in my *Æsthetic Letters*, we should very soon be of one mind.

What you have put into Werner's mouth as regards Wilhelm's outward circumstances has an uncommonly good effect upon the whole. It has struck me whether you could not make the Count (who appears at the end of the Eighth Book) the means of bringing Wilhelm to full honours. How would it be were the Count—the master of ceremonies of the novel—by his respectful behaviour, and by a certain kind of treatment which I do not need to describe more definitely, suddenly to raise him from his station into a higher one, and thus confer upon him, in a certain way, the nobility he does not possess? Assuredly, even though it were the Count who thus distinguished him, the thing would be done.

As regards Wilhelm's behaviour in the Hall of the Past upon first entering it with Natalie, I have one suggestion to make. He is here, it seems to me, too much the old Wilhelm, who, when in his grandfather's house, preferred remaining beside the sick prince, and whom the stranger in the First Book finds in so wrong a way. He still almost exclusively keeps standing by the side of the mere *substance* of the works of *Art*, and I think poetises too much with it. Would this not be the place to show the beginning of a happy crisis in him, not indeed to represent him as a connoisseur, for that is impossible, but still to represent him more as an objective observer, so that a friend, such as our Meyer, might entertain some hopes of him?

You have in the Seventh Book already very successfully made use of Jarno to express, in his hard and dry manner, a truth which brings the hero as well as the reader one great step in advance; I mean the passage where he denies Wilhelm to possess any talent as an actor. It has now occurred to me whether Jarno could not render him a similar service in regard to Theresa and Natalie, with an equally good result to the whole. Jarno seems to me to be the right man to tell Wilhelm that Theresa could not make him happy, and to give him a hint which female character would suit him. Such single and

plain-spoken words, said at the right moment, at once rid the reader of a heavy burden, and act like a flash of lightning to illuminate the whole scene.

Monday (July 11), early.

A visit prevented me yesterday morning from sending off this letter. To-day I cannot add more, as things are in too unsettled a state. My wife is close upon her confinement, and Stark expects it to-day. I thank you cordially for your friendly offer to take Karl into your house; but he is no trouble to us, as we have taken a few additional persons into our service, and so arranged the rooms that he will not be in the way. Accept my thanks for *Vieilleville* and *Muratori*. Schlegel and his wife have arrived here again; little Paulus* has started in haste for Suabia, to pay her sick mother a visit. Farewell. I hope on Wednesday to be able to send you further news with a heart more at ease.

SCH.

191.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Monday (July 11) afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The confinement of my wife took place two hours ago, in a shorter time than was expected, and with Stark's assistance, easily and happily. My wishes are in every respect fulfilled, for it is a boy, apparently well and strong. You can imagine what a weight is taken from my heart, especially as I had cause to fear that the spasms might make the birth premature.

I can now therefore begin to count my little family; it is a curious sensation, and the step from one to two is much greater than I thought.

Farewell; my wife sends greetings; with the exception of being weak, she is very well.

SCH.

* The wife of G. F. Paulus, to whom Goethe had been introduced by Schiller. She possessed some talent as a poetess. Goethe's usual epithet for her was *Die Kleine Frau.*

192.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 12, 1796.

I congratulate you with all my heart upon the little new-comer; may you live to have much joy in your two boys. Give your dear wife my kindest and warmest greetings.

Next Saturday, if possible, I shall pay you a visit. We must necessarily have a talk by word of mouth about my novel, also about the *Xenia*, and many other things which I have at heart. In each case the question will be: where the years of apprenticeship, that are actually to be given, are to be brought to a close and in how far it may be intended at a future time to let the characters appear again. Your letter of to-day seems actually to point to a continuation of the work: this I think I would be inclined to do and like to see accomplished, but more of this when we meet.

That which is necessary for the past must be *done*, just as one is obliged to *point* forwards, but there must be links in the chain to point to a further development as well as to the plan itself: this is a point I should like to discuss with you. Do not send me back anything with the carrier-women, and keep the manuscript. I shall bring with me the *Xenia*, *Cellini*, and perhaps something else besides. Give my kind greetings to Schlegel and his wife; I am looking forward to seeing them both this time.

I do not altogether like our little friend* travelling in these critical times; things look exceedingly bad in Suabia as well as on the Upper and Lower Rhine.

May all go well with you in your peaceful valley, and enjoy this lovely season, at all events from your window.

G.

* See end of postscript to Letter 190.

193.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Tuesday evening, July 12.

Things are progressing in my little household as well as could be wished. My wife is going to nurse the child herself, which is what I very much wish myself. On Thursday we are to have the christening. If things remain in as peaceful a state as they now are, my mind will be sufficiently at rest for me carefully again to go over the Eighth Book of your novel before I send it back to you.

It will not matter if your next sending of *Cellini* turns out to be shorter than usual. I have several things not altogether useless wherewith to fill the monthly part.

You have not yet written anything about the drawing and the engraving to Hirt's essay.

I am extremely sorry that I am not to have your vignette for this year's Almanack. Some decoration we must have, and this would have been the most sensible one. As I do not care to have any other of our contemporaries, I shall endeavour to procure the portrait of Uz, who died lately. By thus honouring one belonging to the past we shall give ourselves the appearance of honesty and fairness. Perhaps you will help me to procure it through Knebel. I would gladly pay whatever might be the cost of a painting or a drawing.

Farewell. My wife sends kind greetings. Frau Charlotte* is to be godmother to our child; it is a great occasion for her, and she is astonished that you are not to be one of the company, especially as one of the boy's names is to be Wilhelm. Farewell.

Sch.

194.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

July 13, 1796.

I congratulate you upon the good progress that the little new-comer is making. Give my kind greetings to your dear wife and to your mother-in-law. To the christening

* Frau von Kalb.

I should have come without having been invited if such ceremonies did not unsettle me. I shall come on Saturday instead, and we will then enjoy a couple of happy days.

G.

The engravings to Hirt's work are being made, and promise to be good; the artist would not do the one for less than four carolins, the other was to be somewhat less expensive. There is certainly a great deal of fine work about them.

I will apply to Knebel for Uz's portrait.

195.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 20, 1796.

I came over here very quickly yesterday in *Hofrath* Loder's company. The transcript of my novel is going on briskly. This morning early, at Pyrmonter's, I thought out a short essay in which I propose to give myself and you an account of my method of observing nature, which at some future time might form an introduction to my studies in this subject. Herewith I send you one of Nature's products which must be speedily consumed at this time of the year. I hope that you will like it, and that it will agree with you.

G.

196.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Evening, 10 o'clock.

Only a line or two by way of greeting, together with our best thanks for the fish, which we—that is, my mother-in-law, I, and the Schlegels, whom we had invited to the feast—enjoyed most thoroughly.

I am to-day so exhausted and fatigued by a despatch to Cotta, and all kinds of small necessary business affairs that I cannot write more. The occurrences in Frankfort will, I trust, not have seriously affected either you or your

mother. Should you hear any news that does not appear in the newspapers, let me hear of it. Farewell.

SCH.

It was said here to-day that the Coadjutor had been taken prisoner.

197.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 22, 1796.

I have had two letters from Meyer, which have put my mind quite at ease. He has retired to Florence with a fellow-countryman, is well and happy, already editing the works of Cellini, and is immensely charmed with the works of the old Florentine masters.

Herewith, I send you a little note, which please do not show to any one. If I should hear anything further I shall let you know. Frankfort has, after all, suffered more than was thought probable.

The transcript of my novel is progressing rapidly. Next Wednesday I hope to send you the greater portion of it. It is well that I have got so far, and delightful that I have your help in forming an opinion of it. At the present moment it is scarcely possible to keep one's mind in the necessary state of composure and concentration.

Farewell.

G.

198.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

July 23.

Here is more news.

The Electorate of Saxony is about to make a cordon.

The French have repulsed the Austrians at Gemünden, and were thus only about five miles from Würzburg. Probably they are there by this time, and found enormous magazines and stored-away treasures.

According to all accounts the contingents from Saxony are retreating. The Austrians are retiring behind the Danube; Würzburg has to provide 12,000 horse to drive them back.

Wirtemberg is making peace, and is already enjoying a cessation of hostilities. Mannheim is said to be as good as lost. The Imperial Court is levying about 30,000 men in Bohemia and Galacia.

Frankfort has lost 174 houses, and has to pay eight million livres in money, one-and-a-half million in cloth and stuffs, and a quantity of eatables, in consideration for which none of the inhabitants are to be mulcted without a trial and justice.

This is the comforting news that comes in from different quarters. The fate of our part of the country depends solely upon whether it is possible to gain time. A first attack and a skirmish we might certainly be able to resist. The fact that the King of Prussia is in Pyrmont, that the last resource is thus at hand, that he and the Landgrave of Hesse must be anxious to obtain peace for the Electorate of Saxony, that the French have enough to do in driving the Austrians to Bohemia through Franconia, Suabia, and Bavaria, and in forcing them back upon their own territory, all this enables us to draw some hope, unless indeed—like so many others—this hope too should come to nothing.

I have as yet no tidings from my mother: she lives in the large square where the *Hauptwache* stands, and directly faces the Zeile;* she therefore has a full view of that half of the town which was bombarded.

I have meanwhile been pushing forward with my work, and while my novel is being copied out have endeavoured to make use of your various suggestions; with what success you will yourself be able to judge.

Farewell.

The news about the Coadjutor is not probable, he had time and room enough to withdraw to Ulm; even Condé's corps, which stood in Freiburg, seems to have escaped. Whatever further news I hear, you shall be informed of.

G.

* One of the principal streets in Frankfort.

199.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, July 23, 1796.

During the last days I have not felt well enough to write to you even about things that interest us both, and to-day I must still refrain from this as my head is in a sad state in consequence of a sleepless night.

Political affairs, which I have always avoided purposely, are now coming a little too closely home to us. The French are in Stuttgart, where the Imperialists are said to have taken refuge, and the French were obliged to fire upon the town. But I can scarcely believe this, as Stuttgart has hardly any walls, and no one in their senses could think of maintaining themselves there even for three hours. I have had no news of my family for several weeks; what I have just told you is out of a letter from little Paulus.* All communication between Stuttgart and Schorndorf was stopped, so the little one writes, and hence the posts between the first-mentioned place and here are likewise interrupted.

Things are still going on favorably in my house, only that my wife seems unable to nurse our baby; she has no more to give it.

I recently heard that Stolberg, and those who happened to be with him, solemnly burnt your *Meister* as far as the Sixth Book, but that—as in the case of Arndt's *Paradiesgärtlein*—he spared this one and had it specially bound. He seriously considers it a defence of the Moravians, and has been much edified by it.

Baggessen has spluttered out an epigram on my Almanack, in which it seems our epigrams are roughly dealt with. The point in question is, that after "having first presented ideal figures to our reader, a Venetian *pot-de-chambre* is emptied over his head." The sentence, at all events, looks very much like a dog that has been soused in water. I recommend both of these bits of news to your notice for you to make the best use of them you can. Be so kind as to send me what you have ready in the way of *Xenia*, as the press is urgent for them.

My last *Almanack of the Muses* is prohibited in Vienna;

* See end of postscript to Letter 190.

we shall therefore have all the less reason to be sparing in our next.

The following epigram is the latest from Berlin, as you will see:

UNGER, on his two publications, WILHELM MEISTER and the periodical DEUTSCHLAND.*

"*Der Lettern neuen Schnitt dem Leser zu empfehlen,*
Musst' ich des Meisters Werk zur ersten Probe wählen,
Die zweite ist, und dann ist alles abgethan,
Wenn selbst des Pfuschers Werk sie nicht verrufen kann."

Farewell. The transcript of your Eighth Book will again keep me busy. We must talk over the natural-history subjects by word of mouth. Herder has sent me several things for the Almanack, and others of which it is written:

facit indignatio versum
Qualemcunque potest.

My wife sends kind greetings.

SCH.

200.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 26, 1796.

I herewith send you a capital letter from Meyer; it is the second I have received from Florence, where he seems to be very happy. I only hope that he may remain there for some time in the enjoyment of his peaceful life.

On Saturday I shall probably send you another dozen *Xenia*. While you are proceeding with your Almanack could you not first send me over the manuscript? I have altered several passages in the *Xenia*, and here and there put headings to them; perhaps some use might be made of these.

The transcript of my novel is progressing, and I find all

* "The newest style of type to recommend to readers,
I firstly chose the *Meister's* work as proof.
The second is—and all is settled then—
When e'en a bungler's work can't cry them down."

kinds of things still to do to it. I hope to be able to send it by the 3rd or the 6th of August. On the 10th I shall pay you a visit, and then I hope that we shall speedily come to the end.

By that time also the political troubles will probably have become more settled; Thuringia and Saxony, so it seems, will have time to bethink themselves, and that alone is a great piece of good fortune.

Kant's essay on the noble (*vornehme*) way of philosophising has given me a great pleasure; this treatise also will actively help in separating that which does not belong together.

The *Auto-da-Fe* of the Stolbergs, and the epigrams of Baggessen shall not bring them any good; as it is, they are only credited because they have been tolerated, and it will not cost us any great trouble to thrust them back to the sphere to which they belong. Farewell. I hope your wife will keep well after the change, and that the little one may thrive upon his new nourishment. I mean to be as busy as possible in order to be able to spend some time with you in peace, and to discuss several of my new undertakings with you.

G.

201.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, July 28, 1796.

You, as well as other friends, have repeatedly expressed the wish that our actors should occasionally give performances in Jena; the time has come when we could send them to you from Lauchstädt, and if the theatre is once put into order, of course the matter might be considered a settled arrangement. Write and tell me how people are disposed to this, and especially interest the ladies in the proposal.

The Duke (this is between ourselves) has left the matter entirely in my hands; the Gotha people have been complimented upon this, and they do not take it at all amiss, yet I ought not and do not care to undertake the matter without the consent of the Academy. I shall, however, ask the Pro-rector not to bring it before the Senate

till I am certain of having a majority in my favour. Hence let your friends and acquaintances take an opportunity of saying all that can be said about the desirability of this new undertaking, and let me hear soon how matters stand.

I should like to have *La Mère coupable* * for a little while; if you have still got the book, or could speedily get it, *Hofkammerrath* Kirms, who is going to take this to you, might bring it back with him this evening.

Here is a letter from my mother.

Write and tell me how you all are.

As for the rest, everything is in such a state of confusion and agitation that an æsthetic mood, which would be necessary for me were I to finish my novel in the way we wish, could not be expected to come over me except by miracle. However, we do not need altogether to despair of it.

Farewell. G.

202.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Here are the *Xenia*, which pray send back to me as soon as possible. What is struck out has either to be left out, has already been printed, or has been written out for the press. Hence alterations in what is struck out will either be unnecessary or come too late. The names below the separate verses do not mean anything, and they will not remain there.

I shall try to procure votes for the comedy, and shall begin at once with our landlord, who has hitherto always expressed himself in favour of it. I shall be specially glad for my wife's sake if the performance is given. She keeps pretty well; the little one suffers a good deal from acidity and spasms, however he seems to be gradually getting accustomed to his new food. One cannot expect to be in very good spirits, much less in a fit state to write poetry, when surrounded inwardly and outwardly by so much trouble. But the poetry perhaps corresponds with this state of things.

As regards your novel, I am in no fear. The little that

* By Beaumarchais.

remains to be done to it, depends merely upon a couple of happy *aperçus*, and the most wonderful revelations often come upon one in the midst of outward pressure.

The sound of Meyer's voice from Florence has greatly refreshed and delighted me. It is a real pleasure to see how keenly susceptible he is of the Beautiful, and in the case of so reflective and analytical a mind as his this susceptibility, this undisguised devotion to his subject, is a quality infinitely to be prized.

His idea as regards a picture seems to me to be exceedingly happy and artistic. When you write to him please send him some friendly message from me.

The Idyll is printed, and I shall in a short time send you the proof sheets. The *Xenia* belonging to the Icy Way* (*Middle Age* and *Individuality* excepted) I have made into one poem, and omitted the several headings. The same, on a smaller scale, might also be done in the case of a few others, and will increase the variety of the forms. You may perhaps feel inclined to arrange those referring to Newton in a similar manner.

Very many thanks for your mother's letter. In addition to what it contains of historical interest, we were attracted by the *naïvete* of her own style of writing.

Heaven knows what may yet happen to us. Under these circumstances, you will scarcely be able to accept Meyer's comforting news about a journey to Italy.

Farewell. My wife sends kind greetings.

SCH.

203.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Weimar, July 30, 1796.

The *Xenia* shall be returned to you immediately. I have made but few comments, and have only to remind you that, in the word *Eudæmonia*, we do not use the *i* long, which is correct according to accent, but not according to quantity. Probably you will not require these two epigrams.

I will not deny that I was for a moment very much

* The *Xenia* under the heading *Die Eisbahn* (The Icy Way) were subsequently re-arranged. See Letters 213 and 214.

grieved to see our beautiful castle of air so shattered and battered to pieces by the eyes of the body. The idea was too beautiful, too strange and singular, for me not to grieve over having to give it up for ever, especially as an idea, a wish, readily takes hold of me. However, we must consider we have had enough with the fun which we have meanwhile had in the idea. We must be satisfied with the thought that there is a good deal of matter that can be made use of in another form. The arrangement made in your Almanack will be a consolation to me, only I would like you to place my name as seldom as possible below the poems. The few which I have been writing I must now leave as they are, for a time. I shall bring them with me when I come to you, and by that time the new form of the Almanack will be in full vigour and power to assimilate them.

One thing more. I should like to see all such things omitted as might unpleasantly affect our circle and our circumstances. In the first form, the one poem called for, supported, and excused the other. Each poem is now inserted freely and intentionally, and its effect is also confined to itself alone.

Of my novel I have nothing to report. It is taking its noonday nap, and I am in hopes that towards evening it may wake up all the fresher for having had a rest.

I have continued my observations on plants and insects, and have been very successful with them. I find that when one has thoroughly grasped the principle of continuity, and learned how to apply it with ease, nothing further is required for discovering or explaining organic natures. I shall now apply this same principle to elementary and spiritual natures, and it may serve me for a time as a lever and a handle to my arduous undertakings.

The French thunderstorm is still hanging over the other side of the Thuringian Forest. We shall in future look upon this range of mountains—which are otherwise wont to send us cold winds—as a god-send, if it prove itself to possess the virtue of breaking a storm.

As there is bird-shooting in Rudolstadt, our company of actors go there on the 11th, and the wishes of the Jena

public to have a pleasant entertainment in September can meanwhile be declared aloud.

Write and tell me when you will require a contribution of *Cellini*. I am anxious to hear that you and yours are in good health. What news have you from Suabia? The Saxon contingents are said to be in the neighbourhood of Kronach. Whether they will be required to protect Voigtland and Saalgrund from incursions, whether a new cordon will be drawn along the Werra, or whether neutrality or an armistice will be granted through Prussia, in short, which species of lightning conductor can and will be employed, must shortly be declared. Farewell. I hope soon to spend a time of peace and rest with you.

G.

204.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 31, 1796.

You cannot be more unwilling to cease with the *Xenia* than I am. In addition to the novelty and the interesting peculiarity of the idea, it has been a charming feeling to me to think of myself working out a certain whole (*ein gewisses Ganzes*) in conjunction with you; but rest assured that I have not sacrificed the idea to my own convenience. An endless amount is still wanting to complete a whole such as might be demanded even by the most generous of readers. My troublesome labours as an editor have made me very well aware of this defect. Even though we had been able to devote a whole month to them, neither the satirical *Xenia* nor the other portion would have attained the necessary completeness. To have left the whole work lying a year long would have been out of the question, on account of our requiring it for the Almanack; nor could we have ventured to do so on account of the many allusions to the latest productions in the domain of literature, which after the lapse of a year would no longer be of any interest. Any other considerations there may be I will tell you of when we meet; otherwise the idea and the form is not in any way lost, for there is such an astonishing amount of subject-matter still remaining that what we may add to it from the old will disappear in it.

Your name I mention but rarely. Even in the case of the political ones which do not attack any one specially, and beneath which many would have been pleased to find it, I have nevertheless omitted it, because they might be supposed to be connected with the others referring to Reichardt. Stolberg cannot be spared, and that you yourself probably do not wish; and Schlosser is not more definitely characterised than is demanded by a general satire on pious individuals. Moreover, these hits at the Stolberg sect follow one another in such a manner that every one must at once perceive that they originated with *me*. I am in a state of justifiable feud with Stolberg, and do not need to treat him with any indulgence. Wieland is to appear with the graceful damsel,* in Weimar, about which he cannot complain. Besides, these *Odiosa* are to appear only in the second half of the Almanack, so that when you come here, you will still be able to reject what does not seem to you to be good. In order not to annoy Iffland, I shall, in the dialogue with Shakespeare,† only mention plays by Schröder and Kotzebue. You will no doubt be kind enough to let your *Spiritus*‡ copy out for me a list of names from five or six of Kotzebue's plays, so that I may be able to allude to them.

There is no hurry about *Cellini*, for unfortunately I have not been able to send Cotta anything for several post-days. The post will accept nothing for Stuttgart and Tübingen. Your last sending of *Cellini*, which was intended for the Eighth Number, I have still lying by me, and Cotta cannot have received the manuscript of the Seventh, which was on its way to him at the time of the capture of Stuttgart.

From Suabia there has been no news for a week. I do not know how matters stand with my family, nor do I know where they are staying at present.

The news from Coburg to-day is that the French will be entering it in a few days, but that no one is in any way

* One of the *Xenia* with the sign of the Virgin (one of the signs of the Zodiac).

† The 390 and following *Xenia*.

‡ Jocose name given to Goethe's amanuensis, whose real name was *Geist* (spirit).

afraid. Herr Hess, the most timorous hypochondriac in the world, writes this to his wife who is here, and hence it must doubtless be true.

It is a good thing that the Jena people will have time to rid themselves of their terror of the French before the comedy is presented to them. There are some very scrupulous people here who would consider an entertainment of this kind improper at a time of such great public calamities.

I hear the Mannheim Theatre is to be closed for a year, so you will probably again be able to have Iffland in Weimar. It would be a good thing if the Weimar Theatre were, at this opportunity, likewise to engage an actress. Mdlle. Witthöft, or whatever her name now is, would be a very good acquisition.

We are all well here. Our little one is gradually accommodating himself to circumstances. My wife sends you kindest greetings.

Farewell. I am looking forward to hearing something more about your natural-history studies when you come.

SCH.

205.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 1, 1796.

After long wavering to and fro, everything is at last settling down in its proper balance again. The first idea in regard to the *Xenia* was in reality a merry jest, a joke intended for the moment, and was in so far quite proper. Subsequently there came a certain superabundance, and the rush burst the vessel. But, after having again slept over the matter, I have found the most natural solution in the world for satisfying your wishes as well as the convenience of the Almanack.

Those which in reality excited the demand for a certain universality and brought me into great embarrassment as editor, were the philosophical *Xenia*, the purely poetical, in short, the inoffensive ones; hence the very ones which were not included in the first idea. Hence the matter will be settled if we place these latter among the other poems in the first and serious part of the Almanack, and

on the other hand give the jocose ones under the name of *Xenia*, and connect them with the first part as a whole in the same way as we did last year with the epigrams. In a mass together, and unmixed with any of a serious character, they will lose much of their bitterness; the humour which prevails throughout, as you lately remarked, will excuse each single one, and, at the same time, they will form a certain whole. The hits at Reichardt, also, we will scatter among the heap, and not, as in the first instance, have them placed at the head. On the one hand the *honour*, which we conferred upon him by this distinction, was too great; on the other, the offence given was too great. Thus, if you approve of my plan (as I think you will) the *Xenia* will return to their origiual character, and I do not think we need in any way regret having departed from our first intention, for the deviation enabled us to discover many a good and beautiful thing.

According to the new arrangement, those of your political *Xenia* which merely contain a moral, and are not directed against any one in particular, are wholly separated from those with a satirical tendency, and I have placed your name below them. It requires to be there because these confessions are connected with your last year's epigrams, and even with your *Meister*, and as regards form and substance unmistakably show your stamp.

I have to-day again received no news from Suabia; it seems as if we were altogether cut off from there. Herr von Funk, who wrote to me to-day, has been obliged to quit Artern, his usual quarters, in the district of Langensalza. However, we need not be very much afraid of this, for he considers that position to be useless.

Farewell. Sch.

206.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, August 2, 1796.

You will, my dear friend, often still be called upon to have patience with me during these days, for now that the time is approaching when I was to have set out on my journey,* I am becoming but too well aware of what I am

* A journey to Italy abandoned in consequence of the impediments caused by war.

losing by having to give up one of my most cherished hopes, for at my time of life it is much the same thing as crushing them altogether. What I still require in the way of culture, I could obtain only from that source; what is in me, I could make use of and apply only in that way, and I felt certain of bringing back into our narrow sphere much valuable matter, in discussing which we might at some future day have doubly enjoyed the time which I should have spent away from you. Our good friend Meyer's remarks grieve me; he only half enjoys things, as I cannot share them with him except by letter, and now that I have no work before me to enliven and cheer me, I feel much disheartened. A long journey and a number of subjects pressing upon me from all sides, is now more a matter of necessity to me than ever; meanwhile, whichever way I look at things, it would be foolish of me to start at present, and I must therefore reconcile myself to circumstances as best I can.

I hope soon to pay you a visit, and am glad that you have thought out a way whereby we shall not lose our fun with the *Xenia*. I think yours quite the right plan, and the Almanack would thus retain its previous form, and above all things be distinguished by a prologue and epilogue. It would not contain a mixture of heterogeneous kinds of poetry, and yet would show the utmost possible variety. Who knows what may not occur to us a year hence to arouse the interest of the public in a similar fashion? I shall to-day say nothing more about other matters. Farewell; give my kind greetings to your dear wife. I hope to find you and yours well and in good spirits.

G.

207.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 5, 1796.

Matthisson passed through here to-day. He came straight from Italy by way of Trieste and Vienna. According to his assurances the journey to Italy is not at all so very unsafe. He thinks that there should be no difficulty about the route from Trieste to Rome *via* Ancona. He

himself met with no unpleasantness on his journey, and was only detained at Nürnberg, where there was a scarcity of horses. If within three or four weeks it could be known for certain whether you need have any fear about home and hearth, you would after all not require to give up your journey. Hirt also has left Italy; Matthisson took leave of him in Vienna; he says that Hirt too intends to come this way. He could tell us no more about Meyer than what we know already, and in fact he could not give us any special news about any of the latest occurrences.

I herewith send you a collection of serious *Xenia;* a mixture of yours and mine together; these I have made into a bouquet, so that, as regards these pieces also, the idea of working in conjunction might in some measure be fulfilled. Have the kindness to look over the manuscript, and to make a note of what you would wish in any way altered. If you have no suggestions to make, please let me have it back by the returning message-girl, so that I can let Göpferdt have it at once.

Other matters I must leave till the next time I write. I am not alone. I trust this letter will find you cheerful and contented. Here all are well. My wife sends kindest greetings.

Sch.

208.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, August 6, 1796.

The *ci-devant Xenia* look very well as they are now arranged, and the serious lot will certainly be well received also. If only you could find a few more headings for those that still require them, it would be a good thing; the spirit has not suggested any to me lately. Next week I shall be with you, and hope that our being together will be of some profit to us both; we shall be able to complete some things and project others. I have some interesting things to tell you of in the way of natural science.

During these last days I have discovered the most beautiful phenomenon I know of in organic nature (this

is saying a good deal), and send you herewith a report of it. I do not know whether it is known; if, however, it is, naturalists deserve to be called to account for not having so important a phenomenon proclaimed in all highways, instead of vexing inquiring minds with so many tedious details. Do not tell any one of it. I have, it is true, been able to make the observation only in the case of one species; probably, however, it is the same in all, and on this point I must come to a decision before the autumn is over. As the change I speak of, takes place very rapidly, and one cannot see the movement owing to the smallness of the space, it seems fabulous when watching the creatures, for surely it is something—in the space of twelve minutes—to grow an inch in length and proportionately as much in breadth, and hence, as it were, to increase on the square, and, moreover, all the four wings at once! I will see whether it is possible to let you see this phenomenon with your own eyes.

Farewell. Between ourselves I hope to be able to bring you peace and quietness for Thuringia and Upper Saxony.

G.

Postscript.

As a matter of course this growth must not be imagined to take place in such a manner as if the solid parts of the wings increased to this extent in so short a time; I conceive the wings to be perfectly formed of the finest *tela cellulosa*, which is exuded at the above rate of rapidity by the action of some elastic fluid, be it air, vapour, or any other. I am convinced that some such similar process might be detected in the development of flowers.

209.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 8, 1796.

Your new discovery is indeed wonderful; it seems to be a significant one, and to lead on to an important track. It reminded me of the rapid and powerful development which takes place in the heart and lungs of a new-born animal. That butterflies so decidedly avoid the light-side

is also remarkable, and again calls attention to the influence of light upon organic natures.

I should like very much to see the phenomenon myself. You will probably be continuing your experiments, and when you come here you will have more to tell me concerning them.

It is universally said here that in Weissenfels there has been a meeting between the Elector of Saxony and some of the Dukes, nay, that even the King of Prussia was present; we hear, further, that the Saxons meant to take possession of Erfurt, and other such reports. From Suabia I still have no news, and can send none thither.

Schlegel's brother is here; he makes a very favorable impression, and gives promise of much. Humboldt has set out on a long journey to north Germany, and goes as far as the island of Rügen; he intends looking up our friends and enemies in Eutin and Wandsbeck, and will have all kinds of amusing things to tell us of. I could not rightly understand what induced him to start off there so suddenly.

Your Eighth Book is doubtless still at rest. Have you got any work on the discoveries at Herculaneum? I am at present in want of some details* about them, and beg you to tell me what you know on the subject. Volkmann's history even, I think, gives some account of them.

Here, in our house, all is going on well. We are all (for Karl is one of the number) rejoicing at the thought of having you here.

Do come as soon as ever you can!

SCH.

210.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 10, 1796.

My package was ready, and I was again in hopes of being able to spend some time with you, but unfortunately a variety of circumstances detain me here, and I do not see when I shall he able to come.

Please let me know what it is about the discoveries at Herculaneum that you wish to hear more of, so that I may

* For his poem entitled *Pompeji und Herculanum.*

be able to meet your wishes. I herewith send you Woltmann; in Büttner's library also there is a book entitled *Beschreibung von Heracleia, aus dem Italiänischen des Don Marcello Venuti* (Frankfort and Leipzig, 1749).

May I ask you to send me back my paper on Butterflies. The phenomenon appears to be general; I have, meanwhile, observed it in other butterflies, and also in sawflies. I am more than ever convinced that one can come perfectly to understand organic natures by the idea of *continuity*. I am at present engaged in setting myself a plan of observation by which I shall be enabled to classify every single observation, whatever may be wanting in-between; when once I have effected this, everything that is at present in confusion will be enjoyable and welcome. For when I look at my many awkward *collectanæ*, I should scarcely find time or be in the humour to separate or to make use of them.

My novel is again giving signs of life. I have embodied your ideas in my own fashion; whether you will be able to recognise those spiritual creatures in their earthly form I do not know. I feel almost inclined to send the work to the press without showing it to you again. It is owing to the differences of our natures that your demands can never be altogether fulfilled; but even this disagreement is sure again to give rise to many beautiful comments when the day comes for you to give your opinion of the whole.

Let me from time to time hear of the Almanack. Here is a small contribution*; I have no objection to having my name placed at the end if you can make use of it. It was, in fact, an arrogant statement of Richter's, in a letter to Knebel, that put me in the humour for it.

Be sure to let me know what Humboldt writes.

In a few days *Legationsrath* Mattei will call upon you; give him a friendly reception; he was *Hofmeister* at Count Forstenburg's, a natural son of the Duke of Brunswick, and at the same time in the service of the mother of the latter, Frau von Brankoni, and has seen a good deal of the world in their company. Farewell.

G.

* *The Chinaman in Rome.*

211.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(August 10, 1796.)

I have just received your letter, and have time only quickly to send off the manuscript you ask for. My very best thanks for Volkmann and the other notices. Your *Chinaman* * shall be sent warm to the press; it is the proper way to settle such matters.

That you cannot come at once is a great disappointment to me. I should so much have liked to light my lamp at yours. As regards your novel, you are acting very wisely in not adopting the ideas of another, which do not readily assimilate with your own nature. As things stand, all is of one piece, and even should there be a small gap (which is by no means proved) it would be better to remain as it is than to be filled up by a foreign hand. More of this in a day or two.

On Friday I shall also send you some sheets of the Almanack.

Farewell. SCH.

212.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(August 12, 1796.)

I to-day got so deeply engaged in a poem, that I completely forgot that it was post-day. My wife, who is sending you some biscuits, has just reminded me of the fact, and I have time only for a few words.

Here are specimens both of the better and the inferior copies of the first sheets of the Almanack. The fourth is now in the press, and it is probable that we shall have it ready by the first week in September. It will be astonishingly rich, and wholly different from last year's. When I compare your Idyll with the Epigrams of last year, it seems that this year's number will probably carry off the prize. As regards my own works, I am much better satisfied than I was with those of last year. It is perfectly marvellous what your personal influence has wrought in me, and although nothing can be altered as regards one's *style* and *ability*, still a great purification has taken place in

* See last letter and note.

me. A few things which I have at present in hand call forth this remark.

Mattei I have not yet seen; I shall give him a kind welcome when he appears. My brother-in-law, von Wolzogen (the Councillor of Legation), and his wife are here at present; he has devoted several years to the study of architecture, and as he is not wanting in brains and has travelled a good deal, you will not find him wanting in interest.

Farewell, and do not be too long in coming. I am just now again wearying for your Eighth Book; can I not have it soon?

SCH.

213.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 13, 1796.

Your friendly letter, together with the first sheets of the Almanack and the biscuits, were a great pleasure to me; they came to me when I was in the midst of all kinds of work. The Almanack really presents a brilliant appearance, and the whole cannot fail to prove rich and varied. Could you not have my *Icy Way* (*Eisbahn*) altered as you are having some of the pages rearranged. As it stands now, it gives promise of being a whole, which is not fulfilled, and the two single distichs at the end would render its being understood still more uncertain. I send you them now, as I should like to have them printed. The distichs might be separated by a little stroke, and as I have added a few others they would form a kind of sequel, and introduce the coming ones, which would be given in the same manner. Sophie Mereau * has done very well; the Imperative † looks first rate. It is clear from this case how a false thought can be made true by means of poetry, for the appeal to feeling clothes it well. It struck me that the poem by Conz ‡ is in reality nothing

* She had contributed a poem entitled *Andenken* to the Almanack.

† An allusion to Herder's poem, *Verschiedene Weise der Moral*, in which he ridicules Kant's categorical Imperative.

‡ Entitled *Die Musen*. On the third sheet stands the Queen of the Goblins, by Meyer, addressing a proclamation to her attendant spirits.

but good prose, and how strange the Goblin looks in the midst of the other gay company. But it is very well that you accept something of all these favorite species of compositions. Have you not got another pretty romance? I hope to be present at the revising of the *Xenia*, and to be able still to have my latest included among the number. By next Wednesday I hope to have got through several things; by that time I shall also be able to decide the question as to whether I shall let you see my Eighth Book again. I am very much mistaken or else I shall have to extend this last volume into two, so as to bring more proportion into the working out of the various subjects.

What do you say to the enclosed marvellous story? It is from a Florence newspaper; have it copied and show it to some of your friends. A strange ordinance has been issued by the Quirinal for the protection of the French commissaries who are expected. It is there declared that instant and most severe punishment—without any forms of trial—will be inflicted upon whosoever shall in the slightest degree insult them, or shall stir up any excitement or agitation, no matter what happens; this last probably refers to the removal of works of art.

Meyer has written, and is in very good spirits; he has already begun to copy the Madonna della Seggiola, and will probably afterwards do part of one of Michael Angelo's splendid paintings; he still hopes that I may be starting soon.

Next week I shall also be able to say more about our political affairs. The Saxon contingents remain in Voigtland; the rest of the troops are divided in such a manner that the cordon has acquired proper shape; in spite of this the best that can be hoped will not depend upon force and violence, but upon higher relations and brighter constellations.

My kind greetings to those around you; I am rejoicing at the prospect of seeing you again, as I am still in hopes that our exchange of thoughts will bring forth results which we cannot as yet at all foresee. Farewell.

G.

214.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, August 15, 1796.

At last I have letters from Suabia, which, it is true, do not give me much information, but upon the whole they have set my mind at rest. Cotta's letter I enclose. My family have suffered but little from the troubles of the war, but so much the more from the circumstances of my father's illness, whose life is slowly ebbing away amid much suffering. My youngest sister, of whom I spoke to you last March, died in April, and my second sister has been on the point of death.

As I can at present send letters to Suabia only by way of Frankfort, and as a great deal depends upon my present order to Cotta, I beg you to be so kind as to enclose, what I herewith send, in a letter to your mother in Frankfort, with a request that it be sent on to Stuttgart as speedily as possible.

At the same time be so good as to tell me to whom I have to address myself in Weimar as regards the cover for the Almanack, concerning which Cotta writes.

To-morrow I mean you to have another letter by the message-girl; to-day my hands are fully occupied.

Farewell.

I have just heard that the post from here agrees to take letters for Stuttgart by way of Frankfort; I shall therefore not need to trouble you. Sch.

Your *Eisbahn* (*Icy Way*) can very well be altered, as, in any case, two pages of the same sheet have to be reprinted.

215.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

August 16, 1796.

On Thursday evening next I hope to be with you; meanwhile I send you in advance a packet containing a variety of things.

1. The etchings for Hirt's article; those made with the graving-tool, are in my hands so as to be re-examined.

2. Cotta's letters.—A copperplate for the cover of the *Almanach of the Muses* can be got ready in a fortnight's time; it is only as regards the drawing that there will be any difficulty. Meyer has some that are excellent; I do not know for which calendar they were designed and engraved. I shall bring them with me. We might ourselves invent a suitable border, leave the central field a blank, place a serious xenion in front and a jocose one at the back, and thus settle the matter in a way which would again be something new.

3. *La Mère coupable.*

4. A *Publicum*, which shows pretty clearly the situation in Rome to be connected with the marvellous stories.

5. A perfectly new tale, the author of which you will probably recognise. Could not an interesting article for the *Horen* be made out of this production, if it were translated and some things added, as well as taken from it? At all events the democratic tendency of so purely an aristocratic source is unique of its kind, and in my opinion many an advantage might, with but little trouble, be drawn from this production.

The Eighth Book of my novel must be sent to the press from here, so that the points in which I have been successful may surprise you when you see them in print, and that what is still wanting may serve us as subjects of discussion at some future time; for the present I am thoroughly tired of it, after a long time of dissipation, and wish to turn my mind and thoughts to other things.

I am sorry to hear such sad accounts of your family. As things generally are so bad, one ought by rights to be gladdened by individual things. I shall be very pleased to see your sister-in-law again, and to become acquainted with your brother-in-law. Farewell.

G.

216.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, August 17, 1796.

Although we are at present more than ever dependent upon the events of the moment, still I hope that nothing

will prevent me being with you to-morrow evening. I shall again bring the *tabulus votivas* with me. Your distichs are unusually beautiful and will certainly produce a splendid effect. If it is possible for the Germans to comprehend that one can be a thoroughly good fellow without being exactly a philistine,* or a simpleton, then your "sayings" will accomplish much that is good, as you have set forth the grand relations of human nature with so much nobleness, freedom, and boldness.

Far be it from me to blame your accepting certain articles in the Almanack, for people expect to have a pleasing variety, and alternations of tone and of representation; bulk and variety are looked for, good taste will delight in discriminating, and bad taste will have an opportunity for confirming itself, by being made game of.

Much else I must tell you by word of mouth. I hope that we shall then again move a good step forwards together. Being rid of my novel, I feel inclined to set about a thousand different things. Farewell.

G.

217.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, October 5, 1796.

I trust that you arrived safely, and found all well.

At last I have received one-and-a-half thousand frontispieces, of which I at once send you 200. This number of copies I think the bookbinder ought to have ready by Friday afternoon, in which case please send them to me by an express messenger. The music has not arrived, and therefore cannot now be sent off.

I also herewith send you 150 title-pages. As one of the three sendings to the bookbinder was despatched straight from your house, I suppose that a quantity of title-pages must likewise have been sent to Weimar. Should this not be the case I beg you to send me word.

Humboldt writes to me that people in Berlin are per-

* A term applied derisively by the German students to trades-people and citizens. Hence it has got to be applied generally to prosaic vulgar-minded persons.

fectly enchanted with your Idyll, of which copies were sent there from Karlsbad and Töplitz.

Farewell. Here all are well, and send kindest greetings. Should the bookbinder, between three and four o'clock on Friday, not have 100 copies ready, it will be unnecessary to send an express messenger, and a message-girl can bring all that are ready on Saturday.

SCH.

218.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 8, 1796.

On leaving the quiet life I spent with you, I was at once called to a very different scene; yesterday and the day before I was at Ettersburg and in Schwansee, and this morning, owing to a fire in the *Jacobsvorstadt* we have again been put on the move. From Bertuch's house one gets a full view right across the gap.

Meanwhile our murderous and fire-dealing foxes have also begun to do their work. There is no end to astonishment and speculation. Be sure, whatever happens, not to confess any doubt, for the interpretation of the enigma is, as I see, taking a thousand different forms.

As regards the bookbinder, I will do what I can. On Tuesday you will receive a budget, but continue to send title-pages and frontispieces; I will write as soon as possible, how matters stand with us.

If you have no objections, I will make use of the one incomplete copy for marking the misprints; you ought to be preparing a second edition, and have it made in small octavo, as you recently spoke of doing.

This letter will be accompanied by a clean reprint of the engraving for Hirt's essay; on Monday it will be sent to Frankfort. When I receive the continuation of the manuscript, I will also correct the other. Only write and tell me in time wherein I can assist you, for I see many distractions before me. Please tell your brother-in-law, with my compliments, that he should not decline Scheffauer's proposal at once, I have an idea about it which I will tell you of one day soon. Farewell, and give my kindest greetings to the ladies. G.

219.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, October 9, 1796.

I have to-day sent a hundred Terpsichores,* and a hundred title-pages by my brother-in-law; but according to my calculation both were long since despatched to Weimar, and the prints of the title-pages and frontispieces sent to-day, I was obliged to take from rough copies of the Almanack. Both have therefore been lost, unless they are lying at your house or at the bookbinder's. In my letter of the 5th, I must, I think, have stated how many Terpsichores I sent on Wednesday evening.

It is precisely the same with the title-pages; I shall be obliged to have a hundred of them printed off again; this is a pity on account of the expense. I thus see myself punished early for the bad way we treated the inferior authors. I cannot describe to you how much I have lately been worried by a number of small tiresome details connected with the Almanack, and the melodies having been sent too late will oblige me to make up sixty-three additional parcels. There is neither time nor opportunity now for having the melodies bound; they must go as they are. Besides, no one would thank us for the expense and trouble it would give us.

The bookbinder here is anxiously waiting for new *covers*. If my brother-in-law should not bring me anything to-day, then I earnestly entreat you to send me to-morrow as early as possible whatever may be ready by that time. I cannot understand why the printer has not sent anything for six days.

There is still a demand here for the Almanacks, but only for the better copies; this will not be of much good to me. I am afraid we shall not dispose of the inferior ones, and as there are but 500 copies of the better ones, we shall find that there will be a dearth of Almanacks for purchasers as well as of purchasers for Almanacks.

How are you satisfied with the music? What I heard of it—although very imperfectly performed—pleased me

* The frontispiece to the *Almanack of the Muses*.

very much. Mignon is affecting and lovely; my *Besuch* (Visit)* also makes a very pleasing effect. Will you be so kind as to see that, of the accompanying seven copies of melodies, six are delivered to Herder, and one to *Geheimrath* Voigt?

I enclose a letter from Körner, because it contains something about the Almanack. We ought in reality to take note both of written and printed criticisms on the Almanack, so that when worth the trouble, we might some day refer to them.

I have not taken note of how many copies of the Almanack the bookbinder in Weimar has received. To judge from the remaining copies of the edition I have by me, and those which are still lying at the bookbinder's, there should be somewhere about 180 in Weimar.

Will you find out through Geist?

All here are pretty well, and send kindest greetings.

SCH.

220.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 9, 1796.

Your brother-in-law, to my great satisfaction, brings me the title-pages and frontispieces, as well as the melodies; if only we had had all together a fortnight ago, we might have been able to rejoice over the whole lot.

Hoffmann, the court-publisher, claims to stand in some connection with Cotta, and wishes to have from fifteen to twenty copies sent to him on account. Shall I let him have them, or ask to be paid for them at once; of course with a quarter's discount.

Farewell. More shortly. G.

* A poem of Schiller's which subsequently received the name of *Dithyrambe*.

221.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, October 10, 1796.

Unfortunately, the unpleasantness of a business like the one you have undertaken accumulates and increases, and I am afraid you will still experience many vexations from the fact of your having published at your own expense.

We do not remember of any frontispieces and title-pages except those already despatched. Geist counted and packed all the copies which went to Jena, and found no title-pages among them.

Your letter of the 5th of October speaks of 200 frontispieces which you had likewise sent. I received another hundred through your brother-in-law, and they are accordingly complete. I now require another fifty title-pages and seventy-two copies, and the bookbinder would then have all pertaining to the 300; of complete copies there have been delivered:

	50
Add to these	124
	174

Be sure to transfer the whole business to the care of some one else, if a second edition should be required. The whole enjoyment of the thing is spoilt by such mechanical work, when it is wholly unsuited to one's nature, and not carried out with befitting precision; at the end, where everything ought to be in order, one has nothing but vexation, because things are found to be wanting at all points.

About the music I can as yet say nothing. I have heard it, but that is not sufficient in the case of Zeller's compositions; he has a great deal of originality which has first to be won from him.

Farewell. I herewith send you back Körner's letter. As we know the public, we shall not likely find ourselves opposed at this opportunity by a new phenomenon. When I have paid Stark and the bookbinder, I will send you the bill.

(Struck out with pencil.)

Here is a summary of how we stand with the bookbinder, it will give you a better view. He received of copies:

First sending	50
Second „	100
Third „	50
Fourth „	28
	228
Frontispieces	200
Second sending . . .	100
	300
Title-pages	150
Second sending . . .	100
	250
Covers at one sending .	300

G.

222.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 10, 1796.

The name of Hoffmann, in Weimar, is entered in Cotta's invoice. You can, therefore, send him and the *Industrie-Comptoir*—if it wants any—copies of the Almanack on account. Be so kind as to mark on the accompanying price-lists how many copies have to be delivered to the two firms, and have a receipt made out for me. Should copies on vellum or Dutch-paper be wanted, I should be told at latest, early on Wednesday morning.

I also send you a parcel of melodies; should there be too many, be so good as to return them to me by Saturday.

Seventy-two copies have now been ordered and despatched to the booksellers here. If twenty-eight go to Weimar we shall have got rid of a hundred copies in two towns containing about 12,000 inhabitants. It will

be interesting to find out the actual state of poetic taste in Germany from instances like these. I am convinced that one-third of our readers and purchasers will be found in Thuringia and Brandenburg, perhaps also in Hamburg and the surrounding places.

I beg you to let me have the rest of the covers. Hirt's essay I will send to-morrow. The print of the frontispiece shall be sent to Cotta before he sees the plate itself.

To-day the second third of the whole edition of the Almanack will be despatched to Leipzig.

Farewell, and write to me soon again, so as to refresh and to strengthen me.

SCH.

223.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 11, 1796.

From the list of what has been sent to Weimar I now see that I am exactly in want of a hundred copies on printing-paper, which probably Göpferdt did not send to me; they cannot have been sent off from my house, as no copies have ever left this except those despatched to Weimar. Hence, I am likewise in want of title-pages and frontispieces which are indeed easier to replace. It is most vexatious that Göpferdt should just happen to be at the fair, where he will be for more than ten days.

I handed over the packing of yesterday's parcel for Leipzig, to Gabler, a bookseller here, but this took only part of the work off me; for the determining what each parcel was to contain—on account of the four different kinds of copies—and the addressing of the invoices, *etc.*, of course fell to my hands, as did also a number of other small details.

The last parcel will be despatched on Saturday, and then I shall be rid of the burden.

I have, meanwhile, not heard anything further about the Almanack, except that our good lady-friend here, S—,* has copied those *Xenia* which are directed at Manso, and

* Schlegel's wife.

sent them to Gotter, who is said to have been very much horrified at them.

The same lady is also already speaking of the Seventh and the beginning of the Eighth Book of your *Wilhelm Meister*, which she insists upon having read in print. It is rather strange that S—— should have received printed sheets of your novel before you yourself have seen them!

Farewell.

The seventy-two copies of the Almanack that are still wanting to make up the 300 I can no longer send, because in addition to those which our bookbinder here has commenced to sew together, I must have the seventy-two superfluous frontispieces that are in Weimar. Therefore, be so good as to see that I get these seventy-two frontispieces, together with the covers belonging to them and the other remaining twenty-two title-pages. The Weimar bookbinder has not had anything to do in the matter, so I must allow our man here to proceed, for he has already folded and sewed all, and is now only waiting for the frontispieces and title-pages.

Farewell. SCH.

224.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 12, 1796.

I hope soon to hear that you have got rid of the trouble and worry which the Almanack has caused you; if only one were thoroughly able to enjoy the longed-for rest, but like newly-delivered women, one very soon takes a fresh burden upon oneself.

The two thousand covers have now been despatched.

Herewith follow:—26 Title-pages; 71 Covers; 81 Frontispieces.

This is now all, partly too few, partly too many; the hundred copies which you miss must be found whatever happens.

To-morrow morning the bookbinder will send the last copies he has; I shall at once give Hoffmann twenty of them, and leave the rest till the head of the *Industrie-Comptoir* returns from Leipzig. On Saturday you shall

hear how many copies have passed through my hands; everything will thus fit in nicely.

The bill shall follow. I enclose a transcript of Stark's bill, which I have paid; you, therefore, now have everything on one sheet of paper.

No more to-day. All hail to our lady-friend that she copies and distributes our poems, and that she takes more thought of our proof-sheets than we do ourselves! Such faith, verily, was rarely met with in Israel!

You will, of course, let me have good copies for Hoffmann.

Seven-and-twenty of the melodies came in the last parcel I received. Farewell. More ere long.

G.

225.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 12, 1796.

Things are gradually getting arranged and settled. The missing hundred copies have been found, and an order given for the requisite number of frontispieces to make up the twentieth hundred. Göpferdt, fortunately, had had more printed than were ordered, so that there was another lot at the bookbinder's. Everything that had to be beund is now bound; two large parcels, 400 lbs. in weight, have been despatched to Leipzig. I have already made a contract with the carrier as regards the lot for the Empire, which Cotta is to have charge of, and the man will take it to Frankfort in a few days. By Saturday I shall have cast the whole burden off my shoulders.

Here the demand for copies is still great; but all want them on writing-paper, just what we ourselves are in want of, and there are no more on post-paper. Here is the last for Hoffmann. I shall be glad if you can save the extra one bound in yellow paper, which I sent, for we must now be sparing with the good copies. I have some sheets of defective copies on vellum and post-paper, out of which we might make one other complete copy for the corrector.

Here alone we have set up seven copies on vellum and

eight on Dutch paper, and almost as many more might have been made, if I had had others in hand. I have also decided that everything I have printed in future shall be printed regardless of expense; this is the safest plan, for even the shabbiest fellow will no longer put up with shabby fellows.

The first sending—that is to say, as much as is contained in one part—I have despatched to-day, together with the print of the frontispiece. The rest is not yet quite copied out.

Meanwhile, pray be again thinking of your *Cellini*. How glad I should be if we could manage to find some other new and pleasant thing for the closing number of the *Horen's* second year's course.

Will you, when you have an opportunity, let Herder know that he cannot yet have any numbers of the *Horen*; he has heard that single numbers are spoken of in Weimar (which Cotta sent me by letter-post) and thinks that he has been forgotten.

Our best thanks for the cod; we wish very much that you could come and help us eat it. Farewell. All here send kind greetings. SCH.

226.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 14, 1796.

At last I have cast off all the despatch business from my shoulders, in order to begin anew and the more merrily. Things were indeed not settled without some little difficulty, but fortunately these matters were not of any great consequence, and all has ended happily nevertheless. I only hope that all the labour, both physical and mental, that has been spent upon it will not prove to have been altogether in vain; fortunately, however, such things, as in the case of bringing forth children, have their own reward.

Yesterday, Blumenbach was in Jena, and came to see me. After what had recently been said of him, I was not a little surprised to hear him make the remark that "he considered himself fortunate in being able to make a

special study of philosophy, to which his soul was devoted." Lavater, also, is here, but I have not seen him. Paulus, whom he recently treated in a somewhat rude fashion, received a note from him, begging for an interview. Be prepared to see him in Weimar. Mereau is again here; I have something to tell you about her.

Farewell. Let me soon hear from you again.

All here send kind greetings. SCH.

227.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 15, 1796.

You will herewith receive the account with a transcript of the several receipts, and this matter, therefore, is also set to rights. The surplus of 95 thalers 9 groschens (£14. 5*s*. 10*d*.), I wish to keep for Cotta's bill, inasmuch as he promised us payments on account, for the *Horen*, for our Italian expedition. Enclosed is the bill for the copies that were bound here. If you can exchange the enclosed imperfectly printed sheets for a perfect one, another could be bound, and we should then be quite in order. I send you back the first copy on Dutch-paper and one of mine on vellum, in place of which I have taken two smaller ones. Here, likewise, is a quire that was over.

I have also received some more prints of the cover which had been lost, I don't know where. I hope you will now have sufficient; in any case this want is most easily replaced. I shall take the plate into my own possession.

I now know of nothing further that has to be done, and wish that the work may prove a success. On the whole, I find that the Almanack produces but one effect; every one finds himself struck by its appearance, and every one takes it upon himself to speak of it with apparent liberality and more or less constrained satisfaction; see if I am not right that this will generally be the case.

My best thanks for the strange news that the *Prophet** is in Jena. I shall try and keep out of his way, and am

* Lavater. Goethe had given him this epithet as early as 1786, in which year he had gone to Bremen like a prophet and worker of miracles.

curious to hear what you will say of him. Blumenbach also came to see me; he brought a very interesting mummy's head with him.

If a meeting takes place between the Prophet and Paulus, the latter will probably get the worst of it, and will have nobody but himself to thank that he was insulted. It costs the Prophet nothing to ingratiate himself even by the basest flattery, for he afterwards finds it the easier to use his arrogant claws.

Write and tell me what you know about the little beauty.

A portion of my *Cellini*, about twelve sheets in manuscript, will be sent to you soon; there will then be other two parts, both of which I will take in hand at once, as I feel utterly incapable of doing anything else. The last two poor songs will have to remain *in limbo* a little while longer. Things are really in the most terribly prosaic state here in Weimar, of which otherwise one would have no idea.

I also send you the last Book of my novel, as the last sheets of the seventh are wanting. Unger has probably got them, and according to his praiseworthy custom, sent them as enclosures, so who can tell where they may be. As soon as the good copies arrive you shall have one.

Yesterday my Friday parties began again; but I shall probably have them only once a fortnight, and send out invitations.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to all. G.

One thing more. Could you tell me anything about a certain Captain Rösch, from Stuttgart? You may perhaps have known him personally. We have been informed of his acquirements, what we now want principally to know is concerning his character, his demeanour, and disposition.

228.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 16, 1796.

Herewith, at last, come two monthly parts of the *Horen*; they were sent to me yesterday from Leipzig. The

publisher, Böhme, to whom I sent the Almanacks, informed me at once of the receipt of the two first bales, and that all the copies which I had deposited with him previously (there were about twenty, not including the rough copies) were already sold out. This is really a good deal, for a considerable number of copies were sent at the same time to more than fifteen booksellers in Leipzig; even these, therefore, were not sufficient. There must be a terrible fight for them, and we shall probably have to be thinking of a second edition.

Böhme has now, in a third bale, received 225 sewn copies and again a number of rough ones. As soon as he writes that he has sold over two-thirds I will make arrangements for a second edition. The post has treated the second bale so badly that some dozen copies have been destroyed by the wet. This is the bale which Gabler packed, mine arrived in good order.

You must be sure to read the new number of the journal *Deutschland*. The insect has again been unable to resist using its sting. Really one ought to worry it to death, otherwise we shall have no peace. It has aimed its malice against your *Cellini*, and in order to torment you, has praised and quoted passages which you have omitted. It speaks with the utmost contempt of the essay on de Staël.

I yesterday gave you unnecessary alarm about Lavater; it was his brother that was here.

Reichardt is also said to be in Leipzig; Niethammer and Paulus have, however, not yet seen him. Schlegel is still in Leipzig, where the two kindred hearts will pour themselves out to one another.

Farewell. SCH.

P.S.—I have just received a very handsome letter from Körner about the Almanack. You shall have it to-morrow, when I shall send you other six *Horen*.

229.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 17, 1796.

The accompanying parcel was made up the day before yesterday evening. I now also enclose that part of *Cellini* which has meanwhile been finished. You will, no doubt, be kind enough to look through it again and have it copied.

The *Prophet* has produced a young prophet whom, however, I likewise do not wish to see, for, after the sublime example of the Jewish God, I cherish my wrath down to the fourth generation.

The three first cantos of my poem are pretty well worked out and I shall now proceed with the fourth. All four together will amount to about 1400 hexameters, so that with the two last cantos the poem will probably amount to 2000.

Fish and birds are also being anatomised and all other things are going their usual course. Farewell, and let me soon hear that you are in tolerable health and busy.

G.

230.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

October 18, 1796.

I herewith send you Körner's letter, which, after the meaninglessness and flatness of the usual run of criticisms, is very comforting in its tone. Please let me have it back as soon as you have read it.

I did not note how many copies of each month's *Horen* or what kinds I sent you yesterday, and cannot, therefore, to-day send you the others you should have.

The Humboldts wrote lately that they leave Berlin at the end of this week, that they intend resting ten days on the road, and will arrive here somewhere about the 1st of November.

I have heard nothing further about the *Xenia*. Schlegel, who is back again, was too short a time in Leipzig (having had to make a trip to Dessau) in order to learn much. On his return from Dessau, he says, they had already made a considerable stir in Leipzig.

I hear that among others the Duchess in Weimar is thought to be the Elegant Maiden (*die zierliche Jungfrau*).*

The *Xenia:* "*Wieland, wie reich ist dein Geist,*" *etc.* ("Wieland, how rich is thy mind," *etc.*), some consider a satire on Wieland and his new edition, and so on.

Farewell, I am interrupted. SCH.

231.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 19, 1796.

Very many thanks for Körner's letter which you sent me. Sympathy expressed in so truly friendly a spirit and yet so thoroughly critical in its motives is rarely met with. I mean to keep the letter a few days longer in order at this opportunity to examine several poems which I have not yet even read. My very kind greetings to our friend and thank him from me; tell him something of my new poem, and assure him that I am looking forward to seeing it in his hands.

We must allow the 'Gibichenstein'† cur to go on barking for a time till we give it him pretty hotly. In fact all the opposition party, who set their minds to deny things and are fond of pulling things to pieces, must be treated like those deniers-of-motion; one need only keep incessantly walking up and down before them in as composed a manner as possible.

I am afraid that there is something else concealed behind his praise of the omitted passages of *Cellini*. As he possesses the original, I am afraid he will translate the missing passages and have the whole reprinted, for he is capable of anything. I mean therefore not to publish the last two portions—which, in any case, belong togethe —before next year, and shall meanwhile complete my manuscript and announce a complete edition; for the demand for it is very great and the scattered articles in our journal have already made people impatient.

* See Letter 204, and note.

† Reichardt. Gibichenstein was the name of his estate. See Letters 169, 170.

When you write to Boie ask him whether he will let me keep the English translation which I got through Eschenberg. I will gladly pay what it costs, and promise him another copy of my translation when once it is published entire.

I am very much rejoiced to hear of Humboldt's expected arrival. As soon as he arrives I shall probably come over to you, even though it be but for one day.

Of the seventh and eighth numbers you have sent me two copies of each, one on blue and one on yellow paper. I beg you to let me have the others soon, for I am dreadfully tormented for them.

Farewell; my kind greetings to all, and let me hear soon that you have commenced a new work. G.

Could you let me have a fifth number of this year's *Horen*, whatever the paper may be? The parcel I sent you on Tuesday has, I hope, arrived safely.

232.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 19, 1796.

You have given me a very unexpected pleasure with the parcel you sent to-day. I at once seized hold of the Eighth Book of *Meister* and felt its whole force. It is astonishing to find how much it is imbued both by an epic and a philosophical spirit. That which lies *within* the form constitutes so beautiful a whole, and towards *without* it touches upon the Infinite, Art and Life. In fact it may be said of this novel of yours, that it is nowhere limited except by the purely æsthetic form, and where the form comes to an end it is there connected with the Infinite. I could compare it to a beautiful island lying between two seas.

Your alterations I find quite sufficient, and perfectly in harmony with the spirit and meaning of the whole. Perhaps if that which is new had been written at the time when you wrote what is now old, you might here and there have done with one stroke what you have now only

accomplished with several; but this, of course, will probably not be felt by any one who reads it in its present form for the first time. With the exception of my freak to have the main idea somewhat more strongly emphasised, I now really do not know of anything to be desired. If, however, the word *Lehrjahre* (apprenticeship) were not given on the title-page, I should consider the didactic part of this Eighth Book as almost too predominant. Several of the philosophical thoughts have now obviously gained in clearness and intelligibility.

In the scene immediately following Mignon's death also there is now nothing that heart could desire at that moment; only I should have liked to see the transition to a new interest marked by a new chapter.

The Marquis is now introduced in a very satisfactory manner. The Count is excellent; Jarno and Lothario have likewise gained in interest through the new additions.

Accept my congratulations on the successful termination of this great crisis, and let us at this opportunity watch and see what sort of public we have.

Thank you for the bills you sent me. I shall arrange the money as you propose; besides, twenty-four louis-d'ors are still due to you for your share in the Almanack, and even more, if we are to have a second edition. My best thanks also for your *Cellini*. The ship can now be set afloat again. A minute ago an historical essay by Funk came to hand.

Major Rösch I do know, and my brother-in-law is even better acquainted with him. With the exception of his knowledge in mathematics, tactics, and architecture—in which, however, he is first-rate—he is very narrow in his views and wanting in culture; there is a good deal that is common and pedantic about him, and capital as he is as a teacher, there is little else in his deportment and in his taste to recommend him to a circle where a knowledge of the world is desired. Otherwise he is a good, kind man with whom it would be easy to get on, and his weak points are more amusing than wearisome.

SCH.

233.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 22, 1796.

The copies of the last volume have at last arrived, and I herewith send you half-a-dozen:

for yourself,
Loder,
Justizrath Hufeland,
Hofrath Hufeland,
Griesbach, and
Humboldt.

I also return Körner's letter; I have found great pleasure in comparing it with the poems in question. I shall hope soon to hear what he says about my novel. Farewell. I am now working only so as to make the next couple of months pass quickly, and also so as not to have spent this unfavorable season, of short days and dreary winter weather, altogether unprofitably.

G.

234.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 23, 1796.

Accept my heartfelt thanks for your *Meister* which will often refresh and inspirit me. The four other copies I have sent off; you speak of six, but I received only five, Humboldt's is still wanting.

Humboldt was not a little surprised with our Almanack, and has been regularly revelling in it; the *Xenia* have made the cheerful impression upon him that we intended them to make. It has again been a pleasant discovery that, to any one with a liberal mind, the impression made by the whole is, after all, pleasing and agreeable. He writes that in Berlin there is a great run after the Almanack, but that he had not heard anything about it either interesting or amusing. Most people seem to meet it with moral commonplaces, or they ridicule everything without distinction, as a literary bear-baiting. Among the pieces which he had not before seen, he was principally delighted with your *Eisbahn* and your *Musen in der Mark*; of mine he liked the *Sexes* and the *Visit*, and he pays great respect to the

Tabulis votivis, as does Genz; but he finds it very difficult to decide what we have worked at together in these productions. Of the *Xenia* he writes that they are all laid to your account, which conjecture has been further confirmed in Berlin by Hufeland who is said to have maintained that he had read them all in your handwriting.

Otherwise I have not heard anything lately about the Almanack, and fancy that we shall soon become aware how little we can now count upon general appreciation in the public.

Humboldt hopes to be able to be here in a week. I am rejoicing at the prospect of again living in his society for a time. He writes that he had not met Stolberg in Eutin, as the latter was in Copenhagen at the time, and that he knew absolutely nothing of Claudius, except that he is a perfect nonentity.

Your Letters on Switzerland interest every one who reads them, and I am really glad that I succeeded in extorting them from you. It is also true that they give an uncommonly animated picture of the present, from which they proceeded, and that without having had an artistic origin, they form a whole in a very natural and adroit manner.

The conclusion of *Meister* has deeply affected my sister-in-law, and I there also find my expectation of what constitutes the principal effect confirmed. It is, after all, always the pathetic that first claims the soul's attention, and only at a subsequent period does this feeling become united to the enjoyment of serene beauty. Mignon will probably leave the deepest impression on a first and even a second reading, but I believe that you will attain what you aimed at, viz., to resolve this pathetic emotion into one of beauty.

How glad I am that you intend coming again for a few days. Now that I have thrown off the work with the Almanack, I am very much in need of a new and animating source of interest. I have taken up *Wallenstein,* it is true, but I am as yet merely wandering round about it, waiting for a powerful hand, to throw me into it entirely. The season oppresses me as it does you, and I often think that things could not but go well with a cheerful ray of sunlight.

Farewell. I must beg you to have the engraver's as

well as the bookbinder's bill for the Almanack made out separately; on Wednesday I must send the whole account to Cotta, and therefore wish to have a separate bill for each. That which is owing for Hirt's essay he will probably be kind enough to add specially, and to settle both these accounts as well as that of the bookbinder.

Farewell. All send greetings. SCH.

235.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 25, 1796.

Only a friendly greeting to-day as an accompaniment to the biscuits which my wife sends you. We hope that you, like ourselves, have been cheered by the friendly weather of to-day.

I herewith send you the rest of Hirt's essay, in case you may feel inclined to devote a spare moment to it. You will of course let me have it back on Saturday by the message-girl.

It strikes me that I must now be looking for something to make a brilliant close to the second year's course of the *Horen;* for it seems as if the fate of the journal would depend upon the result of the coming subcriptions. As yet I have nothing in prospect, and so little has been sent me by Providence within these last two years, that I have no special confidence in such accidental gifts. The fact is, we must have something to counterbalance the frightful heaviness of Hirt's essay.

If only you had another packet of Letters such as those on Switzerland; I would gladly undertake the work of editing them.

Of news there is none to give you. Schlegel says that the Duke of Gotha has been very much amused with the *Xenia*, and especially with the one on Schlichtegroll,* which he thought very highly of. I also hear that Schütz cannot conceive or make out what he is to do about reviewing our Almanack; I can well believe it.

Farewell. SCH.

* His work, the *Nekrolog merkwürdiger Deutschen,* was sharply attacked. He was professor and librarian in Gotha.

236.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 26, 1796.

The box which contained the biscuits I herewith return with very many thanks. The space occupied by the biscuits, I have refilled with a number of the *Philosophical Journal*, of which two copies were sent me; please to give it back to Niethhammer.

Hirt's essay I do not find; it will doubtless follow.

I too have thought of the last number of this year's *Horen*, and of No. 1 for next year; unfortunately, however, no expedient has suggested itself to my mind. What I possess of old things have no proper form, and are in fact out of date. The diary of my trip from Weimar to Rome, my letters from the latter place, and whatever else on this subject there may be among my papers, could not be put into shape by any one but myself: and moreover all that I wrote at that period bears more of the character of a man escaping from pressure, than of one living in freedom; more of one who, little by little, was becoming aware that he was striving after objects which he hoped to master, but which were beyond him, and who did not find out—till he had arrived at the end of his goal—that he was then only in a fit condition to begin again at the beginning. Were these papers remodelled, they might possibly be of some value, but in their present simple state of nature they are verily too *naïve.*

I am, upon the whole, pretty well satisfied with the Weimar public as regards the Almanack, and yet the course pursued is ever the same; the *Xenia* help the sale of the *Tabulæ votivæ*, and whatever else there may be that is good and serious in the little volume. It was, of course, our intention that people should not everywhere be satisfied with us, and it is just as it should be that Gotha is indignant; it looked on with the greatest complacency when I and my friends were treated most uncivilly; and as the right of using one's fists with pen and ink is not yet out of fashion, we have only availed ourselves of the simple privilege of righting our own wrongs, and of crying down the necrologic raven,* which picked out the eyes of poor

* Schlichtegroll. See Letter 235.

Moritz, the moment he was dead. I am only waiting to see if any one will draw my attention to it, as I shall then expectorate as pleasantly and civilly as possible.

I should like very much to hear that *Wallenstein* has taken hold of you; it would be well both for yourself and for the German stage.

During the last days I have begun to examine the entrails of animals more carefully, and if I keep pretty industrious, I hope this winter to have worked pretty well through this department of organic nature. Farewell. I want very much to see you again soon.

G.

237.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 28, 1796.

Here is the ninth number of the *Horen*, six copies for yourself, one for the Duke, and one for Meyer. The enclosed please have sent on to Herder and Knebel.

This morning, Frau von Humboldt and her children arrived here. He is still in Halle with Wolf, but will be here in three days.

The Humboldts were in Berlin when our Almanack arrived there. It is said to have created a mighty sensation. Nicolai calls it the *Furienalmanach* (*Almanack of the Furies*). Zöllner and Biester * are said to be perfectly enchanted with it. (You see we have succeeded in our object as regards Biester.) Some consider the *Xenia* are written in too tolerant a spirit. Others think that a new plague has come into the world, for the appearance of the Almanack will be looked upon with dread every coming year. Meyer, the poet † is of opinion that we have attacked one another in the *Xenia*, and that I directed the distich, *Wohlfeile Achtung* (*Cheap Esteem*), p. 221, at you!!

Woltmann came to see me yesterday, and insisted that, in regard to the *Xenia*, Wieland had been heard to say: that he was only sorry that Voss has been praised when

* Editor of the *Berlinische Monatsschrift.*

† Principal editor of the *Archiv der Zeit und ihres Geschmackes.*

so many other honest people were abused. Woltmann is firm in the belief that the necrologic raven,* which croaks after Wieland, cannot be meant to be any other than Böttiger.

At last we have the first printed attack on the *Xenia*, and if all future ones are like it, we need not trouble ourselves about them. This attack is published in the *Reichsanzeiger*. Schütz sent it to me; it consists of one distich, in which, however, the pentameter stands before the hexameter. You cannot conceive anything more wretched. The *Xenia* are spitefully abused.

Schlegel has not yet made out the young Nepotes. He again asked me about them to-day.

But one thing that will amuse you is an article in the *Leipziger Intelligenzblatt*, which is published in folio. A worthy anonymous writer there takes up the cudgels for the *Horen* against Reichardt. No names are mentioned, it is true, but the allusions are unmistakable. He strongly censures the fact that the publisher of two journals should barefacedly praise the one in the other, and show an abominable spirit of jealousy towards other periodicals. He adds that he is, for the present, content with giving this hint, but threatens to be pretty severe if this hint is given in vain.

Enough for to-day with these bits of news. We are all well here; I am advancing but slowly with my work.

SCH.

I have seen Voss' Almanack. It is wretched.

238.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, October 29, 1796.

I am obliged to go to Ilmenau for a few days, and can to-day only thank you for the *Horen* you sent. It is delightful to hear through Humboldt of the sensation our Almanack is making in Berlin, he will also be able to tell us how matters stand in Halle. As soon as I return I

* See Letters 235 and 236.

shall pay you a visit. Gotha is also in a great state of commotion about our audacity. Here is a small page of distichs by Prince August, who takes things quite in good part. Hirt's essay I likewise return, and I also enclose the engraving. It would be a great piece of good luck if I could manage to write a piece of my epic poem while in Ilmenau, the perfect solitude of the place seems to promise something.

Meyer has written again; he has finished his copy and is now proceeding with other imitations from antiquity. Farewell, and send all your letters here, they will be forwarded to me. Give my kind greetings to the Humboldts and to your dear wife. I am longing much to see you again.

G.

239.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 31, 1796.

I send you this greeting to your lonely valley, and wish that the fairest of the Muses may there light upon you. You may, at all events, find your Hermann's little town there, and probably also the apothecary or the green-house with stucco work.

Körner wrote to me to-day about your *Meister*. I enclose his letter; it will not accord badly with your solitude.

From Leipzig I have also received another letter, in which I am informed that all the copies I had previously sent there were bought up, and I am urgently demanded for new ones. There were, namely, from 900 to 1000 copies in packets despatched to certain publishers, besides those sent to Cotta and his district; and in addition to these I have from time to time sent 435 to the commission agent, when others were asked for. These latter are likewise sold out, and thus it is probable enough that those which were despatched in parcels will not be returned. Even the bad copies are all sold out, with the exception of a single one. I have therefore collected all those that I have here, and have also written to —— to send me those which you

have by you on printing paper, if they can be got at. All these together can scarcely amount to seventy-three copies, and therefore will hardly be sufficient, for the commission agent writes that very many more have been ordered. Hence I have to-day written to Cotta and encouraged him to make a new edition, which I should not care to have made here, both on account of the risk, as well as on account of the wearisome trouble it would give me. It is *his* affair, he may therefore consult his own wishes and the gain of from twelve to fourteen days is not so very important.

The Gotha epigrams are liberal enough, it is true, but I must nevertheless confess that this mode of taking up our affair is the most objectionable of all. They give evidence of nothing but the tolerance of emptiness and flatness, and I know of nothing more offensive than to run after what is wretched, and then, as soon as it is attacked, to do as if one had only tolerated it; first to contrast it with what is good and then to pretend that it would be cruel to try to compare them. The pentameter:

"*Unser Wasser erfrischt,*" *etc.**

is strange and most astonishingly expressive of this whole class.

Farewell and think of us with love. Humboldt has not yet come. All here greet you most kindly.

SCH.

240.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, November 2, 1796.

Only a short greeting to-day. Humboldt arrived yesterday; he wishes to be kindly remembered, and rejoices very much at the prospect of seeing you. He is well and happy, but his wife, who is in the family way, is not very strong. Humboldt very nearly came here with Reichardt; it was only by stratagem that he managed to escape him.

* Probably in defence of Manso against the *Xenia*. Compare Letters 89 and 128. See also Letter 243.

Reichardt will be here in a fortnight's time, in order, as he says, to take Friedrich Schlegel away from here to Gibichenstein. That I call being regularly fetched away by the devil.

He is said to have been rather sentimental about the *Xenia*, because he had been assured by Schlegel that *you* had had no hand in those directed at him; this is said to have comforted him very much, and Humboldt thinks you are by no means safe from a visit from him. He is still under the impression that you set some value upon him. He also spoke very highly to Humboldt about your contributions to the Almanack. You have, therefore, as it seems, not yet attained your object with him; he is, and remains your friend before the world, at least in his own eyes, and he will probably endeavour more than ever to give himself out as such.

In Halle, Wolf and especially Eberhard* are said to be very much satisfied with the *Xenia*, and so is Klein,† a relative of Nicolai's. Other particulars I shall tell you of when we meet, for this is a busy post-day for me.

Farewell; we all send kind greetings.

SCH.

241.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 12, 1796.

Both of your letters, my valued friend, were late in reaching me in Ilmenau, to which place—as in the case of Cimmeria—messengers are slow of coming, and the rays of the sun rarely penetrate at this time of the year; however the Almanack found its way there early enough. I am for the present content that, upon the whole, our two little books have had the proper effect; single utterances can rarely do an author good. For one's object is attained, whether it be near or far off when readers have come to perceive our aim. They come walking, running, and even tripping along, others stop on the road, others even turn

* Professor of philosophy, and a well-known writer, whose work, *Neue Apologie des Socrates*, met with great success.

† Professor of jurisprudence.

back, and others again beckon and require the author to turn back to them, back into the flat country, out of which he has laboriously worked his way. Hence the general attention paid to us must be accepted as the result, and we must quietly enjoy ourselves with those who, in the end, are most closely drawn to us by sympathy and understanding; thus I have to thank you for the relation I stand towards Körner and Humboldt, which, considering my situation, is most refreshing to me.

My having lately been among the mountains and seen Voigt's cabinet of minerals, has again led me into the realm of rocks and stones. I am very glad that in this accidental manner I have been induced to renew these observations, without which probably the famous *Morphology* would never be finished. While making these observations I have gained some good results, which I will one day tell you of.

Otherwise, however, I have not even touched the hem of a garment of any one of the Muses, nay, have not even felt myself fit for prose, and not found myself in the slightest degree inclined either for producing or reproducing. We must wait patiently and see what this is to end in. I do not yet know when I shall be able to see you; in the mean time I cannot leave this, perhaps I may come for a few days to greet the Humboldts and to talk over various matters. Farewell, and give my kind greetings to all around you. I enclose the copy for Humboldt.

G.

242.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, November 13, 1796.

It is truly a comfort to me to know you are near us again; never has a separation from you seemed to me so long as the present one, although I have been less alone than usual. I shall be very glad to hear of your new discoveries for your *Morphology*, the poetic hour will strike in good time.

Nothing new has happened here during your absence; I have also heard nothing from the world of letters. Here is the coadjutor's letter referring to the *Xenia*. You will

see from it, that a man may sin grievously, if but he has a good moral calling.

A new edition of the Almanack is being now prepared here in Jena; for after mature consideration I preferred having this business done here at once rather than in Tübingen. Göpferdt has bound himself to have it ready by the beginning of December. I shall next week send you paper for the covers, of which we now require 425 new ones, in addition to those we have in hand. I have also got Bolt's copper-plate of the Terpsichore, of which the necessary reprints can likewise perhaps be made in Weimar.

During the last few days I have been busy studying the historical sources of my *Wallenstein*, and have made some not unimportant advances in the economy of the piece. The more I correct my ideas as to the form of the play, the more enormous appears to me the bulk which has to be mastered, and verily had I not a certain bold faith in myself, I should hardly be able to go on with it.

If you have got Böttiger's treatise on Iffland, please let me have it. I hear such odd things about it; but why I specially wish to see it is because it is said to contain a letter of Frau Charlotte's.

I also enclose a small page of Hexameters (!) which were written in Breslau by a champion of Herr Manso's against you or me. It is really curious that those who have hitherto attacked us, should be unsuccessful with the number of their syllables.

Alexander von Humboldt is said to be perfectly delighted with the *Xenia*, so his brother tells me. This is again an instance of a new species of character being able to assimilate the substance.

Farewell. All send kindest greetings; the Humboldts, who wish me to thank you for your *Meister*, are longing to see you. All are well here.

SCH.

243.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 13, 1796.

The papers which I received from you to-day, I shall return at once. It is really remarkable, in the one case, to

see that our adversaries have as yet been unable to discover the element in which we are moving; the other shows a certain higher mode of representation, which, therefore, is also all very well; if only the inclination to follow the "*erquickliche Wasser*"* were not as evident here also.

I enclose the *Oberdeutsche Literarische Zeitung* (*High-German Literary Gazette*), and beg you to let me have it back soon. So light, superficial, but well-meaning a treatment of the whole is not unwelcome. The reviewer, at any rate, is from beginning to end *à son aise*, which might not have been the case with every one. The misprints in the poems quoted are amusing enough.

The book you ask me for will follow. Such a piece of patchwork is not readily met with. If artists and works of art did not always, like leaden puppets, set themselves on their legs again, they would, through the aid of friends, be stuck in the mud for ever with their heads downwards. Considering the impotence of the author it is strange, how by certain thrusts, he endeavours to make himself formidable even to his own hero. His malice towards you is manifested in several passages. I have a mischievous idea by which, through a sophistical turn, he could be put on the rack and struck down on his own ground. If you approve of the joke I would carry it out; it would be, I think, *sans réplique*, as in the case of my *Literary sansculottism*. More of this when we meet.

Meyer sends kind greetings; he is very busy in Florence, both with active work and study; his loneliness, it is true, appears at times to be very wearisome to him. Farewell, and give my kind greetings to all those dear to you.

G.

244.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, November 15, 1796.

Some things I omitted to say yesterday I will now at once tell you of. In the first place, I congratulate you on the second edition; there was probably nothing else to be

* See end of Letter 239 and note.

done but for you to have it printed in Jena. Send me the paper soon, for one cannot always get supplied here at once. I shall send you some remarks upon the arrangement of the letters, otherwise called misprints. How large do you think of making this second edition? We may yet live to see a third.

Voss' Almanack is beyond all measure bad; I am sorry for him and for our relation to him, for one must in some degree be like one's rivals, if one is not to hate them. The spiritlessness of the whole thing is incredible, and were it not for the couple of translations, the little volume would be almost entirely worthless. Yet I do not deny that *we* may probably be obliged to have the *Creator Spiritus* as a friend, if we do not mean next year to fall backwards instead of stepping forwards.

But the pleasantest piece of news you can give me is that you are persevering with *Wallenstein* and that you have faith in being able to work it out; for after our mad venture with the *Xenia* we must now devote ourselves exclusively to great and important works of art, and, to the confusion of all our adversaries, transmute our Protean nature into forms that are noble and good.

The first three cantos of my epic poem are being steadily gone over and recopied. I am looking forward to reading them to the Humboldts when I have an opportunity.

The English translation of *Cellini*, which I received through Eschenburg, belongs to *Boie*, as I see from the name in it. When you write to him please ask him whether he will let me keep it. I will willingly pay him what he wishes for it, and in addition promise him a copy of my work when it appears in print. I am anxious to have the English copy for more than one reason, more especially because it has a very well-engraved portrait which I should have to cut out in order to have it copied. To finish the whole work, and even to arrange it without notes, will take me what little there remains of the year.

My investigations in natural science delight me very much. It seems strange, and yet it is natural that in the end a kind of subjective whole must be the result. It is, if you like, in reality, the *world of the eye* that becomes exhausted through form and colour. For when I pay

close attention, I employ the aid of my other senses but sparingly, and all reasoning transforms itself into a kind of exposition.

Thus much for to-day, with a hearty farewell.

G.

245.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, November 18, 1796.

In Copenhagen people are furious against the *Xenia*; so I to-day heard from Frau Schimmelmann, who herself possesses a liberal amount of sentimentality, and—if only she could—would like to be just towards us. In fact, we must not at all expect that our work will be estimated by virtue of its nature; those who mean best by us barely tolerate it.

In all opinions of this kind which I have as yet heard, I play the miserable part of being the seduced; you have, at least, the consolation of being the seducer.

It is, indeed, very well, but especially for me, to be now preparing something important and serious for the public; but when I reflect that what is greatest and highest—even for sentimental readers—has been accomplished by you, and this quite recently in your *Meister*, and even in the Almanack, without the public being able to overcome its susceptibility about small attacks, I can, in truth, scarcely hope of ever being able to bring this public to a better state of feeling by anything good and complete of my own doing. They will never pardon you your truth, your depth of nature, and—if I may here speak of myself—my strong natural opposition to the age and the multitude will never permit the public to be my friend. It is good that this is not at all necessary to put and to keep me in a state of activity. You can be quite indifferent to it, especially now, when—in spite of all the idle talk—the taste of the better portion of the public is very evidently taking a course which must lead it to the fullest recognition of your merits.

I herewith enclose a long letter from Körner about your *Meister* which contains very much that is beautiful and good. You will, I hope, let me have it back again at once by the message-girl, as I should like to have it copied in

order to make use of it for the twelfth number of the *Horen*, that is to say, if you have no objections.

As regards the Almanack, I shall only have five hundred copies set up, but they will all be on good paper. I could not venture to make the edition larger, as the only reason for having another was on account of the sale in Leipzig; what the sale in Germany has been is still problematical, as we do not know whether many of the copies sent to the different parts may not be returned. If, however, only two hundred copies of the new edition are sold, it will pay itself; this I can calculate down to the last farthing, as everything has passed through my hands.

I dare not yet venture to think of next year's Almanack, and all my hopes are centred in you. For I now see that *Wallenstein* will occupy me the whole winter and the greater part of next summer, because I have to deal with a most refractory subject from which I cannot extract anything except by heroic perseverance. And as in addition to this I have not the commonest opportunities for coming into closer contact with life and men, and hence of getting out of my own narrow existence into a wider sphere, I am forced to make my feet take the place of hands, like an animal that lacks certain organs. But truly I lose an incalculable amount of strength and time by having to overcome the barriers of my accidental position, and in having to prepare my own instruments in order to comprehend so foreign a subject as the living world, and more especially the political world, is to me. I am most anxious to bring my tragic story of *Wallenstein* on to that point where I can be perfectly certain of its being qualified to be a tragedy; for if I found that it would have to be otherwise, I should not indeed give up the work entirely, having already worked out enough of it to form it into a dramatic tableau of some merit, but I should at all events first finish my *Maltese Knights*, which, owing to its much simpler organisation, is decidedly adapted to tragedy.

Farewell; we are all longing very heartily to see you again.

My brother-in-law, as I hear, has written to inquire about Henderich's post at the court of the Duke of Weimar. I sincerely hope that he may be successful in obtaining

what he wishes, but I doubt this very much, although I am convinced that he would in many ways be of use in Weimar.

Herewith you will receive the copperplate by Bolt, together with the paper for the prints.

SCH.

246.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 19, 1796.

Körner's letter gave me great pleasure, the more so as it reached me when I was in a state of decidedly æsthetic loneliness. The clearness and freeness with which he surveys his subject are truly admirable; he, so to say, hovers over the whole, examines the parts with originality and freedom, gives every now and again a proof of his judgment, decomposes the work in order to put it together again in his own fashion, and prefers, for the time being, to set aside whatever disturbs the unity that he seeks or finds, rather than to allow himself to be affected by it, or even to seek support from it, as is generally the case with readers. The underlined passage pleased me particularly, for I have been giving my undivided attention to this question in particular, and according to my feeling this must be the main thread that latently holds all together, and without which no novel can be of any value. What is, however, also very remarkable, in this essay is that the reader must keep himself in a productive state of mind if he is to gain anything from a production. Of passive interest, I have myself unfortunately again had some lamentable experience, and it is ever but a repetition of the same refrain: *Ich kann's zu Kopf nicht bringen* (I cannot get it into my head). And truly the head cannot understand any work of art unless it be in company with the heart.

Thus recently some one wrote to me that he had taken the passage in my second volume, p. 138—"No, thou withered man of the world, he called out, thou vainly imaginest that thou canst be a friend, all that thou canst offer me is not worth the feelings that bind me to these unfortunate people"—that he had made it the central point

of the work and drawn his circle from it, but that the last part did not fit into it, and he did not know what to make of it.

In the same way some one else assured me that my Idyll was an excellent poem, only that he had not quite made up his mind whether it would not have been better to have divided it into two or three poems.

Would not such utterances turn the Hippocrene into ice, and make Pegasus cast his skin! But things were the same five-and-twenty years ago when I began, and will be so long after I am gone. However, it cannot be denied that it does seem as if certain views and principles, without which no one ought to approach a work of art, must by degrees become more general.

Meyer sends you his kindest greetings from Florence. He, too, has at last received my Idyll. It would be well if we could send him an entire Almanack through Cotta and Escher.

I hope the Copenhageners and all the enlightened inhabitants of the Baltic will draw a new argument from our *Xenia* in favour of the actual and incontrovertible existence of the Devil; if so, we shall surely have done them a very essential service. It is, indeed, very grievous, on the other hand, that their invaluable liberty of being inane and insipid should be thwarted in so unfriendly a manner.

Körner's essay, I should think, is very well suited for the *Horen;* the light and yet excellent way in which the subject is treated will make the contortions that are to be expected from other critics, look the more wondrous.

Moreover, it is most necessary that I should see you soon, for I have many a thing to discuss with you, and am very anxious to hear what progress your *Wallenstein* is making.

I did hear something about the application for the appointment here; but, although I have not heard any opinion or feeling expressed on the subject, I too am doubtful of his success.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to all friends.

G.

247.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, November 22, 1796.

You will probably see Humboldt to-morrow. He has gone to Erfurt for a few days, and is very anxious to spend an evening with you. He will bring you the tenth number of the *Horen*, and I wish to direct your attention to the story entitled *Agnes von Lilien!**

You have probably already seen the ninth number of the *Archives of the Time* (*Archiv der Zeit*), which contains a hit at you from the hand of old Klopstock. He has taken offence at your having in one of your last year's epigrams complained about being obliged to write in *German*, and he therefore gives vent to his ill-will in an epigram, which, it is true, is very lamentable. It is given in a continuation of his grammatical dialogues, and the *judgment* he pronounces against you is this:

"*Goethe! du dauerst dich, dass du mich schreibest? Wenn du mich kenntest,*
Wäre dies dir nicht Gram. Goethe, du dauerst mich auch!"†

Humboldt will also tell you of a review of *Woldemar*‡ by young Schlegel, and of a fulminating green letter by Jacobi on this review, which will amuse you very much.

But when are we to see you again? I am longing heartily to have you here. I feel as if I missed something of the element in which I have to live.

Cotta complains that Escher has neither acknowledged the money order that was sent to him, nor answered three letters. He had sent him a money order, as no horse-post went to those parts at the time.

As soon as the new Almanack is ready, I shall get Escher to send a copy to Meyer. Please send our very kind greetings to Meyer when you write.

I have visitors and must conclude. Farewell.

SCH.

* By Schiller's sister-in-law.

† "Goethe, thou pitiest thyself that thou writest *me*? If thou knewest *me*,
This were not grief to thee. Goethe, I pity thee too!"

‡ A novel by Jacobi. See Letter 14.

248.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 26, 1796.

On a card I enclose, you will find some remarks on the *Xenia*. Perhaps you may still be able to make use of them.

The Humboldts do not return from Erfurt till Tuesday, when they dine with me. I wish you could be persuaded to come over on that day with your dear wife. You could remain the night here, and leave on the Wednesday with the Humboldts. The present weather almost demands such an heroic undertaking.

As I do not see that I shall be able to come to you for any length of time, I shall perhaps come for a day. There are very many things in regard to which I feel the want of your interest.

I enclose a letter from Humboldt which will please you. It is very comforting to have such sympathetic friends and neighbours. In my own circle I have never yet met with anything of the kind. Farewell, and take my invitation to heart.

G.

249.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, November 28, 1796.

I shall hardly be able to avail myself of your kind invitation, as I feel this wretched weather in all my nerves, and I can hardly manage to keep up at all. To make up for this I hope to see you here soon, if only for a day, to hear of your latest discoveries and observations, and at the same time to tell you of the state of my own affairs.

As regards *Wallenstein*, it is at present progressing very slowly, as I am chiefly occupied with the raw material, which is not yet quite collected; but I still feel equal to it, and I have obtained many a clear and definite idea in regard to its form. What I *wish* and *ought* to do, and what I *have* to do, has now become pretty clear to me; it now merely depends upon accomplishing what I wish and what I ought to do by using what I have in hand

before me. As regards the *spirit* in which I am working, you will probably be satisfied with what I have done. I shall have no difficulty in keeping my subject outside of myself, and in only giving the object. I could almost say the subject does not interest me at all, and I have never felt so much coldness towards any object and yet felt so much warmth in the work. The principal character, as well as most of the secondary ones, I have as yet really treated with the pure love of an artist. It is only the character next to the chief one—the younger Piccolomini—in whom I feel any personal interest; and the work as a whole shall rather gain than lose by this.

With regard to the dramatic action, as the main thing, I cannot yet manage to make the unpoetic and thoroughly ungrateful subject obey me altogether. There are still gaps in the piece, and many things will not fit into the limits of the economy of the tragedy. The *Proton Pseudos* in the catastrophe also—by which it is unfitted for tragic development—is not yet wholly overcome. Actual fate still does too little towards bringing about the hero's ruin, and his own failings do too much in effecting it. However, I am here in some measure comforted by the example of Macbeth, where fate is likewise much less to blame than the man himself.

But more of this and of other difficulties when we meet.

Humboldt's objections to Körner's letter seem to me to be not unimportant, although as regards the character of Meister he appears to have gone too much to the opposite extreme. Körner considered this character too much as the actual hero of the novel; the title as well as the old custom of being obliged to have a hero in every novel, &c., have misled him. Wilhelm Meister is indeed the most necessary, but not the most important person. This is just one of the peculiarities of your novel, that it does not possess and does not require any such most important person. All that happens, happens *to* him and *for* him, but not actually *for his sake;* however, for the very reason that the things around him represent and express the energies of life, and that he himself represents and expresses its susceptibility, he has to stand in quite a different relation

towards his fellow-characters from that occupied by heroes in other novels.

On the other hand, I also find Humboldt very unjust towards this character, and I do not exactly understand how he can have regarded the task which the poet set himself in the novel as actually fulfilled, if Meister were the insignificant and senseless creature he declares him to be. If humanity, in its entire compass, is not called forth and put into play in your *Meister*, then the novel is not complete; and, in fact, if Meister is not fitted to accomplish this, then you ought not to have chosen the character. It is indeed a delicate and difficult circumstance for the novel that, in as far as the character of Meister is concerned, it should not conclude either with decided individuality, or with any complete ideality, but with something between the two. The character is individual, but only as regards its limitations, and not as regards its substance; and it is ideal, but only as regards its capabilities. It therefore denies us the immediate satisfaction which we demand (definiteness), and promises us a higher one—nay, the highest—which, however, we can only trust it may afford us at some distant future.

It is curious enough that there should be any possibility of such difference of opinions in the case of such a work.

Farewell, and give our kind greetings to the Humboldts.

SCH.

250.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 30, 1796.

I yesterday spent a very happy day with the Humboldts, and up to midday cherished the hope of seeing you here. However if you spent the hours profitably and pleasantly, I shall be very glad; may things continue thus till you have attained your object.

Starke promised me copies to-day, and I hope to be able to send them with this.

Burgsdorf pleased me very much, both in his demeanour and in the little he said.

There is a new work of Madame de Staël's, *De l'influence*

des Passions, etc., which is most interesting; it is written with perpetual reference to the wide and great world in which she has lived, and is full of genial, tender, and bold remarks.

G.

251.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, December 5, 1796.

Beautiful ice and glorious weather have kept me from writing to you during the last few days, and now, on the evening of another very happy day, I sit down to send you a few words.

Madame de Staël's work, of which Humboldt has doubtless told you, will come in a few days. It is exceedingly interesting to see how so extremely passionate a nature passed through the grim ordeal of the revolution in which she had to play so prominent a part; and I may say that, after passing through it, all the qualities left in her are of the most intellectual order. Perhaps a kind of extract might be made of some of her noblest utterances as a series, and used for the *Horen*, or perhaps only a single chapter should be taken, and that soon; for by Easter a translation will certainly have appeared. I leave this to your judgment.

Although I suspect that the malicious spirit of our "Guests"* will also have supplied Jena with copies, still I herewith send you mine. It is good fun to see what actually annoys this kind of people, what they think annoys others, how shallow, empty, and coarse is their opinion of an existence foreign to their own, how they direct their shafts against the outworks of appearance, and how little they suspect what an inaccessible stronghold that man possesses who is always in earnest with himself and the things around him.

So many circumstances keep me fettered here that I should not care to come to you at present without at least being able to remain a few days. The theatre can scarcely

* Referring to a pamphlet of Manso's, entitled *Gegengeschenke an die Sudelköche in Jena und Weimar von einigen dankbaren Gästen.*

be got under way, even with the aid of some good pieces and good representations, and my presence is required to see to a new arrangement in the management.

I also expect young Jacobi here one of these days, and shall therefore for some time still, be deprived of the inspiriting influence of your company.

Otherwise, everything is going its usual course, and I have good hopes in regard to several things in my studies. Give my very kind greetings to the Humboldts, and send me word how you are and how your work is progressing.

G.

252.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 6, 1796.

I have again lost almost several entire days owing to want of sleep at night, and I have thereby been very unpleasantly interrupted in my work, which would otherwise have made good progress. It is true that an occupation like the one I am now engaged in, is very exciting to a sensitive, sickly nature, for the very reason that its effect upon the whole man is greater and more continuous.

The day before yesterday I was half in hopes that I might perhaps see you here. The new delay is very disappointing to me. If only you can remain the longer when you come.

The dirty production directed against us, the author of which is said to be M. Dyk in Leipzig, was sent to me some days ago. I was in hopes that you would remain ignorant of it. The resentment of certain people cannot, of course, find any nobler way of expressing itself; but it is after all only in Germany that malice and coarseness could calculate upon not forfeiting all their readers by such treatment of respected names. In the case of people who have no shame, one ought surely be able to count upon fear keeping the transgressors in check; but the police are as badly appointed as matters of taste.

The unpleasant part of the matter is this, that those goody persons of the moderate party, little as they can defend such a production, will nevertheless triumph and

say that our attack led to it, and that the scandal was therefore started by us.

Otherwise, these distichs are a most brilliant justification of our own, and there is no help for him who will still not perceive that the *Xenia* are poetical productions. No greater amount of pure coarseness and offensiveness could have been drawn from mind and humour, than what we have here, and Dyk's whole party now finds itself at the disadvantage of having gone infinitely further than we ourselves, in the only point where they might at all have reproached us. I am certainly curious to see whether some voices will not now be raised in favour of the *Xenia*, for, of course, we ourselves cannot take any notice of a thing like this.

Madame de Staël's work I am anxiously awaiting. It would give advantageous variety to the *Horen* if we could extract from it what is most piquant and pithy.

We shall, as it seems, be most successful with *Agnes von Lilien;* for all those who have spoken of it here have declared themselves in favour of it. Can you believe that our two great critics here—the Schlegels—did not for a moment doubt but that the work was yours? Nay, even Frau Schlegel was of opinion that you had never created so pure and so perfect a female character, and she admits that her opinion of you has become greater since reading this work. Others seem to have been edified by it, in quite a different manner to what they were by the fourth volume of your *Meister*. I have not yet been able to make up my mind to dispel this sublime illusion.

Farewell, and do not let either this unexpected offering or the insolent pamphlet disturb your peace of mind. What is, is, and what is to be, will not fail to come to pass.

We all send you our warmest greetings. SCH.

253.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 7, 1796.

Madame de Staël's work I herewith enclose; you are sure to be delighted with it. The idea of making use of

it for the *Horen* had struck me also; it might perhaps be so contrived that the most important passages were extracted and arranged in a kind of succession. Therefore read the book pencil in hand, and mark what strikes you as you go along, and ask the Humboldts to do the same, for this will enable me the more quickly to come to a decision; and I could set to work with it as soon as I have it back. A portion of *Cellini* is ready, should you be in want of it.

You will also find another Elegy, which, I hope, will meet with your approval. While announcing my new poem in it, I intend it to be the beginning of a new book of elegies. The second will probably give utterance to my longing to go a third time across the Alps, and I shall thus continue it either at home or on the journey.

With this latter I would like you to open the new year's number of the *Horen*, so that people may see from it that we can hold our own in every way, and that we are prepared for all hazards.

I, who have known the Germans so long, do not find anything peculiar in Dyk's attack; we may expect many more of the same kind. The German sees only the subject-matter, and thinks that if he gives back matter in return for a poem, he is quits with it; his idea of form does not extend beyond the number of syllables.

If, however, I am to be honest, I must say that the demeanour of these people is exactly what I wanted; for it is a policy, not sufficiently known or practised, that he who lays claim to any fame from posterity, ought to force his contemporaries to give utterance to all that they have against him *in petto*. The impression of it he can at any time again efface by his presence, his life and his activity. Of what avail has it been to many a modest, deserving, and able man—whom I have outlived—that during his life-time he enjoyed a moderate reputation for incredible compliance, passiveness, love of flattery, for wavering to and fro, and for being accommodating? The instant he is dead the devil's attorney plants himself beside the corpse, and the angel who ought to play the adversary, in most cases, only makes a very piteous face.

I hope that the *Xenia* will continue having an effect for some time to come, and that they will keep alive the

evil spirit that has been raised against us; we will meanwhile proceed with our positive works and leave our enemies in the torment of negation. If only our humour holds good, we must once again stir up their wrath from its very depths, but not till they think themselves quite safe and secure.

Leave me as long as possible in the enjoyment of the honour of being considered the author of *Agnes*. It is verily a pity that we are not living in obscurer times; for posterity would have set up a fine library under my name. Some one recently assured me that he had lost a pretty considerable wager because he had persistently maintained that I was the author of *Herr Starke*.

In my case also, one day follows upon the other, not indeed unoccupied, but unfortunately almost to no purpose. I must make arrangements to have the position of my bed altered, so that I may be able to dictate for some hours of a morning before daylight while in bed. Would that you too could find a way to make better use of that time which is truly precious only to more highly organised natures. Farewell, and give my kind greetings to all around you.

G.

254.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, December 9, 1796.

The application made by your brother-in-law, which was at first rejected, has again been brought under discussion, and, moreover, by the Duke of Meiningen. The assertion that Wolzogen would be content with a moderate salary and the lowest place in the Cabinet, makes it the more possible to grant the request, the truth being that they are not disinclined to give your brother-in-law the appointment.

As the subject is again brought up, I feel I have every reason to favour it; among other things I have been commissioned to inquire more minutely of you concerning his moral character. I must, however, confess that that which goes by the name of moral character is rather a peculiar thing; who can say how any one of us would

act under new circumstances? It is, in this case, enough for me that you are upon good terms with him, and that you wish to have him near you; these two points prove to me that you think well of him, and that you believe that, were he appointed, he would suit the place. However, be so kind as to write and tell me something about him, which will more definitely characterise his nature, and which I can lay before those concerned in the matter. But please let it in every respect remain a secret that there has been any communication between us on the subject. Farewell; I should rejoice were the fact of your relative coming to live in the neighbourhood, to afford you a new source of happiness.

G.

255.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, December 9, 1796.

Accept my thanks for what I received from you yesterday. The Elegy produces a peculiarly deep and affecting impression, which cannot but touch the heart of any reader who possesses one. Its close reference to a definite existence gives it one emphasis the more, and the elevated, sweet repose blends beautifully with the passionate colouring of the moment. It is a new and comforting experience to me that the poetic mind so speedily and so successfully overmasters all that is ordinary in real life, and that by one flight upwards it frees itself from these fetters, and ordinary minds therefore cannot follow it except in hopeless despair.

One thing I would have you consider: do you think the present time quite the right moment for publishing your poem? I fear that for the next two or three months we cannot expect the public to be inclined to be just towards the *Xenia.* Our supposed offence is still too fresh in its mind; we appear to be in the wrong, and this will encourage the feeling against us. However, it cannot but happen that our opponents will place themselves at a greater disadvantage by the violence and awkwardness of their resistance, and that they will excite the better-

disposed portion of the public against them. That, I think, would be the time for your Elegy to complete our triumph.

How far the quiver-full of attacks against us is from being exhausted, you will see from the enclosed leaf of a newspaper which was appended to the *Hamburger Neue Zeitung*, and was sent to me from that town. The plan of this repartee is not badly devised, had it not been so awkwardly worked out. Can it be that Reichardt—or Baggessen—is at the bottom of it?

What you said in your last letter about the direct or indirect advantages of such squabbles with contemporaries may possibly be true; but one cannot, of course, do without repose and encouragement from without. In your case, however, this is merely an inward necessity, assuredly not an outward one. Your peculiar, isolated, and energetic individuality may be said to demand this kind of practice; otherwise, however, I do not know of any one who is less in need of insuring his life to posterity.

De Staël's work I have not been able to take up till to-day; but some of its excellent ideas at once attracted me to it. I am doubtful whether any use can be made of it for the *Horen*, for a few days ago I heard it announced that a translation, which had been suggested by the authoress herself, was on the eve of publication.

I also enclose a copy of the new edition of the Almanack, together with a note from Voss.

May the Muse and her choicest gifts be with you, and long preserve her glorious friend in his youth! I am still at the Elegy; everyone, if only he possesses some affinity to you, must in it feel your existence, your peculiar self brought vividly before him.

I embrace you with all my heart.

SCH.

256.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 10, 1796.

My best thanks for the copy of the second edition which you sent me; it looks very well, and will probably not remain unsold.

It does me good to hear that you are enjoying the Elegy; I suspect that some others of the same kind will soon follow. It remains wholly in your hands to decide about the printing; I too am content not to have it published yet. In the meantime, I shall let our friends and well-wishers see it in manuscript, for I have learned from experience that one cannot indeed expect to convert enemies in the heat of the conflict and excitement, but that there is reason for encouraging and confirming one's friends.

I have been told that something will shortly be published in favour of the Almanack, but in what form and of what character I do not know. In fact, I perceive that it has become a speculation of publishers to print something either *pro* or *contra*. We shall have a pretty collection!

Of the noble Hamburger, whose essay I herewith return, it will in future be said:

> "*Auch erscheint ein Herr F. rhetorisch, grimmig, ironisch,*
> *Seltsam geberdet er sich, plattdeutsch, im Zeitungsformat.*" *

It is to be expected that a translation of De Staël's work will appear shortly, and hence I do not know whether we may venture to make an extract. And yet, after all, every one makes use of a production of this kind in his own way. Perhaps we might take but a small portion of it, and thereby be doing both the public and the author the service of drawing everybody's attention quickly to it.

The way in which Voss behaves in regard to the Almanack pleases me very much; I am rejoicing at the prospect of his coming.

I hope to have a speedy answer to my letter of yesterday. Diderot's work is sure to interest you. Farewell; give my kind greetings to all, and let me continue to enjoy your well-founded friendship and the love which you so beautifully express towards me, and be assured I feel the same towards you.

G.

* "A certain Mr. F. also appears rhetorical, fierce, and ironical,
He conducts himself strangely, Low-German, in newspaper style."

257.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, December 12, 1796.

Here is the eleventh number of the *Horen*. I shall send the rest by the message-girl to-morrow. I must now beg of you to order a hundred and fifty prints of the frontispiece of the Almanack, to be made as quickly as possible; I send you the paper for them. I should very much like to receive all or at least the half of them early on Friday.

Unfortunately, I have again lost several good days' work through sleeplessness and the wretched state of my health.

To make up for this I yesterday took up Diderot, which charmed me very much, and has moved my inmost thoughts. Almost every sentence is a ray of light illuminating the secrets of Art, and his remarks are taken so wholly from what is highest and deepest in Art, that they, at the same time, affect everything relating to Art, and are hints both to the poet as well as to the painter. If the work does not belong to you, and I therefore cannot keep it longer or have it from you again, I will have it copied.

It was by accident that I took up Diderot first, and therefore, I have not got on any further with De Staël's work; both, however, are at present an actual mental necessity to me, because my own work, in which I am wholly living and must live, limits the circle of my thoughts very much.

Here is the latest in regard to the *Xenia*. As soon as the dispute is over I shall induce Cotta to collect all that has been written against the *Xenia* and have it printed in newspaper form, so that it can be preserved as a document in the history of the German taste.

So many orders have come in for the new edition that it has paid its expenses. Even in this neighbourhood, where so many copies were distributed, there is still a demand for more.

Agnes von Lilien is a general favorite. Beilwitz (my former brother-in-law) and his wife have read it

together with extraordinary interest and admiration, which will heartily vex them if they should hear the truth.

Farewell; all friends send greetings and embrace you most warmly.

SCH.

P.S.—Just imagine! on the 4th of December, Cotta had not received the first copperplate which was sent to him by way of Frankfort, and may perhaps not have received it yet. The second one that was sent off later has arrived.

258.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 14, 1796.

Only a few words to-day, as my Optics have run away with the whole morning. My exposition is becoming more and more clear, and the whole is simplifying itself incredibly, which is natural, as, in fact, I am discussing elementary phenomena.

Your letter of Sunday I received safely and have made use of it; I suspect it will decide the matter, and congratulate you in advance. Farewell. I herewith send more frontispieces. May nimble Terpsichore spring forth even further into the world to the vexation of all her enemies.

G.

259.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 14, 1796.

Yesterday and to-day I have been working so busily at my *Wallenstein*, that I quite forgot that yesterday was the day for the carrier, and only at the last moment to-day has it struck me that it is post-day.

My best thanks for your friendly interference in the matter in question,* which makes me very happy in the thought of the future. I enjoy the society of my sister-in-law, and my brother-in-law brings an interesting variety into my

* In regard to Wolzogen's appointment.

circle, owing to his character being heterogeneous to mine, although his, again, is something complete in itself.

My best thanks also for the Terpsichore.

Accept heartfelt greetings from us all. SCH.

260.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 17, 1796.

That your *Wallenstein* should be progressing as you describe, is as it should be; I have all the more hope of it, as it is now beginning to produce itself, and am looking forward to seeing the first act after the new year. Sooner than this, however, I shall not be able to come, as I have another journey before me, of which I will tell you more as soon as I know about it for certain.

My Optics are progressing, but I am now working at them more as a matter of business than by way of pleasure; however, my papers are so far arranged that it will not be difficult to refer to them. Knebel takes an interest in the subject, which is of great advantage to me, so that I feel I am not only writing for myself but for others too. Otherwise it is and remains principally an exercise for the mind, a pacifier of the passions and a compensation for the passions, as Madame de Staël has circumstantially explained.

Please send me this book back soon; everyone is asking for it. The *Mercury* has already made use of it. Diderot you may keep a little longer; it is a splendid book, and speaks almost more to the poet than to the sculptor or painter, although it frequently illuminates things, as with a mighty torch, for the latter also.

Farewell; give my kind greetings to all. We have a merry time of it with the ice. Jacobi is with me; his character is developing so well.

G.

261.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

December is gradually going by and still you do not come. I shall soon fear that we may not see each other again before 1797 is here. I am, however, glad

to hear that you have taken up the study of optics in earnest, for it seems to me that such a triumph over our opponents cannot be too much hastened. As for myself, it will be pleasant to get a knowledge of the subject through you.

My work is advancing actively. But it has not been possible for me—much as I at first wished it—to separate the preparatory work and the plan from the execution. As soon as the fixed points are once given, and I have, in fact, obtained a sure insight through the whole, I let myself go, and in this way several scenes in the first act were worked out at once without my having any actual intention to do so. My insight into matters is becoming clearer day by day, and one thing leads to another.

By Twelve's Night I hope to have the first act—which is moreover by far the longest—so far ready that you may be able to read it. For before I venture further into it, I should like to know whether I am being led by a good spirit. An evil spirit it is not, that I know for certain, but there are so many grades between the two.

I have, after mature consideration, kept to good old prose, which is much better suited to the subject.

Here are the remaining numbers of the *Horen;* the one, please, have sent to Knebel.

A hearty farewell. All here are pretty well.

SCH.

262.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 18, 1796.

Boie has sent me an answer; I enclose his letter. As he seems not to wish to accept anything for the original *Cellini*, you will doubtless have to make some arrangement with him yourself.

I have not yet been able to get to the end of Madame de Staël's book, as I have been perpetually interrupted during the few hours in which I could take up such a book. However, in order that other friends may not have to wait for it, I shall return it to you to-morrow by the message-girl. You will no doubt let me have it back when it has gone the round.

Körner and his family have been very much interested in your Elegy. They cannot say enough of it, and are looking forward with indescribable longing to your epic poem.

Farewell. I am writing in a hurry. SCH.

263.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 21, 1796.

Madame de Staël's book has arrived, and shall be returned to you as soon as the curiosity of friends has been satisfied. You will receive a visit from Knebel, and will find him very cheerful; he is at present helping me in a very friendly way with my optical studies. I am now drawing the plates for them, and as things become more defined I discover a fuller maturity in them. I have made a hasty sketch by way of preface; I shall one day soon send it to you in order to hear whether the manner in which I have put things, meets with your approval.

Boic's letter I return to you; I am very pleased to hear that he means to hand *Cellini* over to me; I may send him a good copy of my novel in return, and also write him a friendly letter.

I am greatly pleased that my Elegy has made a good impression upon Körner. But I am upon the whole convinced of the correctness of your remark that it was published too soon. I have also been very cautious about circulating it in private.

On the third day of the holidays I go to Leipzig with the Duke. Do not mention it to any one but Humboldt, and inquire of this friend whether he advises me to call on any one besides Professor Ludwig and Fischer? As we shall probably also go to Dessau, we shall not be back much within a fortnight; if, therefore, you want anything from me before I start, please be so good as to let me know soon.

As my poor subject * will have much to suffer from on the journey, especially physically, I must hope to return enriched by a variety of new objects.

* Himself.

My studies in the anatomy of fishes and worms have, during these last days, again given rise to some very fruitful ideas.

Farewell, and work busily into the new year, and also continue to gain ground in the dramatic field. If only January might not pass without our seeing each other! Meanwhile farewell.

The Schlegels will probably tell you of a large and purely literary entertainment at which they assisted.

G.

264.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

December 25, 1796.

The parcel I send to-day was given to the message-girl as early as the day before yesterday, but it was returned to me to-day, as the girl could not get off on account of the floods. This delay is unpleasant to me, for more than one reason, as you will gather from the contents of the parcel.

Reichardt is now bestirring himself, and in the very way I had expected; he wishes to have his dealings with me alone, and to force you to appear to be his friend. As he has implicit faith in this system of separation, it seems to me a necessity that he should be overthrown by our most inseparable union. I dare not ignore his insolent attack, as you will yourself perceive; my retort must be quick and decided. I herewith send you a rough copy of my reply, to learn whether you approve of it. Your starting on a journey, as well as the necessity of having to make the reply without delay, will oblige us to come to some resolution at once. I therefore must beg you to let me have a speedy answer. Were you to add something yourself I should be all the more glad, for the more certainly would he hold his tongue.

Humboldt will himself write about your visits in Leipzig.

Your having to be away so long is a very unpleasant thought to me; I only hope that your present delightful state of activity will not be too long interrupted.

Boie will feel himself highly honoured and richly rewarded by your proposed gift.

Knebel came to see me, and also brought the two Scotchmen * with him; they seem to be very nice people. Knebel likewise told me a good deal about his optical discussions with you; I am glad that your communications to him set the matter more in motion. His suggestion that you might arrange the whole into separate main masses does not seem to me a bad idea; one would the more quickly be led to definite results, for when there is more artistic structure in the work, satisfaction is not felt till the end. I am very anxious to see your preface, and hope to have it before your departure.

Farewell. All here send warmest greetings, and wish you much pleasure on your journey.

SCH.

* James Macdonald and his younger brother, who had come to Weimar to attend Mounier's establishment.

1797.

265.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Leipzig, January 1, 1797.

Before I leave this I must give you some sign that I am still in existence, and also a brief account of my doings. After having on the 28th of December struggled through the blasts of wind on the Ettersberg and arrived at Buttelstädt, we found a very tolerable road, and stayed over night in Rippach. Early on the 29th, at about eleven o'clock, we were in Leipzig, and during our stay there saw a number of people. We were invited out both morning and evening, and it was with difficulty that I managed to escape the one-half of these benevolent intentions. There were some very interesting people among the number. Old friends and acquaintances I also met again, and likewise saw some exquisite works of art which have again cleared my eyes.

I have to-day an unpleasant New Year's Day before me. This morning a cabinet has to be examined, at noon a grand banquet has to be partaken of, in the evening we go to a concert, and a long supper afterwards, which is likewise unavoidable. On getting home about one o'clock, and after a short time of rest, we have then our journey to Dessau before us, which is somewhat dangerous, owing to a great thaw having set in. However, this too will doubtless be got over happily.

Glad as I am at the prospect of soon returning to you and to the solitude of Jena, still I am glad also to be once more in the midst of so great a number of my fellow-

creatures, with whom in reality I stand in no sort of connection. I have been able to make many good observations on the workings of belle-lettristic, dogmatic, polemical writings, and the proposed counter-manifesto* shall be none the worse for this.

Farewell. As we leave Dessau to-morrow, it seems that we shall, after all, not be away so very long.

Tell Herr von Humboldt that I have seen Dr. Fischer, and that I am very much pleased with him. The shortness of the days and the great thaw prevent me from making as good use of my time as I had hoped; yet I have accidentally met with much that might have otherwise been looked for in vain. Again farewell, and be cheerful and diligent.

G.

266.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, January 11, 1797.

After a fortnight's absence I am safe at home again, very much satisfied with my journey, having met with much that was pleasant and with nothing that was unpleasant. I have a great deal to tell you about it, and shall come over to you, if only for one day, as soon as ever I have got things a little into order here. Unfortunately I cannot come at once, much as I wish again to have a talk with *Oberbergrath* Humboldt. Give my kindest and warmest greetings to both brothers, and say that I will at once endeavour to procure the specified books for Herr Gentsch.

I wish very much to see you again, for I shall soon be so circumstanced that, owing to the great amount of subject-matter in my hands, I shall not be able to write anything till we have again met and talked it thoroughly over together.

My journey has not brought me anything in the poetic line, except that I have made a complete sketch of the conclusion of my epic poem. Write and tell me mean-

* The reply to Reichardt's attack proposed by Schiller. See Letter 264.

while what the Muse has vouchsafed to you. My kind greetings to your dear wife, and tell me how your little ones are.——

A very strange thing happened to me about the book which *Rath* Schlegel brought me. One of my friends, with me at the time, must have put it into his pocket, for I have not seen it since, and had therefore forgotten it. I will at once send round and inquire where it can be. When you see Schlegel, tell him that I have been commissioned to present to him the compliments of a very pretty woman, who seemed to take a lively interest in him.

G.

267.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, January 11, 1797.

I have just received your dear letter, which heartily delighted me, as it brought me the news of your return. The time of your absence from Jena seemed to me indescribably long; for, although there has been no dearth of society here, still in my work I have missed that very encouragement which is most necessary to me. Do come over as soon as you can. I have not indeed collected much to tell you of, but am the more eager and the more in need of receiving all that I can hear from you.

We are all as well as usual. Inactive I have not been, although in these oppressively sombre winter days everything takes longer to ripen, and the right form is more difficult to find. However, I am seeing things clearly, and am becoming more and more master of my subject. The first condition of a successful continuation of my work is lighter atmosphere and exercise; I am therefore determined with the first signs of spring to change my place of abode, and, if possible, to take a garden-house in Weimar with rooms that can be heated. This has come to be an urgent necessity to me, and if I can combine this plan with the possibility of seeing you more frequently and more easily, then my wishes for the present will be fulfilled. I am in hopes that I shall be able to manage it.

The affair about Reichardt I have during these days driven from my mind, because I will gladly follow your advice in the matter. It came upon me in the close air of a small room, and all that happens to me contributes to make this unpleasant business more burdensome to me.

Wieland, too, is going to appear against the *Xenia*, as you will see from the first number of the *Mercury*. It would be unpleasant if he were to force us to attack him, and the question is whether it would not be well to advise him to consider the consequences.

Your commissions shall be attended to. I herewith enclose the twelfth number of the *Horen*. The other copies shall come the day after to-morrow.

We all embrace you warmly. SCH.

268.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, January 17, 1797.

I am just leaving off my work, and mean now to bid you good night before laying down my pen. Your last visit, short though it was, broke a kind of stagnation in me, and again raised my courage. You have, by your descriptions, again led me into the world, from which I felt myself wholly separated.

But I was specially pleased with the lively interest with which you are continuing your poetical work. A new and more beautiful life will thereby open itself up to you, and this again will communicate itself to me and refresh me, not only through the work itself, but also through the state of mind into which it will place you. I should like particularly just now to know the chronological order of your works. I should be surprised if—in the development of your character—a certain necessary course in the nature of man were not observable in them. You must have passed through a certain, and not very short period, which I should call your analytic period, where your endeavours were towards completeness, through division and separation —where your nature, so to say, was at variance with itself, and sought to reinstate itself through Art and Science.

It seems to me that now, when fully developed and

mature, you are returning to your youth, and will unite the fruit with the blossom. This second period of youth is the youth of the gods, and immortal like them.

Both your short and your long Idyll, and lately again your Elegy, are a proof of this, as are also your older Elegies and Epigrams. I should, however, like to know the history of your earlier works, and of *Meister* too. It would be no loss of time to write down what you know of it. One cannot altogether get to know you without it. Think of this, therefore, and let a copy of the notes you make come to me.

Should anything of Lenz's legacies have fallen into your hands, remember me. We must scrape together everything we find for the *Horen*. Considering the change of your plans for the future, you might perhaps also let the *Horen* have the benefit of your Italian papers.

Please also to think of your *Cellini*, so that I may have it in about three weeks time.

The rebuff for friend Reichardt I likewise beg of you not to forget altogether. Farewell.

SCH.

269.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, January 18, 1797.

The few hours I recently spent with you have raised in me a great longing again to spend some time with you together after our old fashion. As soon as ever I have in some measure settled various things here and arranged others, I shall come and spend some time with you, which, as I hope, will be fruitful to both of us in more than one sense. Do not fail to make use of your best hours, so as to get on with your tragedy, that we may begin to discuss it.

I have just received your dear letter, and cannot deny that the wonderful period I am entering upon strikes me too as being very remarkable. Unfortunately I am not altogether quite at ease in regard to it, for I find that I am still dragging much of the analytical period after me, which I cannot *get rid of* and can hardly *work into* what

I undertake. Nevertheless, there is nothing to be done but to guide my ship in this current as best I can. What effect a journey has upon a disposition of this kind, I have experienced within the last fortnight; nevertheless, it is impossible to foretell anything, inasmuch as this regulated force of nature, like all non-regulated ones, cannot be directed by anything in the world, but, in the same way as it has to form itself, so in its own fashion it works itself out of itself. This phenomenon will give us occasion for various reflections.

My promised essay is so far ripe that I could dictate it in an hour, but I shall be obliged first to talk the matter over with you, and hence I shall be in all the greater hurry to see you soon. Should I find it impossible to make a long stay in Jena, I shall come again soon for the day; short interviews of this kind are always fruitful.

I am at present correcting a portion of my *Cellini*. If you have a copy of what is expected in the next number, please send me it.

I conclude for to-day, and bid you a kind farewell.

G.

270.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, January 24, 1797.

Only a few words to-day. I had hoped from your last letter to have seen you here some days ago. The few bright days have again enticed me out into the air, and have done me good. My work, however, progresses but slowly, for I have come to the most difficult crisis. I now see clearly that I cannot show you anything of it till I have settled all in my own mind. You could not help me to come to an understanding with myself, but you shall help that self in coming to terms with its object. Hence what I lay before you must be my whole: I do not exactly mean my whole work, but my whole idea of it. The radical difference of our natures in regard to style will, in fact, not admit of any other truly profitable communication than of comparing the whole with the whole; in particulars I could not indeed lead you astray, for you rely more

firmly upon yourself than I do, but you might easily upset me. However, more of this by word of mouth.

Come as soon as ever you can. I enclose the latest of *Cellini*, which was recently omitted.

All send kind greetings. Humboldt's wife, who is near her confinement is, I am sorry to say, suffering very much, and it will be a tedious affair.

Farewell. SCH.

271.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

(January 27, 1797.)

As you are at present engaged with the study of colours, I mean to tell you of an observation, which I made to-day with a yellow glass. I was looking at objects out of my window with it, and was holding it horizontally in such a manner that it at the same time showed me the objects below, and reflected the blue sky on its surface; in doing this all those parts of the bright yellow objects, upon which the image of the blue sky fell, appeared to me of a bright purple, so that it seemed as if the bright yellow colour when mixed with the blue of the sky produced the purple colour. According to common experience this mixture would have produced green, and this the sky did appear to be, as soon as I looked at it *through* the glass, and I saw no mere reflection of it. That it should have appeared purple in the latter case, I explain from the fact that when the glass was in a horizontal position I was looking through it broadways, that is, through the thicker part, which already verged upon a reddish hue. For I needed only to hold the glass on the one side, and to allow the objects to be reflected in it as in a mirror, when a pure red appeared on the spot which had previously been yellow.

I can scarcely be telling you anything new with this observation, and yet I should like to know whether I have explained the phenomenon correctly. If it really depended only upon the deeper or lighter shades of yellow to produce either purple or green out of the blue, then the

reciprocity of these two colours would be even more interesting.

Have you seen Campe's reply to the *Xenia?* It, in reality, only applies to you, and although he has acted politely enough, he has again shown himself the *Pedant* and *Washerwoman** (chatterbox). What the *Archives of Taste and the Genius of the Time* have brought to market, you will have already seen, also the miserable verses of the *Wandsbecker Bote.*†

Farewell. I wish that you may soon be rid of all your troublesome business affairs, so as to be free to return to to the Muses.

SCH.

272.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Sunday, January 29, 1797.

I shall this evening, at all events, write a hurried note, so that you may know what I am doing.

I have this week settled some important business matters. In the first place I have engaged Demoiselle Jagemann for the court and theatre here; she is to be court singer, and will sing several times in the opera, which will give new life to our stage. Further, I have also sold my epic poem, on which occasion some pleasant things happened.

Under these circumstances you can easily imagine that I could not well expect the approach of an æsthetic state of mind; however the colour-plates are becoming more and more connected, and I have also not been idle in making observations in organic nature. During these long nights very curious lights seem to have dawned upon me: I hope they are no *ignis fatui.*

Your observation on colour with the yellow glass is very good. I think I can class this case under a phenomenon I already know of, yet I am curious to see the exact point from which you observed it.

Give Humboldt many kind greetings from me, and pray

* These epithets had been given to Campe in the *Xenia.*
† Published by Claudius.

excuse me for not having yet sent you the books relating to Italy. On Wednesday you shall have them.

Of *Xenial* things I have heard nothing during these last days; in the world in which I am living there is no sound of anything literary either of what is to be or what has been done; the moment of publication is the only one of which any notice is taken. It will soon be seen whether I can come to you for some time, or whether I shall again have to pay you a passing visit.

Farewell. Give my kind greetings to all around you, and keep as much as possible to your *Wallenstein*.

G.

273.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, January 31, 1797.

I wish you all success with the good acquisition you have made for the opera, and as regards your epic poem, I hope you have fallen into good hands. The work will have a brilliant sale, and in the case of such writings the publisher ought, in all fairness, not to look for any profit, but to be content with the honour. Let him become rich through bad books.

As we are upon mercantile subjects, let me tell you of an idea which is very much in my thoughts at present. I am forced to be quick in my choice of a residence, as there is a garden-house to be sold which would suit me very well if I wished to remain here. As I must have a garden, and the opportunity may not so easily occur again, I must haste and decide.

Now there are, however, weighty reasons why I would rather live in Weimar, and if I could find a house of the same kind there I would unquestionably prefer it. But according to the inquiries which I have had made, this will be difficult to manage. As you recently spoke of your garden-house, and thought it was large enough, I wish to know whether you could let me have it for a time, and give me a lease of it in proper form. Besides it is a pity that it should stand there without being turned

to some account, and my wishes would be greatly furthered if you could let me have it.

If you are not disinclined to comply with my request, and the house were habitable in all essential things both in summer and winter, we should, I think, easily come to an understanding about any alterations that might be necessary.

As regards the garden itself, I will answer for it that nothing should be destroyed by us.

The distance would deter me but little, and it would be very good for my wife to have the outward necessity of taking exercise; as regards myself, I hope that after some attempts to be in the open air, I shall be able to rely more upon myself.

In the meantime I only wish to know whether, in fact, you feel inclined to accept such a proposal; the rest would then depend upon a closer investigation into matters.

Farewell. All send greetings.

SCH.

Körner wishes to know whether you received the music that was ordered, and the catalogue of Wacker's auction?

274.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 1, 1797.

Here at last is again a contribution from me, and, moreover, a large portion of *Cellini;* the last is all that now remains, and I hope that we shall then again find something else equally valuable. I also enclose some things of Lenz's. Whether, and in how far any use can be made of them you must yourself judge. In any case leave these curious papers till we have again talked the matter over.

My garden-house would be quite at your service, but it is only a summer abode for a few persons. As I have myself lived in it for so long, and also know your mode of life, I can with safety say that you could not put up in it, the more so as I have had the wash-house and wood-cellar pulled down, and these are utterly indispensable to any larger household. There are other circumstances also, which I will tell you of when we meet.

The garden-house in Jena that is to be sold is no doubt *Schmidt's*? If it is inhabitable, you should take it. If your brother-in-law were once settled here, one might be on the look-out for some vacant place, and the garden-house (in Jena) you might get off your hands without any loss, as these landed estates are always increasing in value. At present it would be impossible to meet here with a house such as you desire.

From Rome I have received a curious essay, which might perhaps be made use of in the *Horen*. It is written by one who was formerly called *Maler* Müller (the painter), and is directed against Fernow. The principles which he establishes are very good, and he says much that is sound, true and good; the essay also is in part well written, but upon the whole somewhat awkward, and in several passages he has not exactly hit the point. I shall have the little work copied, and will then let you have it. As the author wishes his name mentioned, it might perhaps be printed with his name and a note added at the end, by which one could take up an intermediate position, and open a kind of *pro* and *contra*. Fernow might then state his rightful needs in the *Mercury* and Müller his in the *Horen*, and this would give one an opportunity of setting forth in a few words the many stupidities which Fernow has started very freely in the *Mercury*.

Many thanks to Körner for the duet he sent, and for the catalogue; the first is already translated and on the stage. Farewell! My wintry sky is beginning to clear up, and I hope soon to be with you. All things are going on well with me, and I hope that it may be the same with you.

G.

275.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, February 2, 1797.

Your yesterday's parcel was a great comfort to me, for I have never been in such perplexity as to how to keep the *Horen* afloat as I am now. *Maler* Müller's work I shall be very glad to see; he is sure to present an unexpected and novel appearance, and it will be of great advantage to us if a dispute is opened in the *Horen*. Lenz's

productions, as far as I have as yet seen, contain a good deal of mad stuff, but the reappearance of this style of sentiment will, at the present time, assuredly not be without interest, especially as the death and the unfortunate life of the author has put an end to all envy, and these fragments must ever be of value in a biographical and pathological respect.

Vieilleville would perhaps be very serviceable as a successor to *Cellini*, only that one would require not so much to translate the book as to make extracts. Should you yourself not be inclined to think of undertaking it, and not know of anything else of bulk, I will set to work with *Vieilleville*, in which case I must ask you to send me the book.

Niethammer, who will take this letter for me, is going to Weimar to present himself to *Geheimrath* Voigt as a candidate for the extraordinary professorship of theology. Another professor of philosophy, Lange by name, has applied for it, and Niethammer's whole object in life depends upon Lange, who is younger than he, not forestalling him. Niethammer will beg you to allow him to explain the matter to you, and I think you will not leave poor Philosophy in the lurch. He is not so inconsiderate as to wish to give you any trouble, but merely wishes that you would let *Geheimrath* Voigt and—if an opportunity should occur—the Duke know that you were acquainted with him, and do not consider him unworthy of such promotion.

I very much regret that my little plan in regard to your garden-house cannot be carried out. I am unwilling to decide about remaining here; for when Humboldt has once left I shall in fact be quite alone, and my wife too will be without companions. I will first make inquiries as to whether *Geheimrath* Schmidt's garden-house is to be sold; for even though it is not inhabitable in its present state, I might, if it were my own, put it to rights; this I should have to do here in the case of the one belonging to Professor Schmidt.

Farewell, and pray come as soon as you can.

SCH.

276.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 4, 1797.

After a very dusty and crowded *redoute* I can send you only a few words.

In the first place here is a transcript of *Maler* Müller's work; I have not been able to look it over again and therefore also enclose the original. As you will probably not make use of it at once, we will talk it over again first, and I should like you to consider whether there is anything to do to it as regards style. Unfortunately he very rightly compares himself to a spirit that is forced to speak, only he does not express himself as lightly and airily as Ariel. You will find that much is written quite in our spirit, and imperfect though it be, such frank, unassuming and unprepared acquiescence has its value. After all it is and remains but a stone thrown into our neighbour's garden, and what does it matter if there is a little clatter? Even though there be some good in Fernow it must be developed by a spirit of opposition, for his German subjectivety is expressing itself more and more decidedly and stupidly from Rome.

In the second place I send you a canto of a curious poem. I am acquainted with the author and this misleads my judgment. What do you say to it? Do you think he has poetical talent? It contains a certain free and graceful view of life, and a pleasant youthful spirit; but certainly all is mere substance, and, as it seems to me, there is no trace of any comprehensive form. Supposing there were a poetic school where one could illucidate the chief advantages and requirements of poetry—at least to the understanding of a young man like this—what do you think could be gathered from a nature such as his? At present I know of no advice to give him except that he should write smaller things.

The prospect of spending some time with you has again receded into the distance. Jagemann's appointment and her introduction into our theatre makes my presence most necessary; but nothing shall readily prevent my coming to you on Sunday the 12th; it will be full moon, and I need not fear the rugged *Mühlthal* on my return home.

I will send you *Vieilleville*, for I dare not undertake anything new. Perhaps I may be able to work out an idea for a story which has struck me. Only it is rather too matter of fact, for which reason it does not exactly please me; if, however, I can but manage to chase the little ship about on the sea of the imagination, it may perhaps turn out a pretty tolerable production and please people better than if it were itself better. The story about the little woman in the box * also often comes up before me laughingly, but I cannot yet manage to work it out properly.

As for the rest, all my wishes are directed to completing my poem, and I have to force my thoughts to keep from it in order that the details do not come up too distinctly before me at moments when I cannot work them out. Farewell, and write and tell me something of your state of mind and of your work.

G.

277.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

February 7, 1797.

These last despatch-days have brought me such a wealth of things from you that I have not nearly finished looking them over, especially as my mind is being drawn in very different directions, on one side by a garden-house which I am about to purchase, and on the other by a love-scene in the second act of my play.

However, I set to at once with *Maler* Müller's † essay, which, in spite of its heavy and harsh language, contains much that is excellent, and, when the necessary alterations in style are made, will form an exceedingly good contribution to the *Horen*.

In your new portion of *Cellini* I was most heartily diverted by the casting of the statue of Perseus. The siege of Troy or of Mantua could not be an event of more importance, and could not have been told more pathetically than this story.

* This story was subsequently incorporated in the *Wanderjahre*, under the name of *Die neue Melusine*.

† See Letter 274.

As regards the epos which you sent me, I shall be able to say more when you come to us. What I have as yet read of it makes me convinced that your opinion of it is right. It is the production of a lively and very sensitive imagination, but this sensitiveness is carried so far, in fact everything swims and floats away without our being able to lay hold of anything of an enduring form. Owing to its character of mere pleasing variety and graceful play—which is evident throughout—I should have thought that it was written by a lady-authoress, had I not known where it came from. It is rich in substance, and seems nevertheless to possess extremely little subject-matter. Now I think that what I call subject-matter is alone capable of form; what I here call substance seems to me hardly, if ever, compatible with it.

You have doubtless by this time read Wieland's oration against the *Xenia*. What do you say to it? Nothing is wanting but that it should stand in the *Reichsanzeiger*.

Of my work and my inclination for it I can at present say but little, as I have come to the crisis, and must gather together the best and highest faculties of my nature in order successfully to get through with it. In so far I am glad that the cause which kept you from coming to us should have fallen within the very month when I was most in need of isolating myself.

Would you like me to send your Elegy * to the press now, so that it is published at the beginning of April?

I wish you a very favorable state of mind for working out your story. Farewell; we are looking forward to seeing you on Sunday.

SCH.

278.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 8, 1797.

I rejoice that in your isolated life you can wait for the æsthetic crisis; I am like a ball flung from one hour to another. Of a morning early I am trying to get through with my last portion of *Cellini*. The casting of the statue

* *Hermann und Dorothea.* See Letters 255, 256.

of Perseus is verily one of the bright points, as, in fact, is the whole work in regard to the statue, till in the end nature, art, handicraft, passion, and accident all act together, and thereby, as it were, make the work of art a natural production.

I am at present also making some successful observations concerning the metamorphosis of insects. The caterpillars which turned into chrysalises last September in Jena, are now gradually making their appearance as butterflies, because I have kept them all winter in a warm room, and I am watching them on their road towards their new change. If only I continue my observations for a year I shall have gone over a pretty considerable piece of ground; for I am now already often coming to well-known points.

I hope that you will be successful in your transactions about the garden-house. If you are going to build, any advice I can give you is at your service.

Wieland's oration I have not yet seen, nor have I heard anything of it; he has no doubt remained on the safe middle path. Farewell; I still hope to come on Sunday. On Saturday evening I shall let you know this for certain.

G.

279.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

February 9, 1797.

On one of these last days I again came upon that letter of Meyer's, in which he describes the first part of his journey as far as Nürnberg. This letter pleases me very much, and if three or four others could be added to it they would form a welcome contribution to the *Horen*, and the few louis-d'ors would not be unwelcome to Meyer. I enclose you a copy of it.

Nicolai, in Berlin, has published a book against the *Xenia;* but I have not yet seen it.

I have now made a second offer of 1150 thalers (about £170) for Schmidt's garden-house, and hope to get it for 1200 thalers (about £180). It is at present, indeed, simply a summer-house, and will probably cost another 100 thalers

(£15) to make it habitable, even during the summer months, but this improvement in my mode of life is worth all to me. When I am once in possession of it, and you are with us, we shall beg you to give us your advice and to help us.

I reserve all else till we meet. I hope for certain to see you the day after to-morrow, but shall in any case send you the *Horen* to-day. The enclosed for Herder please have sent to him.

The message to my brother-in-law has been attended to.

Farewell. SCH.

280.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 11, 1797.

The *Horen* I have received and thank you for so speedily sending them. To-morrow I shall be with you, and we shall be able to talk over many things; true I shall have to leave to-morrow evening, but hope to come again in a week and to stay for a longer time.

That confounded Nicolai we can wish nothing better for than that he should be again attacked; in his case it is ever *bonus odor ex re qualibet*, and the money which the volume brings him is not at all distasteful to him. In fact, these gentlemen ought all to know that they have to thank us for giving them an opportunity for filling a few sheets, and for being paid for it, without their having to expend any great amount of productive force.

Do not allow the garden to escape you; I am greatly in favour of the locality; besides being pretty, the place is a very healthy one. Farewell. I am looking forward to to-morrow. I shall dine with you, but shall come alone. *Geheimrath* Voigt, who accompanies me, goes to the Hufelands, and in the afternoon we shall cross visits.

G.

281.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, February 17, 1797.

I hope that you got back safely the other day. Your visit was so short that my heart did not nearly relieve itself of what it had to say. But if we cannot manage to

be any length of time together, it is really necessary that we should see each other occasionally for a few hours, so as not to allow our friendship to become less intimate.

At present my thirst for a change of air and mode of life is becoming so great and so pressing that I can hardly endure it any longer. If I get possession of my garden-house, and we are not likely to have any more cold weather, I shall be off there in about four weeks.

My work will not progress much before that, for I feel as if I could produce nothing within these confounded four walls.

My brother-in-law intends coming about the beginning of March. He is, however, in some difficulty about his house, because it will not be vacant till after Easter, and he is desirous of coming immediately with his wife and child. Should things come to the worst, and he cannot find any lodgings till Stitzer's house, which he has rented, becomes vacant, may I lead him to hope that you would let him have your garden-house for a few weeks? I would have advised him to let my sister-in-law come here meanwhile, but unfortunately in three or four weeks all in my house and Humboldt's are to be inoculated with smallpox, and my sister-in-law does not wish to have her child inoculated just yet. I do not know what else to advise them to do, and therefore take refuge with you.

Would you not like to have your Almanack printed on paper such as I am writing upon? It is much cheaper than vellum, and it seems to me to be really quite as nice. The quire costs about thirteen groschens (1*s.* 3*d.*), whereas vellum comes to eighteen groschens (1*s.* 9*d.*). Your *Hermann und Dorothea* would look splendid upon it.

Farewell. Try and get as quickly through your business affairs as possible, so as to finish your literary work.

SCH.

282.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, February 18, 1797.

I venture at last to send you the first three cantos of my poem; have the goodness to look them over carefully, and let me hear your remarks upon them. Ask von Humboldt

to do me the same friendly service. Do not, either of you, let the manuscript out of your hands, and send it back to me soon. I am now working at the fourth canto, and hope soon to see my way through this one also.

I would gladly allow your brother-in-law to have my garden-house till Easter, but only till then; I would, however, recommend him not to think of it except as a last resource, for there would be great difficulties in making it habitable for this time of the year; it has no stove, and I could not give him furniture for it. However, the whole of the Germar's house is vacant, and the ladies—of whom I have just made the inquiry—would be willing to let the whole of it, or part of it, for six weeks, and probably give the use of the furniture.

But, owing to the great demand here for apartments, I would not answer for this chance remaining open even for a week. You would therefore have to let me know, by a messenger, how many rooms are wanted, and at the same time inform me who has hitherto looked after your brother-in-law's affairs, so that he might be consulted about the matter.

Meyer sends you his kindest greetings, and has sent the accompanying pretty frontispiece, which ought certainly to be given into the hands of a very good engraver; we will talk this matter over when we meet.

To-day's performance of *Oberon** calls for my presence at the rehearsal. I shall tell you more in my next letter.

G.

283.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(Jena), February 27, 1797.

From the midst of melancholy circumstances I must wish you a good night. I am quite a prisoner to the house, sitting by a warm fire, and yet freezing through and through; my head is so much affected that the miserable state of my mind would not, by any free act of thought, be fit to produce the smallest thing; it has rather, against its will, to devote its attention to ammonia and liquorice-

* An opera by Paul Wranitzky.

juice, things with the most disagreeable of tastes. We must hope that we may ere long rise out of this state of misery to the glory of poetic representations, and believe this the more surely as we know the wonders of the continuous effects of nature. Farewell. *Hofrath* Loder tries to console me by bidding me have a few days' patience.

G.

284.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

We are sincerely sorry that you should have here found something so entirely different from what you intended. Under the circumstances, I wish you had *my* power of endurance, for you would find your condition less intolerable. Otherwise it is no great compliment to elementary philosophy that a catarrh alone should be the means of making you so good a metaphysician. Perhaps while in this state of depression and dejection you may take up Fichte's essay in Niethammer's periodical; I looked at it to-day, and read it with much interest.

If we can do anything to make you more comfortable, be sure to let us know. Sleep well; I am in hopes that if you keep quiet again to-morrow, and the weather keeps good, we shall see you the day after.

SCH.

285.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, March 1, 1797.

My influenza is taking its departure, it is true, but I have still to keep in my room, and habit is beginning to make this abode endurable.

After having yesterday occupied myself with insects, I to-day took courage to put my fourth canto fully into order, and have succeeded in so doing; this has given me some hope for the next. Farewell; and you, on your part, be industrious, and tell your dear wife that I am being punished for my dislike of tea by being obliged to take the most horrible of teas made of some herb.

G.

286.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

I am heartily glad that Loder's herb-tea, bad as it may taste, has awakened in you a poetic inclination to proceed with your heroic poem. I—although not prevented by a cold—have not made much progress, as my sleep has again been very irregular. However, I hope to bring my two Piccolominis a good step forward to-day.

Have the kindness to look at the enclosed, and consider whether we could not hurry on the matter *quæstionis* in Weimar, and meet the obstacles that might come in the way. I am very much concerned about the affair, and also that it should be decided soon. Perhaps Voigt has something to say in the matter, if so would you be so kind as to send him a few lines.

Get better as speedily as possible, so that we may be together again to-morrow.

SCH.

287.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

March 1, 1797.

I wrote to *Geheimrath* Voigt at once, and enclose the letter to you, so that you may send it to him when you like. Herewith you will also receive a huge pile of manuscript, of which not one of my faculties is able to form an opinion. I trust you do not need to make use of it this evening.

My cold is indeed considerably better, but I am beginning to be fond of my room, and as moreover the Muses seem inclined to favour me, I could probably persuade myself to prolong my stay indoors a few days longer, for it would indeed be a great gain to attain one's object so unexpectedly.

Could you not let me have some of that beautiful smooth paper, and at the same time tell me how large the sheets are and what a quire would cost? Farewell, and continue —waking or dreaming—to lead your Piccolominis further on their good path.

G.

288.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, March 3, 1797.

I am fortunately able to tell you that the poem is in progress, and that if the thread does not break, it will probably be happily finished. Thus it seems the Muses did not despise the asthenic condition in which I felt myself transposed by my indisposition, perhaps even it favoured their influence; we must now wait a few days.

It was very well that we wrote to Voigt about the garden affair. Up to the present date nothing has yet been sent in to the deputation of minors (*Pupillen*); the matter must therefore be managed by the academical syndicate. It seems to me you should write to Faselius what I here tell you, and beg him to arrange things with the syndic Asverus in such a way that the matter may be brought before him; as soon as it is in his hands it will not suffer any delay. I very much wish that the matter could be settled, in order also that during my stay here I may be able to give you some further advice as regards your future arrangements. Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

289.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, March 4, 1797.

My work is progressing, and is already beginning to to show some bulk, of which I am very glad, and you—as my true friend and neighbour—must at once share my joy with me. In two more days I shall have raised the treasure, and when it is once above ground the polishing process will come of itself. It is strange how, towards the end, the poem turns wholly towards its idyllic origin.

How have you been keeping?

G.

290.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

I wish you a happy evening to this beautiful and doubtless fruitful day. The cheerful sky of this morning has probably animated and delighted you too, but you have done very wisely in not venturing out yet.

It could not but happen that your poem became idyllic towards the end, that is, if one takes the word in its highest sense. The whole treatment of it was constructed so directly upon simple country nature, and its narrow sphere, it seems to me, could not have become thoroughly poetic except as an Idyll. That which must be called its peripety, is prepared long beforehand, and in such a manner that it can no longer, by any strong passion, disturb the calm unity of tone at the end.

Perhaps we shall see you to-morrow. Although we have not met, still it is a pleasant thought to know you so near and in such good hands. Sleep well.

SCH.

291.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, April 4, 1797.

I have all of a sudden been thrown from the change and society I have been enjoying, into a state of the greatest solitude, and led back to myself. You and Humboldt as well as all the female portion of the company have left me, and I am now, in this state of quietude, turning my thoughts to my tragico-dramatic duties. And, as I go along, I am sketching the details of the scenery to the whole of *Wallenstein*, in order, mechanically also, by means of the eye, to facilitate my survey of the incidents and their connection.

I find that the more I reflect upon my own doings, and upon the manner in which the Greeks treated tragedy, that the whole *cardo rei* of Art lies in inventing a poetic story. The modern writer beats wearily and anxiously about coincidencies and secondary matters, and—in his endeavour closely to follow reality—burdens himself with things that are empty and of no importance, and in doing this runs in danger of losing sight of that deep-seated truth which in reality contains all that is poetical. What he wishes is

perfectly to imitate an actual case, and he does not consider that a poetical representation can never coincide with reality, for the very reason that it is absolutely true.

I have, during these last days, been reading *Philoctetes* and the *Trachinæ*, the latter with particular pleasure. How admirably conceived is the whole condition, the state of feeling, and the existence of Dejanira! How completely she is the housewife of Hercules, how specially appropriate only for this single case is this picture, and yet how deeply human, how eternally true and universal it is! In *Philoctetes* also everything that could be drawn from the position is drawn from it, and yet as regards the individuality of the circumstance, all is again based upon the eternal foundation of human nature.

It struck me that the characters in the Greek tragedy are more or less ideal masks, and not actual individuals such as I find in Shakespeare's, and also in your dramas. Thus, for instance, Ulysses in *Ajax* and in *Philoctetes*, is evidently but the ideal of sly, narrow-hearted cleverness, which is never at a loss about what means to employ; again Creon in *Oedipus* and in the *Antigone*, is simply cold regal dignity. Much more can evidently be done with such characters in tragedy; they reveal themselves more quickly, and their characteristics are more permanent and definite. Truth does not suffer at all by this, because they are as much opposed to mere logical entities as to mere individuals.

I herewith send you *pour la bonne bouche*, a charming bit from *Aristophanes*, which Humboldt left for me. It is delicious, and I should like to have the rest.

A few days ago I was surprised by the arrival of a large and splendid sheet of parchment from Stockholm. I thought —as I opened the diploma with its great seal—that I should at least find it to contain a pension, but it was only a diploma of the Academy of Sciences. However, it is always pleasant to see one's influence extending, and one's existence affecting that of others.

I hope soon to receive a new contribution of *Cellini*.

Farewell my dear, my ever dearer friend; I am still surrounded by the spirits which you left by me here, and hope to become ever better acquainted with them.

SCH.

292.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 5, 1797.

My case has been the very reverse of yours. Since our gathering in Jena, I have been actively engaged with a variety of small business matters, which will draw me thither and hither for some little time to come; however, I mean to set about some things that will not require my mind to be at its best.

You are quite right in thinking that in the figures in ancient poetry, as in sculpture, there appears an *abstractum* that can attain its perfection only by means of what is called style. There are also *abstracta* attainable through manner, as with the French. It is true all depends upon the success of the story; one feels safe as regards the main object, for after all most readers and spectators carry nothing but this away with them, and the poet's whole merit lies in his having succeeded in giving an animated representation, which can be the better sustained the better the story is. Hence in future, let us be more careful than heretofore in testing what is to be undertaken.

Here is the first part of *Vieilleville*, the others I can send from time to time.

My kind greetings to your dear wife; unfortunately I did not see her while she was staying here.

I congratulate you upon having received the diploma, such things—the barometrical signs of public feeling—are not to be despised.

Farewell, and let me have a letter pretty frequently, although, during the first few days, I may be a bad correspondent. G.

293.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, April 7, 1797.

Among some cabalistical and astrological works which I have had from the library here, I also found one entitled *Dialogues on Love*, a translation from the Hebrew into Latin; it not only amused me very much, but has also helped me considerably in my astrological studies. The mixture of the chemical, mythological, and astronomical

matter is here made on a grand scale, and is all ready for poetic use. Some strangely ingenious comparisons between the planets and the different members of the human body I shall have copied out for you. One can have no idea of this quaint mode of representation, till one hears the author oneself. However I am not without hopes of being able to give this astrological matter poetic dignity.

I am looking forward to our next meeting in order that, with your assistance, I may clear up my ideas in regard to our late discussion on the treatment of Character. The matter is based upon the inmost conditions of Art, and assuredly observations obtained from the fine arts likewise explain much that is in poetry. In Shakespeare also, it to-day struck me as very remarkable—while reading his *Julius Cæsar* with Schlegel—that he should have treated the common people with so much consideration. Here, in representing the character of the people, the subject even forced him to fix his attention more upon a poetical *abstractum*, than upon mere individuals, and therefore I herein find Shakespeare extremely like the Greeks. If too anxious a thought about the imitation of reality be brought into such a scene, the mass and variety would cause not a little embarrassment with their insignificance, but Shakespeare, with a bold grasp, takes a couple of figures—I might say —but a couple of voices from out of the multitude, allows them to stand for the people generally, and this they actually pass for, so happy has he been in his choice of his characters.

It would be of great service to poets and artists, if one could only come clearly to understand what art should take from reality, and what it should let fall. The ground would become lighter and purer, the small and unimportant would disappear, and room would be made for the grand. Even in the treatment of history this point is of great consequence, and I know how much trouble I have had owing to an indefinite idea on the subject.

I am longing to have some more of *Cellini*, if possible, for our April number, in which case I ought to have it between to-day and Wednesday evening.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings. I have a number of letters to get ready for to-day's post, or would write more.

SCH.

294.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 8, 1797.

Von Humboldt, who does not leave till to-morrow morning, sends you his kindest greetings, and begs that you will have the enclosed letter sent to its destination without delay.

We have been sitting in prosodical judgment upon the last cantos, and purified them as far as was possible. The transcript of the first cantos will now soon be finished, and will look very well with their double headings. I hope to send them off next week.

A part of *Cellini* also—amounting to about twelve written sheets—shall likewise be sent to you before Wednesday. There remain other six for the conclusion.

Otherwise there is a good deal going on here at present, and I shall be able to do but little during the next fortnight.

I hope soon to have a further discussion with you on the subject which interests us both so much. Those advantages of which I made use in my last poem, I learned from plastic art. For in the case of a work that stands fully visible before one's eyes, that which is superfluous is much more striking than in a case where the thing passes successively before the eyes of the mind. On the stage it would have its great advantages. Thus it recently struck me that in theatres, when groupings are thought of, sentimental or pathetic ones are always the only ones produced, although, of course, a hundred others are conceivable. Thus, the other day, some scenes in *Aristophanes* appeared to me perfectly like antique bas-reliefs, and were certainly also represented in this sense. In the work as a whole or in its detail, all depends on this: that everything be distinct from the other, and that no moment be precisely like the other; it is the same as regards the characters, they should indeed be considerably different from one another, and yet always belong to one species.

Farewell, and be industrious; as soon as I have breathing-time I shall think of the Almanack.

G.

295.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, April 11, 1797.

I can only send you a few words by way of greeting. Our little Ernst is suffering from a very severe attack of smallpox-fever, and we have to-day been very much alarmed owing to his having had frequent epileptic fits; we expect to have a very disturbed night, and I cannot help thinking that he is in danger.

Perhaps to-morrow I shall be able to write again with a mind more at ease. Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings. Be sure to let me have *Cellini*.

SCH.

296.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 12, 1797.

I trust that your little Ernst may soon get over the crisis, and that your mind may be relieved from anxiety.

Here is *Cellini;* he will now, after another small sending, soon be taking his leave altogether. While looking into the literary remains of the patriarchs I took up the Old Testament, and again found that I could scarcely be sufficiently amazed at the confusion and the contradictions in the five Books of Moses, which, as is well known, may have been compiled from a hundred different kinds of written and oral traditions. In regard to the wanderings of the children of Israel through the desert I have made some very quaint observations; may not the great length of their sojourn there have been an invention of later times? I will one day—in a short essay—communicate what brought me upon these considerations.

Farewell; give my greetings to Humboldt together with the enclosed Berlin periodical, and let me soon have good news of you and yours.

G.

297.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, April 14, 1797.

Little Ernst is again better, and seems to be out of danger. The eruption has come out and the convulsions have ceased. The worst fits were caused by his teething, for one tooth came through at the time of his first being seized by the fever, and a second is just making its appearance. You will believe that during this time—first owing to my anxiety, and now, that he is better, the dear child's fits of crying—I have not been able to do much. Neither can I move into the garden-house till our child is quite well again.

Your discoveries in the five Books of Moses amused me very much. Be sure to write down your thoughts; you may not be on that track so soon again. As far as I remember you waged war against the New Testament some twenty years ago. I must confess that in all historical matters, I am so inclined to disbelieve these records that, as a matter of course, your doubts concerning a single case appear to me very reasonable. To me the Bible is true only where it is *naïve;* in everything else that is written with evident consciousness, I suspect some object and a later origin.

Have you seen anything yet of a mechanical method of reproducing paintings? A work of this kind was sent to me a short time ago from Duisburg; it is a Clio, not quite half life-size, stone-grey, in oil colours, on a light brown ground. The effect of the picture is exceedingly good, and a collection of them would be very suitable for the decoration of rooms. Were the picture sent to me as a present I should be very well content, but this is not expressly stated in the letter. I cannot, however, form any correct idea as to how it has been made.

Your *Cellini* I received the day before yesterday, but not early enough to be able to read it right through. I only got half-way, but have again thoroughly enjoyed it, especially the pilgrimage he undertakes in his joy about the success of his celebrated work.

Humboldt has spoken to me of a chorus from your

Prometheus, which he has brought with him, but he has not yet sent it to me. He has had another attack of ague, from which he suffered two years ago; his second child, too, has got ague, so that the whole Humboldt family, with the exception of the girl, are all ill. And yet they still speak of the long journeys which they contemplate making.

Farewell, and get soon through with your disturbing business affairs.

SCH.

298.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 15, 1797.

I had already heard through Humboldt that your Ernst was out of danger, and have silently rejoiced at it; let me now heartily congratulate you upon his recovery.

The oratorio was yesterday very successfully performed, and I was enabled to make many observations on historic art. It is a great pity that we cannot make these experiences together, for we should be the more quickly able to strengthen each other in the one thing that is needful.

On Monday, the first four *Muses* * will be sent off, while I set to work with the last five, and shall now especially make use of friend Humboldt's prosodical suggestions.

At the same time I have continued accompanying the children of Israel through the desert, and in accordance with your principles hope that some day my essay on Moses will find favour in your eyes. My critico-historico-poetical work starts with the idea that the extant books contradict and betray one another; the aim of my whole jest is to separate what is humanly probable from what is intentional and simply imaginary, and at the same time everywhere to discover proofs in support of my views. All hypotheses of this kind mislead merely through the naturalness of thought and the multiplicity of the phenomena upon which these are based. It does me good again for a short time to have something with which I can, with interest, carry on a game in the actual sense of the

* This is in reference to the sending off for publication the first four cantos of *Hermann und Dorothea*, the nine cantos of which are named after the Muses.

word. Poetry—such as we have been writing for some time—is much too serious an occupation. Farewell, and enjoy this lovely season.

G.

299.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, April 18, 1797.

I have just escaped from the leaden presence of Herr B——, who has lain like a weight upon me for some hours. I expected to find him at least a pleasant simpleton, instead of which, however, he was the softest, most lamentable ninny I have met for a long time. He has also been in Weimar, but told me that he had not seen you, which I could very well understand. It is dreadful to be with such men, who are of some repute with the public, and who endeavour to hide their premature impotence and nullity under the mask of connoisseurs.

Here is our Woltmann, who is never satisfied with anything that others write, and cannot be made to feel grateful towards any one. I am at present looking through his *History of Mankind*,* which has just come out. Nay, but it is a very horror of a history; such impotence and *niaiserie* together, and such stupidity as is almost inconceivable. The book attacks both philosophy and history, and it is difficult to say which of the two it contradicts most. I would verily give something that this book had not been written, for if it were to fall into wrong hands, it would cast ridicule upon us all.

I have still not got very far forwards with my work; the anxiety in our house—of course we could not avoid one another—distracted my mind too much. However, the suppuration, in the case of our little one, is going on favorably and without any bad effects, although the eruption is pretty bad. I hope to be able to take possession of my garden-house in four days, and then, before doing anything else, my first business will be to write out the poetical story of my *Wallenstein* in full detail. Only

* The full title of this work is *Grundriss der ältern Menschengeschichte.* See also Letter 302.

in this manner shall I be able to feel sure that it is a continuous whole, and that all is definite throughout. As long as I merely carry it about in my head, I fear that there may be gaps; a proper narrative forces one to do it justice. This detailed narrative I shall then lay before you, and we shall be able to talk it over.

I congratulate you upon having sent off the first four *Muses*.* It is indeed curious how quickly nature gave birth to this work, and how carefully and considerately it has been developed by art.

Farewell, and enjoy this bright weather. How delighted I am that in future I shall at once be able to enjoy every ray of lovely sunlight in the open air. A few days ago I ventured on foot to my garden, and had a tolerably long walk round it.

My wife sends you kindest greetings.

SCH.

300.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 19, 1797.

I am exceedingly glad to hear that your mind is free from anxiety about your child, and I hope that his recovery will go on steadily. Give my kindest greetings to your dear wife.

Herr B—— I have not seen, and I cannot say that I am displeased that such gentlemen avoid me.

I am at present in great haste studying the Old Testament and Homer, and, at the same time, reading Eichhorn's Introduction to the former and Wolf's *Prolegomena* to the latter. In doing this the most wonderful lights have presented themselves to me, in regard to which we shall at some future day have many a thing to discuss.

Write down your scheme about *Wallenstein* as soon as possible, and tell me of it. While engaged with my present studies, it would be very interesting to me to reflect on such a subject, and also to be of use to you.

One thought concerning my epic poem I must tell you of at once. As it must be listened to in a state of the

* See note to Letter 298.

greatest repose and ease of mind, the *understanding* perhaps makes more demands here than in any other species of poetry, and in reading through the *Odyssey* this time I was astonished to find these demands of the understanding so fully satisfied. Now, if one carefully examines what is related of the endeavours of ancient grammarians and critics, as well as of their talents and characters, it will be distinctly seen that they were men of understanding, who did not rest till their representations corresponded with their manner of conceiving them. And hence—as Wolf has endeavoured to show—we owe our present Homer to the *Alexandrines*, which certainly give these poems quite a different appearance.

One other special remark. Some lines in Homer, which are said to be utterly wrong and quite new, are of a kind such as I myself have occasionally introduced into my poem after it was finished, in order to make the whole clearer and more intelligible, and to prepare future events in good time. I am very curious to see what I shall be disposed to add to or to take from my poem when I have finished my present studies; meanwhile, the first criticism of it may go forth into the world.

One main characteristic of an epic poem is that it is ever going forwards and backwards; hence all retarding motives are epic. Yet they must not be actual *obstacles;* these, in reality, belong to the drama.

Should this demand for retarding—which is fulfilled to excess in both of Homer's poems, and which also lay in the plot of mine—be actually essential, and not to be dispensed with, then all such plots as proceed direct towards the end ought to be utterly rejected, or regarded as a subordinate historical species. The plot of my second poem has this defect, if it be one, and I shall be on my guard not to write down even a single line of it till we have become quite clear on this point. To me the idea seems extremely fruitful. If it is correct, it must bring us on far further, and I will gladly sacrifice everything to it.

As regards the drama, it seems to me that the case is the reverse; but more of this shortly. Farewell.

G.

301.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, April 21, 1797.

I would have liked to have written several things in answer to your last letter, which gave me a great deal to think about, but some business which will unexpectedly take up my whole evening will prevent my doing this. Therefore, only a few words to-day.

From what you say, it becomes more and more clear to me that one of the main characteristics of the epic poem is the independence of its several parts. Naked *truth*, drawn forth from the inmost sources, is the object which an epic poet has in view; he describes to us merely tranquil existence, and the working of things in accordance with their natures; his object is contained in every point of his movement; therefore we do not hurry on impatiently towards a goal, but linger lovingly at every step. He grants us the greatest freedom of sentiment, and by placing *us* at so great an advantage, he thereby makes his own aim the more arduous, for we now make of him all those demands which are founded upon the integrity and in the all-sided, united activity of our powers. It is entirely the reverse in the case of the tragic poet, he robs us of our freedom of sentiment, and by leading and concentrating our powers in one special direction, he greatly simplifies his work, and places himself at an advantage while placing us at a disadvantage.

Your idea of the retarding course of an epic poem, I fully perceive. Yet I do not quite see, from what I know of your last epopee, why this quality should be wanting there.

Your further inferences—especially as regards the drama—I shall look for with great eagerness. Meanwhile I shall give mature consideration to what you have already said.

Farewell. My little patient still continues very well in spite of the unfavorable weather. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

302.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 22, 1797.

Let me add a few more remarks upon some points in your last letter.

Woltmann's *History of Mankind* is indeed a curious work. His preliminary remarks are quite beyond my range of thought. Upon Egyptian nature I cannot pronounce an opinion; but that he should, when discussing the history of the Israelites, accept the Old Testament as it is, as an uncorrupted source of events, without any critical inquiry into it, is to me inconceivable. The whole work is, so to speak, built on sand, and is a regular book of marvels, when one considers that Eichhorn's Introduction* is already ten years old, and Herder's works† have made their influence felt for a still greater number of years. Of the unreasonable opponents of these old writings I will not even speak.

The Duisburg manufactory, from which I too have received a specimen-picture, is a curious enterprise, which deserves to be praised by our friends in the *Journal of Fashion.* It is a piece of deception to give these works out to be mechanical productions, attempts at which have already been made by the English Polygraphic Society. There is in fact nothing mechanical about them, except that everything concerning them is done with the greatest accuracy, and in quantities by some mechanical contrivances, and a large establishment is therefore, of course, a part of the business; but the figures are nevertheless painted. The fact is, that in place of one person doing all, here a number are concerned in it. The canvas forming the foundation is first prepared with great care, and thereupon the figure (probably cut out in lead) is laid upon it, the space round about is then covered with another colour, and thereupon inferior artists are appointed to fill out the figure, which is likewise done in large quantities, till finally the most skilful artist corrects the contours and

* *Einleitung in das alte Testament.*

† Especially his *Geist der Ebraeischen Poesie,* and his *Ideen zur Geschichte der Menschheit.*

puts the finishing touches to the whole. They have some neat contrivances for concealing the trace of the brush, and play all kinds of pranks to make one believe that the work has been printed. Lange, an inspector from the Düsseldorf Gallery—a good and able man—is interested in the matter, and they may succeed in drawing in money from the public. Only I do not see very well for what purposes the pictures are to be used; they are not good enough to be hung up in frames, and there would be great difficulty in fitting such ready-made pictures into walls. As door-pieces they might perhaps be best. What can be praised in them, is their truly English accurateness. We must wait and see what will follow.

I hope that you may soon be able to move into your garden-house, and that your mind may be at ease in all things.

My kindest greetings to your dear wife, as also to Humboldt, to whom I wish a speedy recovery.

G.

303.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, April 24, 1797.

Of what you call the best dramatic subject-matter (where, namely, the exposition is itself a part of the *development*), we have an instance in *The Twins* of Shakespeare. I do not know of any other similar example in tragedy, although the *Œdipus Rex* comes surprisingly near to this ideal. However, I can very well conceive dramatic subject-matter where the exposition is, at the same time, the progress of the action. *Macbeth* is one of these; I might also mention my *Robbers*.

I am inclined not to allow the epic poet any exposition, at least not in the same sense as in the case of the dramatist. As the epic poet does not urge us so much towards the end as the dramatist, the beginning and end are, as regards dignity and significance, brought much closer to one another, and the exposition must interest us, not because it leads to anything, but because it is something itself. I think that more attention has in this to be paid to the dramatist; for, because of his placing his object in what is to follow

and at the end, he may be allowed to treat the beginning more as a means. He stands under the category of causality, the epic poet under that of substantiality; in the first case, one thing can and should be the cause of some other thing; in the second, everything has to be brought about by itself for its own sake.

Thank you for the information you give me about the works in Duisburg; the whole thing seemed to me so inexplicable. Were it practicable in other respects, I should be very much tempted to decorate a room with these sort of figures.

To-morrow, at last, I hope to move into my garden-house. Our little one is quite well again, and his illness, as it seems, has only the more firmly established his health.

Humboldt left to-day; I shall not see him again for several years, and, in fact, it is not to be expected that we shall ever see each other again, quite as we were on the day we took leave of each other. This, therefore, is again a relationship that may be regarded as closed, and one that can never be the same again; for two years, spent in so entirely different a manner, will change very many things *in* and therefore also *between* us.

SCH.

304.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, April 25, 1797.

To me it seems a question beyond all doubt that the demand for retardation results from a higher epic law, which might, however, perhaps be satisfied in another way. I also think that there are two different modes of retarding; the one consists in the kind of path pursued, the other in the mode of procedure, and the latter, as it seems to me, might very well produce its effect on the most direct of paths, and consequently also in a plot such as yours.

However, I should not like to express that higher epic law quite as you have done. The formula: that it is in reality only the *How* and not the *What* that comes into consideration, *etc.*, seems to me to be much too general, and

to be applicable to all pragmatical species of poetry without distinction. If I am briefly to state my thoughts on the subject, I may say: Both the epic poet and the dramatist represent an action, only this action in the case of the dramatist is the object, in the case of the epic poet merely the means to an absolutely æsthetic object. Starting with this principle, I can perfectly explain to myself why the tragic poet has to proceed more quickly and more directly, and why the epic poet finds it better to proceed at a more loitering pace. It also follows from this, as I think, that the epic poet does well to keep from subjects which of themselves greatly agitate the passions, whether of curiosity or of sympathy, in which case the action, as the object, would create too much interest for it to be kept within the bounds of being a simple means, I confess that I am in some measure afraid of this last result in your new poem, although I can depend upon the utmost possible being accomplished by your superior poetical mastery of the subject-matter.

The manner in which you intend to *develop* your action, appears to me to be more appropriate for a comedy than for an epos. At all events you will have much to do to rid it of what excites surprise and wonder, for these are things not altogether strictly epical.

I am awaiting the sketch of your plot with great eagerness. I am somewhat doubtful about it, on account of the same idea having occurred to Humboldt as to myself, although we had previously had no communication on the subject. I think, namely, that the plot is wanting in individual epic action. When you first spoke to me of it, I too was always in expectation of the actual action; everything you told me seemed to me only to lead up to, and to be the field for an action between a few chief personages, and when I thought the action about to begin, you had finished. It is true, I quite well understand, that the genus to which the subject belongs is more inclined to leave what is individual and to oblige you to enter more into what is collective and a whole, as, after all, reason is its hero, and embraces much more under it than it itself contains.

However, let the state of the epic quality of your poem

be what it may, it will ever be a different genus compared with your *Hermann*, and hence were your *Hermann* the pure expression of the epic *genus*, and not merely of an epic *species*, it would follow from this that the new poem would be so much the less *epic*. Now this is just what you were wishing to know, namely, whether your *Hermann* represented *merely* an epic species or the whole genus, and so we have again come upon the old question.

I should call your new poem comico-epic, that is to say, if we leave entirely out of view the common, contracted, and empiric notion of a comedy and a comic-heroic poem. Your new poem, it seems to me, stands much in the same relation to comedy as your *Hermann* to tragedy, with this difference, that the latter effects more through its subject, the former more through the treatment of the subject.

But I will first wait the sketch of your plot, so as to be able to say more about it.

What do you say to the news of peace from Regensburg? If you know anything definite, be sure to tell me of it.

SCH.

305.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, April 26, 1797.

The news as regards the peace is correct enough. Just as the French were again re-entering Frankfort, and were still engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the Austrians, a courier arrived bringing the news of peace; hostilities were at once suspended, and the generals of both parties dined with the Burgomaster in the Red House. The people of Frankfort, therefore, in return for their money and their sufferings, have witnessed a *coup de théatre* such as does not often occur in history, and we too have lived to see these important times. Time will show what will come to things generally and specially, from this change in the state of affairs.

What you say in your letter of to-day concerning the drama and the epos, I entirely agree with; I have ever been accustomed to have my dreams read and explained

to me by you. I cannot add more, but must send you my plot, or bring it myself. Some very subtle points will come into consideration, of which I do not care to speak generally at present. If the subject is not recognised as purely epic, in spite of its being, in more than one sense, important and interesting, we shall have to find out in what other manner it ought to be handled. Farewell. Rejoice in having your garden-house and in the recovery of your little boy.

I have spent my time with Humboldt most pleasantly and profitably; my natural history studies have been roused out of their winter sleep by his presence, if only I can keep them from dropping off into a spring-time slumber! G.

I cannot refrain from putting another question in regard to our dramatico-epic inquiries. What do you say to the following propositions:

In Tragedy it is Destiny—or, what is the same thing, the *decisive* nature in man which blindly leads him hither and thither—that can and should sway and govern things; it ought never lead him to his aim, but always lead him from it; the hero ought never be master of his reason, in fact, reason should never have any part to play in tragedy except in the case of subordinate personages, to the disadvantage of the principal character, *etc.*

In an epos it is precisely the reverse; reason only, as in the *Odyssey*, or some special compliant passion, as in the *Iliad*, are epic agents. The voyage of the Argonauts, as an adventure, is not epic.

306.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, April 28, 1797.

Yesterday, while thinking over the story of my new poem, so as to write it out for you, I felt myself again drawn with peculiar affection to this work, which may be considered a good omen, after what has meanwhile passed between us on the subject. But as I know that I should never get anything done if I confided or disclosed the plan

of my work to any one, I think it wiser still to withhold this communication from you; let us discuss the matter generally, and I can privately make use of the results in testing my subject. Should I afterwards still have the courage and inclination, I would then work it out, and, when finished, the work would offer more matter for reflection than as a mere sketch; should I despair of being able to work it out, there would still be time to come forward with my idea.

Have you seen Schlegel's article on epic poetry in Number XI. of last year's *Deutschland?* Be sure to read it! It is strange that, in spite of having good brains, and being on the right track, he should nevertheless be ever running off it. He thinks, because an epic poem cannot have *dramatic unity*, and because no such absolute unity can exactly be pointed out in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*—and these, according to modern ideas, being in fact more disconnected than they really are—that therefore an epic poem ought not to possess or to demand unity; this, according to my idea, signifies that it ought to cease to be a poem. And these, he says, are pure conceptions; but surely, when closely examined, they are contradicted by experience. For the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, even though they may have passed through the hands of thousands of poets and editors, show the mighty tendency of poetical and critical nature towards unity. And this new treatise of Schlegel's is, after all, only in favour of Wolf's opinion, which is in no need of any such support. For, owing to the fact that these grand poems came into existence by degrees, and have not been able to be brought to any complete and perfect unity (although both may perhaps be far more perfectly organised than is thought), still it does not follow that a poem of this kind can or ought not in any way to be complete, perfect, and one.

I have been making a short essay out of your letters upon our late discussions; please work the subject out further; it is at present most important for us both in a theoretical as well as in a practical point of view.

I have again been reading Aristotle's *Art of Poetry* with the greatest pleasure; it is a grand thing to see reason in its highest manifestation. It is remarkable that Aristotle

relies merely on experience, and thereby—as some may think—becomes a little too material; to make up for this, however, he is generally the more thorough in what he does. I also found it very refreshing to see with what liberality he takes poets under his protection against fault-finders and petty critics, further that in all cases he insists only upon what is essential, and in all other things is so lax, that it struck me with surprise in more than one passage. On the other hand, however, his whole view of the art of poetry, and particularly the departments to which he is partial, is so inspiriting that I mean one day soon to take up the book again, more especially on account of some important passages which are not quite clear, and the meaning of which I should like to fathom.

I herewith send you the last two verses of a poem of mine called *Die Empfindsame Gärtnerin.* It is intended to be a pendant to my *Musen und Grazien in der Mark;* perhaps it will not be as good as the latter, simply because it is a pendant.

I am at present making up for the interruptions of last month, and am arranging and settling different matters of business, so that I may be free in May. If it should prove possible, I mean to pay you a visit. Meanwhile farewell.

G.

307.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, April 28, 1797.

Just as I had sat down to answer your two dear letters, I was interrupted by a visit from the Prince of Rudolstadt, who has come here to have his children innoculated, and when he left me I had a visit from the Humboldts. It is now 10 o'clock at night, and I can only send you a friendly greeting. More on Sunday evening.

Farewell. G.

308.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, May 2, 1797.

This greeting comes to you from my garden-house, which I took possession of to-day. Around me lies a beautiful landscape, the sun is setting brightly, and the nightingales are singing. All my surroundings gladden me, and the first evening spent in my own grounds is of the happiest omen.

But this is all I can write to you to-day, for my head has become quite confused with all the arrangements. To-morrow I hope at last to be able to set to with my work and to keep to it.

If you could let me have the text of *Don Juan* for a few days you would be doing me a favour. I have an idea of turning it into a ballad, and as I know the story only from hearsay, I should like to know how it has been treated.

Farewell. I am heartily rejoicing in the prospect of spending some time with you again soon.

SCH.

309.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 3, 1797.

Yesterday I began to dictate my *Moses*.* Güssefeld asks four louis-d'ors for drawing a map in small folio, and could get it engraved in Nürnberg for about two carolins. If you think the joke worth the expense, I will at once make arrangements for it; it will in any case be a couple of months before the map is ready. My essay may prove pretty good, the more so as theologians themselves have lately been publicly stating their doubts about the chronology of the Bible, and on all hands conjecture that some years may have been introduced for arranging certain cycles.

Herewith I send Aristotle, and wish you much pleasure with it. I cannot write more to-day.

G.

* An Essay on the Wanderings of the Israelites in the Desert.

310.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

I also send you the second part of *Vieilleville* and the copy of *Don Juan* you ask for. The idea of turning it into a romance is a very happy one. To place the well-known story in a new light by treating it poetically—as is in your power—will produce a good effect.

I wish you all happiness in your new abode, and shall hasten to pay you a visit in it as soon as possible.

G.

311.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, May 5, 1797.

I am very well satisfied with Aristotle, and not only with him, but also with myself; it does not often happen that after reading so sober a writer and so stern a law-giver one retains one's own inward peace of mind. Aristotle is a very Rhadamanthus to all those who either cling slavishly to the outward form or set themselves above all forms. The former must feel themselves perpetually thrown into contradictions by his liberality and spirit—for it is obvious that he pays much more heed to the essence than to all outward form—and the latter must feel the strictness with which he derives his immutable form from the nature of the poem, and especially from the nature of tragedy, to be terrible. I now, for the first time, understand the wretched plight into which he has placed French exponents and poets and critics; they too have, in this, always been as much afraid of him as boys of the rod. Shakespeare, much as he has sinned against him, would have agreed much better with him than the whole French tragedy. However I am very glad that I had not read him earlier; I should have robbed myself of a great pleasure and of all the advantages which I have now gained from him. One has to be very clear about fundamental ideas if one would read him with profit; if one is not previously well acquainted with the subject which he discusses, it would be dangerous to take counsel of him.

But it is certain that he can never be quite compre-

hended or appreciated. His whole view of tragedy is based upon empiric grounds; he has a quantity of acted tragedies before his eyes which we no longer have before ours; he reasons from this experience of his own, and we, for the most part, lack the whole basis of his judgment. In scarcely any case does he start from the idea of art; always but from the *factum* of art and of the poet and of the representation; and if his judgments, in all essential points, are genuine laws of art, we owe this to the fortunate accident that there were in those days works of art which realised an idea through the fact of their existence, or represented their genus by an individual case.

If a system of philosophy on poetic art—such as may justly be demanded of an aesthetic critic of modern times—be looked for in him, one will be disappointed, but one will also be forced to laugh at his rhapsodical style, and at his odd mixing-up of general and very special laws, as well as at his maxims in logic, prosody, rhetoric, and poetry, for instance, when he even falls back upon vowels and consonants. If, however, it be considered that he had some special tragedy before him, and that he looked into all the points that presented themselves to him, then everything can readily be accounted for, and one is glad, at such an opportunity, to recapitulate all the different parts of which a poem is composed.

I am not at all astonished that he should prefer a tragedy to an epic poem; for, according to him—although indeed he expresses himself somewhat ambiguously—the actual and objective poetic value of the epopee is not injured. As a judge and æsthetic critic he must be better satisfied with that species in art which is embodied in a permanent form and in regard to which no decisive judgment can be agreed upon. Now this is obviously the case in those tragedies, the models of which he had before him, inasmuch as the simpler and more definite object of the dramatic poet is much more readily grasped and explained, and presents to the understanding a more complete technical system, on account of being a shorter method of study and having a lesser degree of breadth. In addition to this, it is distinctly evident that his preference for tragedy proceeds from his having a clearer insight into it; that as regards

the epopee he is, in reality, acquainted only with its generic poetical laws, and not with the specific laws by which it is contrasted with tragedy: for this reason he felt he could likewise maintain that the epopee is *contained* in tragedy, and that any one who knows how to judge the latter is also able to decide on the former; for the general pragmatico-poetical elements of the epopee are indeed contained in tragedy.

There are many apparent contradictions in this work, which, however, makes it of greater value in my eyes; for they confirm me in my opinion that the whole consists but of isolated views, and that no theoretically pre-conceived ideas play any part in it; much, no doubt, may have to be attributed to the translator.

I am looking forward to discussing this work with you more in detail when you come.

The fact of his, in tragedy, laying the main stress in the concatenation of events, I call hitting the nail right on the head.

The way in which he compares poetry and history, and accords to the former a greater amount of truth than to the latter, also delighted me exceedingly in a man of so much understanding.

It is also a very good observation of his, when speaking of opinions, that the ancients made their personages speak more *politically*, later writers theirs more *rhetorically*.

Further, what he says about the advantage of real historical names for dramatic characters is likewise very true.

Of his having been so very partial to Euripides, of which he has been accused, I find no trace whatever. In fact, after having myself read this work, I find how grievously he has been misunderstood.

I herewith enclose a letter from Voss which has just been sent to me. He also sends me a translation in hexameters of Ovid's *Phaeton*, for the *Horen*, which comes to me very opportunely in my great need. He does not intend to visit Weimar or Jena on his journey.

As regards the map to your essay on Moses, I propose, if you have no objections, to appropriate what will be received for Lenz's essay—which I am having inserted in

our fifth number of the *Horen*—to defray the cost of the map. I have promised Cotta that no single sheet shall cost him more than four louis-d'ors; otherwise he would not well have been able to continue the journal. In this manner, however, things will answer very well. Only try and arrange that we may have your *Moses* and the plate printed off soon.

Does the copy of Aristotle belong to you? If not, I will order one for myself at once, for I should not like to part with the book just yet.

Here are new *Horen*. *Don Juan*, also, I return with thanks; I think the subject very well suited for a ballad.

Farewell. I have become quite accustomed to my new mode of life, and even during wind and rain spend many an hour in walking in the garden, and feel very well notwithstanding.

SCH.

312.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 6, 1797.

I am very glad that we opened Aristotle at the right moment. For a book cannot be said to have been found except when it has been understood. I remember very well having read the translation thirty years ago, and yet not having understood anything about the object of the work. I am in hopes of soon being able to enjoy a further discussion on the subject with you. The book does not belong to me.

Voss has sent me a very nice letter, and tells me of some works of his on ancient geography, which I am very curious to see.

Both the letter and the envelope lead me to expect a couple of Homeric maps, which however I do not find enclosed; perhaps they will come with Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

Latterly, while again making frequent use of his translation of Homer, I could not but admire and prize its great excellence. A thought has struck me whereby justice might be done him in a liberal manner and at the same

time cause his twaddling opponents not a little annoyance. We must talk this over by word of mouth.

I am quite agreed to your appropriating the proceeds of Lenz's *Mummy* to the map of Palestine. But I will wait a little and see whether I really succeed in getting my *Moses* finished. Up to the present time I had almost driven the thought of Italy out of my mind; now, however, when my hope of revisiting it is again awakening, I see how necessary it is to look into, to order and arrange my collection of papers.*

On the 15th I hope to be with you again and to stay with you for some time; to-day I am quite out of humour in consequence of a week of distractions. Farewell, and enjoy the fresh air and the solitude.

G.

313.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, May 10, 1797.

I was yesterday prevented from sending you a few lines, and must make up for it to-day.

Voss had also written to me about the maps he sent you. The translation of Ovid which he sends is most admirable; it shows the precision and also the fluency of a master hand.

It is only a pity that he allows paltry disputes to keep him from coming here. His preferring to remain with Reichardt in Gibichenstein to coming to us is a thing I can scarcely forgive him.

I am curious to see in what way you intend to defend his mode of translation, as the worst part in the case is that what is excellent in it requires to be studied, and what is objectionable strikes one immediately.

I should be sorry were you to delay finishing your *Moses*. The collision into which it comes with your Italian affairs is indeed a strange one, but from what you have already told me of it, you have, it seems to me, little more to do than to dictate it.

I am rejoicing at the prospect of your visit. Here in

* Probably referring to the manuscript of his former travels in Italy.

the country we shall be doubly well able to discuss the state of our affairs. Farewell. All here send kindest greetings.

SCH.

314.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 13, 1797.

For about a week still I shall have to be at work here, for several matters have to be decided. I am longing to spend some time with you, especially as I am at present again in a state of uncertainty, owing to which I neither can nor care to do anything.

From Humboldt I have had a long and friendly letter, in which he makes some good remarks about my first cantos, which he had read again in Berlin. On Monday I shall again send off four, and shall then come to Jena in order to finish the last. The quiet will also suit my purpose, and my poem will thereby acquire a purer unity.

I trust to find you cheerful and busy in your garden-house. Farewell. In consequence of my interruptions to-day, I cannot get any of the many things I have to say put down on paper.

G.

315.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, May 16, 1797.

It is very pleasant to me to hear that the poem which you began here is to be finished here. It will be something for the *Judenstadt* (Jew's quarter)* to boast of. I am rejoicing in anticipation, not about the poem only, but about the delightful state of mind into which the poem and its completion will transport you.

By coming a week later you will escape a great mess in my house, for I have, after all, had to decide to have new supports put to that side of the house which faces the garden, and the work was commenced to-day. It can only have been the novelty of my mode of life that can

* That part of Jena where the castle stands.

have hitherto made my residence in my garden-house seem delightful, for at first the weather was unfriendly, and now the building operations rob me of my sleep. Otherwise I feel very well here, and I am also again getting accustomed to work.

Have you read Schlegel's criticism of Schlosser?* It is, indeed, not untrue in its fundamental principles, but an evil intention and party spirit are much too apparent in it. Things are really becoming too bad in the case of Friedrich Schlegel. He lately told Alexander Humboldt that he had reviewed *Agnes* in the *Deutschland*, and, moreover, that he had done so very sharply. Now, however, when he hears that you did *not* write it, he regrets having treated it so severely. The blockhead, therefore, evidently thinks it his business to see that your taste does not degenerate. And this impudence is coupled with such ignorance and shallowness that he actually took *Agnes* to be your work.

The gossip about the *Xenia* still continues. I am still constantly coming upon some new title of a book announcing the publication of an essay or some such work against the *Xenia*. Lately I found an essay attacking the *Xenia* in a journal entitled "Annals of *Suffering Humanity*."

I beg you not to forget to let me have the conclusion of your *Cellini*, and hope that in rummaging over your papers you may come upon something else for the *Horen* or for the Almanack.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest remembrances.

SCH.

316.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, May 17, 1797.

I am sorry that you should have so much to suffer from the building operations going on around you. It is a great annoyance, and yet at times a charming pastime to have

* Goethe's brother-in-law, who had recently published a work entitled *Schreiben an einen jungen Mann, der die kritische Philosophie studiren wollte.*

busy workmen about one. I hope that these things may not disturb you too much.

I am endeavouring to arrange my affairs as far as possible so as to earn a few weeks of perfect freedom, and, if possible, to get myself into a fit state of mind for finishing my poem. Of all other things in our good German literature I have taken entire leave. In almost every case, criticisms on a work are determined either by a good or an evil disposition towards the author in question, and the grimaces of party spirit are to me more objectionable than any other form of caricature.

Ever since I have been inspirited by the hope of seeing the promised, but at present very ill-used land, I have felt friendly towards all the world at large, and am more than ever convinced that in things theoretical and practical—and particularly, in our case, in things philosophical and poetical—one must ever seek to become more and more at one with oneself and to remain so. Otherwise all things may go as they please.

Let us, while we are together, bring our two natures more and more into unison, so that even a longer separation may not be able to injure our relation towards one another.

The conclusion of *Cellini* I will take up directly I come to Jena. I may perhaps find something else for you, and my *Moses* will perhaps be roused again by our talks together. Farewell. My kind greetings to your dear wife, and continue to enjoy the fresh air, which must, sooner or later, produce a happy state of mind.

G.

317.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

(Jena), May 23, 1797.

I am already becoming so much accustomed to my solitary life in the castle amid the books, that I can scarcely tear myself away from it, and the days, spent by the side of Büttner's *Lares*,* are indeed slipping by un-

* Büttner had a free residence in the castle in return for having, since the year 1783, bequeathed his valuable library to the Duke of Weimar for the use of the University.

heeded, but not altogether unprofitable. At seven o'clock I go to the concert, and afterwards to Loder; I shall therefore not see you or the bright sky to-day. The weather promises to continue good, for the barometer is rising.

The Introduction of our *Flower Girl* has also been in my thoughts. The matter, I think, would be settled by a double title and a double title-page, on the outer one of which—otherwise called the sham title-page—the passage from Pliny would at once meet the reader's eye. I am at present having a transcript made of it for you in accordance with this idea.

Herewith I send you another small poem,* in the hope that you may find it good and enjoyable. Otherwise things are going on so well with me that Petrarch's commonsense would have every reason to give me a long sermon.

G.

318.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

May 23, 1797.

Thank you for your dear letter and the poem. The latter is so exceedingly beautiful, round and perfect, that, while reading it, I very distinctly felt how even a small work, a simple idea, when perfectly represented, can afford the highest enjoyment. It is perfect even down to the smallest requirements as regards metre. I was also amused to notice, from this little poem, the mental atmosphere in which, I think, you must have been living, for it is altogether very sentimentally beautiful.

I wish you a very good night to a happy evening, and may the lovely Muse—who accompanies you by day and when awake—be pleased to be with you at night in the same but bodily beauty.

Sch.

* *Der Schatzgräber.*

319.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, May 27, 1797.

Herewith I send you a transcript of the receipt, and also enclose the bill, which, however, I beg you to return to me. If you can tell me how much I am to receive, you will be doing me a favour.

The two sturdy fellows—*Moses* and *Cellini*—have to-day presented themselves together; when seen one beside the other, they look strangely alike. You must admit that this is a parallel that would not even have struck Plutarch. May all be well with you on this tolerably fine day. G.

320.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

It is a good day to-day for collecting one's thoughts, and inviting for work. *Moses*, as treated by you, is really not at all so unlike *Cellini*, but the parallel will be thought odious.

Here is the account. I will rather give you the money myself. The sum is too large to send.

Farewell. SCH.

321.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, May 28, 1797.

I herewith send you back your purse, which was really like one seen on the stage. Seldom, probably, has a dramatic author given as much.

I have now had the account adjusted, added a copy of yours, and written my name beneath the whole, which therefore balances the year's account. I now only require Escher's receipt, or an audited copy of it, because of the 200 laubthalers that were paid. I shall need it when I make out Meyer's bill.

Gerning seems to be in earnest. He announces that he intends going to Italy at Whitsuntide.

Böttiger comes to-morrow and remains a few days. It now depends upon you whether he may venture to pass your threshold.

To-day I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you. During the day I shall not venture out of doors, and this evening I am invited to some festivities.

The impression left upon me after again reading your Prologue* I still feel to be very good and to the purpose, yet the effort is perhaps too great for a single drama. The fact of your having, by some strange concurrence of circumstances, treated this epoch historically and poetically, you have that *individually* in your own hand for which peoply generally look so far around them; a special cycle into which, when you feel inclined, you can throw private objects, and in regard to which you may spare yourself the trouble of giving any exposition to your poetical career.

You recently expressed some such idea yourself, and only now has it forced itself upon me.

Together with this you will receive a poem,† which is likewise linked to a certain circle. Farewell, and enjoy the evening, which promises to be a beautiful one.

G.

322.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

June 3, 1797.

Herewith comes *Urania*.‡ Would that the Nine, who have hitherto stood by us, might soon help us again to take an epical ramble.

My writings, neatly sewed together, are now lying ready for Boie; I shall add a letter, pack up all carefully, and send them off. Be so good as to let me have the address.

I also enclose the drawing for the cover of the *Almanack of the Muses;* the intention was, indeed, that the plate should be printed off on bright-coloured paper, and that the light parts should be heightened by means of gilt. It is to be hoped, however, that a skilful engraver will act

* To *Wallenstein*. † The poem *An Mignon*.

‡ One of the cantos of his *Hermann und Dorothea*.

with judgment in executing the work, so that the effect may be good even without the application of gilt.

Let me have the canto back as soon as you have read it, for I think of sending it off at once. Farewell, and let this lovely day be a fruitful one for you.

G.

323.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

June 10, 1797.

Herewith I send you Schlegel's essay;* it seems to me, upon the whole, to be well thought out and well written. I have marked several passages which I think might be improved with a few touches. Please do the same, and if you can, let me take the essay back home with me this evening. I shall go over it with him to-morrow, so that on Monday you may be able to place this dish and a bit of *Cellini* before the hungry *Horen*. Farewell, and get your *Diver* drowned, the sooner the better. It is not bad, that while I am bringing my couple† out of water into fire, your hero should be seeking the other element.

G.

324.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Jena, June 13, 1797.

Unto the Lord, in desert blight,
Satan a pebble brought,
And said, O Lord, now through thy might,
Let it to bread be wrought.

Of many stones, here gives thy friend
To thee a sample-piece;
For this, ideas thou back wilt send
With thousand-fold increase.

G.

* On Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, which was printed in the sixth number of the *Horen*.

† Goethe here refers to his *Gott und die Bayadere*.

325.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Jena, June 13, 1797.

I send you the small fragment of *Cellini* and the *Flower Girl*, and in return for these beg you to let me have the lady *Des Belles Cousines*, to which, I do not know why, I feel myself specially attracted; I also send the Almanack containing your *Dignity of Women* for a purpose which it would be difficult to guess.

The barometer is still falling, and obliges one to seek comfort within doors and within ourselves. I shall come this afternoon if only for a little while, for unfortunately I cannot join you this evening at your *bright supper-table*.

G.

326.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

June 14, 1797.

I shall unfortunately not see you to-day; the rain, and the necessity of being this evening in some degree bound to go to the club, will keep me from making my usual pilgrimage.

I send you the altered version of Schlegel's essay to make use of as you please, and hope that your *Diver* is happily finished.

This morning early I had a look into the *Amlet* of *Saxo Grammaticus*; this story, unfortunately, cannot be made use of unless it is put through a good refining process, but if properly mastered it might turn out good, and be interesting by way of comparison.

The barometer seems still disinclined to rise, and the sky does not look as if it meant to clear of its own free-will. Farewell. G.

327.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

June 16, 1797.

Unfortunately, while sending you my mineralogical gift I must at the same time announce the fact that I am

called away, and have to leave this evening. I shall in any case look in upon you for a few minutes, and beg you to let me have back my two books on fishes by the person who brings you this.

G.

328.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 18, 1797.

Since your departure I have already had a foretaste of the great loneliness into which I shall be thrown when you leave us altogether. Fortunately the weather is favorable, and I can live in the open air. I am meanwhile at work upon *Vieilleville*, for the *hours* (the *Horen*) are very pressing; however I have also been poetising a little, and written a short after-piece* to the *Diver*, which I was encouraged to do by an anecdote in *S. Foix, Essay sur Paris.*

I am looking forward with the utmost pleasure to being poetically active, and hope to accomplish something within the next two months.

The question as to whether you are to go further than Switzerland is of importance to me also, and I shall be impatient to hear your decision. The greater the number of the relationships to which I have become indifferent, the greater is the influence which the remaining few have upon me, and the one which affects me most is your living presence. The last four weeks have done much in building up and settling matters in my mind. You are leading me ever further from the tendency of passing from the general to the individual (which in all practical, and especially in poetical, matters is a perverseness), and you thus induce me to look up from single cases to grand laws. The point from which you are wont to start is always small and narrow, but it leads me into broad regions, and therefore does my inmost nature good, for the other path which I, when left to myself, am so inclined to follow, leads from the broad into the narrow, and I have the unpleasant feeling of finding myself poorer at the end than I was at the beginning.

* His ballad entitled *The Glove.*

From Humboldt I have still no news; he does not seem to have arrived in Dresden yet, for Körner could tell me nothing of him. The Herr von Senf, whom Körner announces, is not coming to our part of the country; some hindrance came in the way a short time ago.

This evening my wife left for Weimar for a few days, with Wolzogen, who has been staying here. *Vieilleville* will not let me stir this week.

Do not forget to let me have the chorus from *Prometheus*.

Farewell, I am longing to hear from you again.

SCH.

329.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 21, 1797.

Your castle may look very lonely in such rainy weather as we are having to-day, but a wide expanse of view, where earth and sky present so many different aspects, is more valuable than any one who enjoys it every day can imagine. I hope that you will make good progress with your work while you are thus prevented from going out.

The *Glove* is a very happy subject, and the execution successful; let us in future at once make use of such subjects when they occur to us. Here we have the *bare fact* without a purpose, or rather with an opposite purpose, which is so peculiarly pleasing.

I have, during these last days, taken up a variety of things, but accomplished nothing. The history of St. Peter's I have improved and made more complete, and both this work and my *Moses*, and other things also, will no doubt ripen by degrees. I must make the best use I can of the present time, which can produce no sustained interests owing to the uncertainty I am in; I must wait till I am led back to a state of unity.

The chorus from *Prometheus* I cannot find, nor can I remember having had it returned from Humboldt, for which reason I fancied that the poem must have already fallen into your hands. At any rate Frau von Humboldt will have copied it, and it can easily be obtained from Dresden.

The day before yesterday I paid a visit to Wieland, who is living in a very neat, roomy, and very comfortably arranged house, but in the dreariest part of the world; the road thither is also for the most part very bad. It is a good thing that each one of us need only provide for his own comfort; I hope that the good old man may never repent his choice. The worst part of it, in my opinion, is, that in rainy weather and when the days are short, there can be no thought of his having any communication with other people.

My own state, which wavers between what is near and what is far off, between a long and a short expedition, presents but little that is cheering, and I shall have to remain like this for some weeks yet. If I bring our good Meyer back with me at Michaelmas, then our life next winter shall take a good turn. We have during the last four weeks really made some good progress again, both theoretically and practically, and if my nature has the effect of drawing yours into the finite, I, on the other hand, gain through you the advantage of being occasionally drawn beyond my own limits, at least of not wandering about long upon one confined spot. If in addition to this I may look for the return of the old master,* who can treat me to the riches of foreign art, then there shall be no lack of good effects. I send you back your *Glove*, which certainly forms a good after-piece and pendant to your *Diver*, and by its own merit enhances the merit of the latter poem. Farewell, and let me hear from you soon.

G.

330.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 22, 1797.

As it is extremely necessary that in my present restless state I should set myself something to do, I have determined to take up my *Faust* and, if not to finish it, at all events to bring it a good deal further, by breaking up what has been printed and arranging it in large masses with what is already finished or invented, and of thus further

* Meyer.

preparing the development of the play, which is in reality as yet only an idea. I have merely taken up this idea and its representation again, and have pretty well made up my mind about it. I only wish, however, that you would be so good as to think the matter over on one of your sleepless nights, and to tell me the demands which you would require of the whole, and in this manner to narrate and to interpret to me my own dreams like a true prophet.

As the different parts of this poem—in what relates to mood—might be treated differently, provided only that they be kept subordinate to the spirit and tone of the whole, and as, moreover, the whole work is subjective, I can work at it at odd moments, and am therefore at present able to do something to it.

Our ballad-studies have again led me on to this misty, foggy path, and circumstances—in more than one sense—advise me to wander about upon it for some time to come.

What is interesting in my new epic poem will perhaps also vanish in some such mist of rhyme and strophe; we will allow it to cohobate a little. For to-day farewell! Karl was very happy in my garden yesterday in spite of the bad weather. I would have been very glad to have had your dear wife and her friends here this evening if she could have remained longer. If only you could again make up your mind to measure the road from Jena hither. It is true that I should wish you better weather for such an expedition.

G.

331.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, June 23, 1797.

Your resolution to set to work at your *Faust* was indeed a surprise to me, especially just now, when you are thinking of a trip to Italy. But I have at once and for all given up the idea of measuring you by the usual standard of logic, and am therefore convinced beforehand that your genius will see you well through the task.

The request you make that I should tell you of my requirements and *desideria*, is not so easily fulfilled; but as far as I can I will try to discover your thread, and if that cannot be

managed, will do as if I had accidentally found the fragments of *Faust* and had myself to work them out. This much only I will here remark, that *Faust*—the piece itself I mean—in spite of all its individuality, cannot quite ward off the demand for a symbolical treatment, as probably is the case with your own idea. The duality of human nature and the unsuccessful endeavour to unite in man the godlike and the physical, is never lost sight of; and as the story runs and must run into what is fantastic and formless, people will not consent to remain by the subject, but will be led from it to ideas. In short, the demands on *Faust* are both philosophical and poetical, and you may turn in whichever direction you please, the nature of the subject will force you to treat it philosophically, and the imagination will have to accommodate itself to serve a rational idea.

But I can scarcely be telling you anything new by saying this, for you have already, in a great measure, begun to satisfy this demand in what you have already accomplished.

If you now really intend setting to work with *Faust*, I no longer doubt but that you will succeed in perfectly completing it, at which I greatly rejoice.

My wife, who brought me your letter, and has just returned from her short journey with master Karl, will not let me write any more to you to-day. On Monday I intend to send you a new ballad; the present is a good time for the representation of ideas.

Farewell. SCH.

332.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 24, 1797.

Thank you for your first words on my reawakening *Faust*. We shall probably not differ in our views of this work, and yet quite a different kind of courage comes over one when one sees one's thoughts and projects characterised by another; and your sympathy is fruitful in more than one sense.

My having taken up this work just now is really a wise act, for as, owing to the circumstances of Meyer's health,

I must expect to pass the winter in the north, still I do not wish to be a burden to myself or to my friends by being chagrined at disappointed hopes, and therefore willingly and gladly have I resolved to prepare for a journey back into this symbolical, ideal and hazy world.

I shall now first of all endeavour to finish the large masses that are already invented and half wrought out, put them into some connection with what has been printed, and go on in this way till the circle is exhausted.

Farewell; continue to tell me something about the subject and its treatment, and do not fail to send me your ballad.

G.

333.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, June 26, 1797.

If I understood you rightly [in what you said recently, you think of writing your new epic poem, *The Chase*, in rhyme and in stanzas. I forgot at the time to say a word or two on this subject, but the idea is becoming clear to me, and I now think that this will be the only form in which this new poem will be able to hold its own by the side of your *Hermann*. But in addition to the fact that the idea of the poem is adapted to the modern style of poetic art, and thus favours the proposed form of the stanza, still the new metrical form excludes concurrence and comparison; it puts the reader as well as the poet into quite a different mood; it may be said to be a concert on an entirely different instrument. At the same time it has its share of certain privileges pertaining to the romantic poem without exactly being one itself; it may make great use of what is unusual and surprising—if not of what is wonderful—and the story of the lions and tigers, which always seemed to me extraordinary, will then no longer appear strange. Further, there is but a short step from the princely figures and hunters to the knightly figures, and in fact, the aristocratic figures in your poem have something of a northern and feudal nature. The Greek world therefore—of which the hexameters inevitably remind one—broaches this subject less frequently, and it can justly be reclaimed

by the Middle Ages and later times, and hence therefore by modern poetry.

Your *Faust* I have now again read through, and I feel actually giddy from the *dénouement.* This, however, is very natural, for the matter is based upon some special conception, and so long as this is not grasped, a subject much less rich than the present one would put reason into a state of dilemma. What I am anxious about in regard to it is that, in accordance with its character, *Faust* appears to require a totality of material if, at the end, the idea is to appear completely carried out; and I know of no poetic framework for holding together a mass that springs up to such a height. However, you will know what you have to do.

For instance, it was, as I think, appropriate that *Faust* should be led into active life, and whatever sphere you may select from this mass, it nevertheless seems to me that his nature will demand too great an amount of circumstantiality and breadth.

As regards the treatment, I find the greatest difficulty to be that of proceeding happily between what is jest and earnest. Reason and sense seem to me in this subject to be struggling as if for life and death. In the present fragmentary state of *Faust* this is felt very much, but expectation is led to look to the fully-developed whole. The devil gains his point in face of the understanding by his realism, and *Faust* his in the face of the heart. At times, however, they seem to exchange their parts, and the devil takes reason under his protection against *Faust.*

One difficulty I also find in the fact that the devil annuls his existence, which is idealistic, by his character, which is realistic. Reason alone can believe in him, and it is only the understanding that can allow and comprehend his existence as he is.

I am in fact very anxious to see how the popular part of the tale will link itself to the philosophical portion of the whole.

Herewith I send you my ballad. It is a pendant to your *Cranes.* Please write and tell me what the barometer says, and whether we may at last hope for settled weather.

Farewell. SCH.

334.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 27, 1797.

The *Ring of Polycrates* is very well executed. The royal friend, before whose eyes, as before those of the reader, everything happens, and the conclusion, which leaves the development in a state of suspense, is all very good. I hope that my pendant to it may be equally successful! Your remarks about *Faust* gave me great pleasure, naturally they coincide very well with my own projects and plans, only that I shall make this barbarous composition accommodate itself more to my wishes, and I propose rather to touch upon than to fulfil the highest demands. In this manner, reason and sense will probably beat each other about like two pugilists, and afterwards sit down amicably together. I will take care that the parts are pleasing and entertaining, and that they offer subjects for thought; in the poem itself, which will ever remain a fragment, I may apply our new theory of the epic poem.

The barometer is perpetually changing; we cannot hope to have any settled weather at this time of the year. The discomfort of it is not felt till one makes the demand of living wholly in the open air; the autumn is ever our best time.

Farewell, and continue busy in providing for your Almanack. As my *Faust* will be keeping me in the realm of rhymes, I shall be sure to be producing some other things. It seems also to be now a settled affair that my tigers and lions belong to that form; I am only afraid that what is actually interesting in the subject may perhaps at last resolve itself into a ballad. We must wait and see on to which shore the genius will drive the little ship.

The *Ring* shall be sent to you on Wednesday by the carrier-woman.

G.

335.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 27, 1797.

I enclose two poems which were sent to me yesterday for the Almanack. Please look at them and tell me in a

few words what you think of them, and what you think may be expected of the author. I can form no proper judgment of productions of this kind, and I am specially anxious in this case to see things clearly, for my advice and suggestions will have an influence upon the author.

Farewell. Here the weather is gloomy and it is raining, and the present day has not brought forth much.

SCH.

336.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, June 28, 1797.

The two poems you sent me and which I herewith return to you, do not altogether displease me, and they are certain to find friends among the public. It is true the *African Desert* and the *North Pole* are not painted either from actual perception or imaginative contemplation, both are depicted more through negations, inasmuch as neither of them—as after all was the intention—are sufficiently contrasted with the sweet, cheerful German picture. Thus also the other poem presents more of a natural-historical appearance than a poetical one, and reminds me of pictures in which we see Adam in paradise with all the animals gathered round him. Both poems express a gentle aspiration which resolves itself into contentment. The poet takes a cheerful view of nature, with which however he seems to be acquainted only by hearsay. A few animated images surprise me, although I do not care to see the living forest, as a negative image, contrasted with the desert. One or two touches would have to be given to individual expressions as well as to the metre.

I could not tell you what advice to give to the author till I have seen some other things of his, so as to judge whether he possesses any aptitude or talent for other kinds of poetry. I should say that both poems possess good ingredients for a poet, but these of themselves alone do not make a poet. Perhaps the best thing for him to do would be to choose a perfectly simple idyllic scene, and to depict it, we should then the more readily be able to see how he would succeed in painting men, upon which, after

all, everything depends. I should think the *Ether* would not look bad in the Almanack, and the *Wanderer* might very well be inserted in the *Horen.*

The *Ring*, which I herewith return, I still think very good after having read it again; in fact, it seems to improve upon acquaintance, as should be the case with every poem of any value, for it compels us to throw ourselves into a state of mind into which, upon first reading or listening to it, we could not immediately transport ourselves.

Farewell in spite of the rainy weather, which is unfriendly, not only to those who live in gardens, but also to the haymaking.

G.

My best thanks for the sponges.

337.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, June 30, 1797.

I am glad that you are not altogether displeased with my friend and protégé. The defects in this work struck me very forcibly, but I did not know exactly whether the good I thought it to contain would hold its ground. Honestly said, I found in these poems much of my own former style, and it is not the first time that the author has reminded me of it. He is vehemently subjective, and this is united with a certain philosophical spirit and penetration. His condition is dangerous, for such natures are rather difficult to get at. However, when I compare these new poems with his former productions, I find that they give signs of a certain kind of improvement; in short, the author is Hölderlin, whom you met in my house some years ago. I would not give him up, if only I could see a possibility of drawing him out of his own company and of opening up for him a beneficial and lasting influence from without. He is at present tutor in the house of a merchant in Frankfort, and is therefore, as regards matters of taste and of poetry, thrown upon his own resources, and will continue to be more and more driven to seek refuge in himself while in this position.

Our poetess Mereau has just made me a very acceptable

gift for the *Horen*, which has really surprised me. It is the beginning of a romance in letters, which are written with a far greater amount of clearness, fluency, and simplicity than I should ever have expected from her. She is here beginning to free herself of faults which I looked upon as quite incurable in her, and if she continues on this path we shall live to see her accomplish something good. I am really astonished to see how our women, in a merely dilettante way, are acquiring a certain facility in writing which comes near to art.

Do you happen to know anything of a certain *Ahlwardt*, rector in Anklam, from his translations of Callimachus? He has offered his services to the *Horen*, and applied to Voss, who referred him to me. He translates both from ancient and from modern languages, and it is said that the *Mercury* of 1795 contains several things of his from Euripides, Ovid, and also from Camoens. If you see Böttiger, please be so kind as to question him on this matter, and to procure the above numbers of the *Mercury* through him. He offers me *Hero and Leander*, and some translations from the English, and I should be very glad to be able to make use of him.

I hope that the two tolerably cheerful days we have again been enjoying may have been more productive in your case than with me. My spasms have during the last few days been more violent again, and have prevented my getting any sleep. I tried to think of *Faust*, but the devil in *natura* would not allow the poetic one to put in an appearance.

Farewell. SCH.

I have some recollection of a book on travels through North America by one Thomas Carver,* and have thought that the character of these tribes might perhaps be well represented in a poem. In order to do this, however, I should have to see Carver's book again. I had it from Knebel, but he, as I hear, is away. Perhaps Voigt, who is rich in books of travels, may have a copy of it, and would lend it to me for a day.

* *Travels through the Interior Parts of North America, in the year* 1766, of which a translation into German had appeared in 1788.

338.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 1, 1797.

I will now confess that I too found something of your style and method in the poems; a similarity of tendency could scarcely fail to be observed, but they do not possess either the wealth, or the power, or the depth of your works. Nevertheless the poems, as I have already said, deserve praise for a certain grace, sincerity, and sobriety, and the author, especially as you have formerly stood in some relation to him, no doubt deserves that you should do your utmost for him in leading and directing him.

Our women will deserve praise if they continue thus to develop and form their minds by study and practice. After all, modern artists, as a rule, have no other path to pursue. There exists no theory—at least none generally intelligible—no decided models for representing a whole genre, and hence each of us has to develop his own poor self by sympathy and assimilation, and by a great deal of practice.

Hofrath Hirt is here; to me he is in many ways a strange phenomenon. The monuments of ancient and modern art which the glorious land possesses, and which he left as they were, are very vividly present to his mind, and being a man of understanding, he knows right well how to classify and to estimate rich empiric knowledge; for instance, he is a very good judge in matters of architecture, which is properly his special department. The well-known idea of—so to speak—the symbolical transferring of perfected architecture in wood to architecture in stone he can carry out very well, and apply the conformity of the parts to use and to beauty. In the other arts also he has had extensive experience, but in strict æsthetic judgment he is still standing at the point where we formerly left him; and in regard to antiquarian knowledge he cannot be compared to Böttiger, inasmuch as he has neither the breadth nor the aptitude. Upon the whole, I find his presence very agreeable, because his aims are at once animated, pleasant, and serious without being wearisome. He has had very many drawings made for his

architectural demonstrations, where what is good and defective is very judiciously placed side by side.

I will make inquiries about the new contributor as well as about Carver's book.

Enclosed is a paper relating to the other books, which please subscribe, and also send me back the other two.

My *Faust*, in regard to plan and general survey, I have pushed forward pretty well in the short time, but actual architecture soon chased away the airy phantom again. If only I could get a quiet month, the work—to the amazement and horror of all—should grow out of the earth like a huge family of toad-stools. If nothing should come of my journey, I mean to set my whole faith in these drolleries. I am having what had been printed copied out, and at the same time separated into parts, for in this way what is new can then more readily be added to the old.

I have not heard for some time from Meyer. Of my poems, seven sheets have arrived, containing five cantos and the half of the sixth. Farewell, and think of me.

G.

339.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

July 4, 1797.

Hirt has occupied me in a very interesting manner during these last days, and has left me several things that will engage my thoughts for a long time to come. His opinions, even though they are somewhat prejudiced, are based upon varied and continued contemplation, and in a few words express the fruitful results of a lively observation, and of profound study. It seems to me that in the main he is pretty much of the same mind with you and Meyer, at least one can speak to him for a long time about what is deepest and profoundest, without striking upon a dissonance or without being unintelligible to one another. I should have liked to have been the third man in your discussions with him on these subjects, because I cannot keep up a discussion on plastic art with my own resources for any length of time, but can listen with profit.

He is very much prejudiced against Michel Angelo,

and it seems to me that he places him much too low when assigning to him merely a temporary value. And yet, in spite of his hard judgment of Michel Angelo, I found his reasoning very intelligible, and only doubt the correctness of the facts which he adduces in support of his opinion.

Otherwise I do not know very well what exactly to think of Hirt, and whether upon a longer acquaintance he would be able to stand the test. Perhaps many a thing by which, at present, he makes an imposing effect are not really his own; at all events, it seems to me that the warmth and animation with which he has set forth many things do not exactly form a part of his nature.

Get him to tell you something about *Maler* Müller * if he has not done so already. It is amusing enough to hear how his article in the *Horen* against Fernow originated.

I hope to hear from you to-morrow that your *Faust* has been progressing. Hirt's presence has been a diversion to me during these last days, and the only idea that has been worked out is the poem on the North American subject. I enclose the little poem, which may be allowed to pass for the sake of variety.

Here is the note of the books, together with a letter from Humboldt. The books you will receive through my brother-in-law, to whom I am to-day sending a parcel.

Farewell. SCH.

340.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 5, 1797.

Faust has, in the meantime, been laid aside; the northern phantoms have for a time been driven back by southern reminiscences; however, I have very thoroughly gone over the plan and the general survey.

I am very glad that you have become personally acquainted with our old Roman friend; † you will in future be better able to understand him and his works. One can see in his case also what good can be brought about in an intelligent man by rich and almost complete experience.

* See Letters 274 and 275. † Hirt. See note to Letter 12.

You are quite right in thinking that his logical operations proceed very well when his premises are correct; but it often happens that he lays down general premises, which, if not false, are narrow and onesided, and then his conclusions hold good only for a time. Thus his dislike to Michel Angelo proceeds from a fixed and untenable idea; and again in his essay on Laokoon—which I herewith enclose—he is right on many points and yet falls short in the main, for he does not perceive that the propositions of Lessing, Winkelmann, his own—nay, those of others also—do no more than define the boundaries of Art. At the same time he is very right in the way he insists upon also having what is characteristic and pathetic in the plastic arts.

This reminded me of an essay which I wrote several years ago, and not being able to find it, I have again taken up the matter which I remember very well, and have arranged in accordance with my own—I may doubtless say our—present convictions. Perhaps I may be able to send it on Saturday. Hirt's essay is a good preparation for it, as it has been our latest prompter. Perhaps, and especially if Meyer returns with his treasures—this may give rise to much else, for when an opportunity occurs I mean again to take up the history of St. Peter's,* because this work also may be regarded as the basis of so many others.

The *Death Song*,† which I return, is genuinely realistic and humorous in character, which in such cases so well becomes uncivilised natures. It is one of the great merits of poetry to be able to transport us into such a state of mind, just as it is also one of its merits to be able more and more to extend the circle of poetic subjects. Farewell; my kind greetings to your dear wife, and enjoy and make as much and as good use of your time as possible.

Of Meyer I have not yet heard anything. G.

Could you not let me have a transcript of your *Wallenstein?* I have promised it to the Duchess, who has already inquired several times with interest about your work.

* Compare Letter 329.

† *Die Nadowessische Todtenklage.*

341.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 7, 1797.

I must at once send you the little note I have just received from Meyer. It was my most anxious, and at the present moment, I may say, my one wish, to know him back in Switzerland, where he got well so speedily last time, and will surely this time again recover his health.

I am now preparing for my departure, so that I may get away immediately the Duke arrives. It would in a hundred different respects be delightful and well if you would come over here for a few days; I should, of course, in any case pay you another visit, but it could only be for a couple of hours, and we have much to discuss. More of this to-morrow morning. Farewell.

G.

342.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 7, 1797.

It seems to me that the present is just the very moment for throwing light upon and for examining how far Greek works of art exhibit character; for the views held by Winkelmann and Lessing still generally prevail, and our latest æsthetic critics, both in poetry and the plastic arts, are doing their very utmost to free what is beautiful in the Greeks from all that is characteristic, and to make the characteristic the distinguishing mark of the modern idea of Beauty. It seems to me that modern analysts, by their efforts to regard the idea of Beauty as something distinct, and to exhibit it in a certain kind of singleness, have almost hollowed it out and converted it into an empty sound, that they have gone much too far in contrasting the Beautiful with what is Correct and Appropriate, and that they have grossly exaggerated a separation which is made only by the philosopher, and which is admissible only from one point of view.

Many, I find, err again in a different manner, inasmuch as they refer the idea of Beauty much more to the sub-

ject of a work of art than to the treatment of it, and hence they cannot but be perplexed when they have to class under one single idea of Beauty, the Apollo in the Vatican and other similar figures—which are beautiful even in their subject—with the Laokoon, a fawn, or other painful or ignoble representations.

It is, as you know, the same with poetry. How people have ever plagued, and still are plaguing themselves to reconcile the rude and often low and ugly nature of Homer and the tragic poets with the notions they have formed of what the Greeks regarded as beautiful. Would that some one could once for ever venture to cast out of circulation the idea, nay the very word Beauty—with which, in fact, all these false notions are inseparably connected—and, as ought to be, to set up truth in its most comprehensive sense in its place.

Hirt's essay I should be very glad to have in the *Horen.* You and Meyer—when the path is once opened up—might then the more conveniently take up the thread and find the public more prepared for it. I too might find my share of work in it, if the question concerning what is characteristic and pathetic in Greek works of art came to be thoroughly discussed, for I foresee that the investigations into Greek tragedy, which I intend making, will lead me to the same point. Your essay I am expecting with eagerness.

I have now come to the conclusion that the musical part of the Almanack must be finished before anything else, as the composer will not otherwise have his part of the work finished in time. On this account I have now set to work with my poem on the Casting of the Bell, and since yesterday have been studying Krünitz's Encyclopedia, which has been of great use to me. This poem I have much at heart, but it will take me several weeks, as I require to get myself into so many different kinds of dispositions, and have also a great bulk of matter to work out. I am also not disinclined—if you encourage me in the idea—to write other four or five small Nadowessian* poems, so that this species of poetry into which I have thrown myself may be carried out in a variety of forms.

* See Letters 337 (postscript) and 340.

Nothing has this week come of my projected visit to Weimar, however, I trust to be able to accomplish it next week. My Prologue is at present still going the round, as soon as it comes back I will send it or bring it myself.

Farewell. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

343.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 8, 1797.

Hirt's essay possesses the great merit of strongly enforcing what is characteristic, and must—when it appears—necessarily bring the question under discussion. I will try to get it for the *Horen.* Here also is mine, which, as a whole and in part, I commend to your indulgence as a hastily written essay. I shall be anxious to hear how you are satisfied with the method and the ideas, and shall also be curious to hear Meyer's opinion in regard to the actual representation of the work of art. This essay might be extended and made to treat of the principal statues of antiquity and other works of art, and I feel convinced, like you, that in so doing one would be acting very much in accordance with the wishes of all those working in the domain of tragedy.

As our friend Meyer is again safe upon northern territory, I see many a good thing in prospect. To-day I can say no more. Farewell, and get your Bell happily cast; I certainly advise you to try your hand at some more Nadowessian poems. If possible, I shall try to come next week; it would be very nice if you could become more intimately acquainted with Hirt, and could hear about his architectural deductions from himself.

G.

344.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 10, 1797.

You have in a few words, and in artless manner, said some splendid things in this essay, and diffused wonderful

clearness over this difficult subject. In fact the essay is a model as to the manner in which works of art *ought* to be regarded and judged; but it is also a model as to the way principles should be applied In both of these respects I have learned a great deal from it.

More of this by word of mouth, for I think of bringing it over myself to-morrow, and, if nothing intervenes, I shall be with you at about three o'clock. In case you cannot conveniently take me in, please let me have a note at the gate to that effect, so that I may drive on straight to my brother-in-law's. My wife will accompany me, and we propose staying till Thursday.

I was heartily delighted to hear of Meyer's safe arrival in his native town and of his health so speedily showing signs of improvement. It is also a great comfort to me to know for certain that we shall not be very far separated, at all events during the autumn and winter.

Farewell. Humboldt begs me to ask you to send his Aeschylus as soon as possible to Dresden, for he is in urgent need of it.

SCH.

345.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 19, 1797.

You could not have given me any more delightful or more cheering news on the eve of my departure than that you intend spending the last week here. I believe I shall not find myself deceived in thinking that our having been together will again be productive of much good; so much has been developing for the present and so much is in preparation for the future, that I shall start much more contentedly, for I hope to be pretty busy on the road, and on my return shall look forward to having your assistance. If we continue thus getting through different works at the same time—proceeding cautiously with the larger ones while cheering and amusing ourselves with smaller ones—we shall yet accomplish a good deal.

I herewith send you back your *Polycrates;* I hope that your *Cranes* may soon fly after me. On Saturday you shall

hear more definitely about my leaving. Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. I wrote to Schlegel to-day.

G.

346.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 21, 1797.

I can never leave you without feeling that something has been stirred up within me, and I should be glad if, in return for the great good I gain from you, I could help you in setting the wealth of your mind in motion. A relation of this kind, built upon mutual perfectibility, must ever remain fresh and active, and in fact gain in variety, the more harmonious it becomes, and the more that that contrast vanishes, which in so many other instances alone prevents uniformity. I venture to hope that we shall gradually come to understand one another in all such points as can be explained, and that in the case of those which—owing to their nature—cannot be understood, we shall remain close to each other in the way of feeling.

The best and most fruitful method by which I can make use of our communications and make them my own is always this: that I apply them directly to the work I am engaged in at the moment, and at once employ them productively; and, as you say in your Introduction to Laokoon, that Art is wholly contained in every single work of art, so I think that all that which is general in Art must again be contained into the most special case, if the reality of the idea is to be preserved. And thus, I trust, my *Wallenstein* and whatever of importance I produce in future shall, in a concrete form, show and contain the whole system of that which has been able to assimilate itself with my nature during our intercourse with one another.

The desire to take up this work is again very strong in me, for it contains a more definite object, showing one's faculties, the direction which their activity ought to take, and every step in it is of importance, so that there is no need for groping about helplessly among new and raw

subjects. I shall now, in the first place, try and finish my poems for the Almanack, for the composers are very anxious to have them; then I shall try my luck with the *Cranes*, and in September *again* return to my tragedy.

The news I receive from you will bring a fruitful change into the simple life to which I am now confined, and, besides receiving from you what is new, I shall stir up within me the old subjects that have been discussed between us.

And so farewell, and think of me when among our friends, in the same way as you will ever be present among us. My wife bids me send you a hearty farewell.

Please do not forget the chorus from *Prometheus*.

Sch.

347.—Schiller *to* Professor Meyer, in Stæfa.

Jena, July 21, 1797.

Most heartily do I bid you welcome back upon German ground, dear friend. Our anxiety on your account was often great, and sincerely do we rejoice to hear that your health is again improving.

I am ashamed to think that the first words you receive from me, since you left, will meet you on your way back to us; but much as I would have had to say to you by word of mouth, there was nothing that I should have cared to send across the mountains. What we were busy about here, and how we all were, you have doubtless heard through our mutual friend; he will also have told you how often you were in our thoughts. From him I heard, with the deepest interest, all that concerned you; how admirably you were employing your time, and what treasures you were collecting for us all.

We too, also, as you know, have not been idle, and least of all can this be said of our friend, who, during these last years, may be said to have actually surpassed himself. His epic poem you have, of course, read; and you will admit that it is the climax of his, and of the whole of our modern art. I have watched it coming into life, and was almost as much astounded at this process as

with the work itself. While other men, like ourselves, have to collect and to test their materials laboriously before they succeed slowly in producing anything tolerable, he has but gently to shake the tree, and its loveliest fruits, ripe and heavy, fall into his hands. It is inconceivable with what ease he is now gathering in, for his own use, the fruits of a well-spent life and of a continued self-culture; how important and sure are all his steps, and his clear-sightedness, in regard to himself and his subjects, how it saves him from vain endeavours and gropings about in the dark. But you have him by you now, and can convince yourself of all this with your own eyes. You will, however, also agree with me in thinking that on the height where he now stands, he should direct his thoughts more to representing the beautiful form he has assumed, than to starting off upon new subjects; in short, that he should now devote himself wholly to poetical practice. When any one of the thousands who strive to reach this height, has succeeded in forming himself into a beautiful and perfect whole, then, in my opinion, he cannot do better than to seek every possible form of expression for it; for, however far he might still advance, he never could give anything higher. I confess, however, that whatever he might gain by a longer stay in Italy for certain purposes, would nevertheless always seem to me to be lost for the object highest and nearest to him. Hence, even on this account, dear friend, try and induce him to come back soon, and not to try and seek that afar off which he himself possesses at home.

I have the pleasant hope that you may both perhaps be again within my reach this winter, and that we may continue our old delightful life of intercourse, communicating our thoughts and feelings to one another. My health has, indeed, not improved much, but neither has it become worse, and this is a good sign. My courage and pleasure in my work still exist, and the transition from speculation and production has refreshed and made me feel younger.

Your lady-pupil* I have also become acquainted with,

* Amalia von Imhof, who likewise possessed considerable talent for painting.

and have been delighted with her talent and her pleasant nature. She thinks of you with lively interest, and I hope that the poetic talent, which has meanwhile become so beautifully developed in her, will prove not to have injured the other.

Farewell, my valued friend. I am looking eagerly forward to the more direct accounts that G. will give me of you. My wife sends you kindest greetings. Since you left there has been an increase in my family, as you may perhaps have heard, and Karl you will find a fine and well-disposed boy.

SCH.

348.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 22, 1797.

To-day I can only send you my best thanks for you and your wife's kind farewell greeting, and for the *Horen* I received.

The longer I remain here, the greater is the number of small matters I find to attend to, and the time passes without my taking in or producing anything, and I shall have to take care that I do not get impatient.

Rath Schlegel has just left me. It seems that it was a wish to become better acquainted with you that brought him here again.

Please have your *Diver*, *Polycrates*, and *The Glove* re-copied for me; the copies I had I sent to Meyer. I might, perhaps, on my journey, meet with some good Christian or heathenish souls to whom I should like to read them. Before I leave I shall send you another letter, whatever happens.

G.

349.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 23, 1797.

To have to wait when one's things are all packed up, is a most wretched state to be in, and I hope that you may very speedily be released from it. It is well that your

time is at the present moment taken up with a number of small occupations and amusements, for which a disturbed and indefinite state of mind at all times suffices.

Humboldt writes that his wife is again laid up with fever. This will be a pretty journey for them, for, of course, they will meanwhile have to remain in Dresden. I tell you this by way of comfort, as the Jew said to Shylock: other men have ill-luck too.

The three articles which Humboldt has just returned to me I herewith enclose. The Nadowessian poem Humboldt thinks horrible, but what he says against it applies only to the rudeness of the subject. It is really curious that in matters poetical, in spite of great sympathy being shown on the one hand, such direct opposition can be met with on the other.

My *Zauberlehrling* (*Magician's Apprentice*) I have sent to my musical composer in Stuttgart. It seems to me to be admirably suited to a cheerful melody, for its movement is passionate throughout.

Farewell. I shall write again the day after to-morrow, if nothing happens meanwhile.

SCH.

350.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, July 24, 1797.

I shall to-day send Böttiger the *Klopstockiana*, and also add a few lines myself.

It was most unwelcome news to me this morning, after a sleepless night, to hear that you had been ailing. I hope that this letter may find you in a state of convalescence, to which the arrival of the Duke may perhaps contribute its share. Under the circumstances, you will now have to wait for a more settled state of health.

I herewith send you for your amusement an entirely new work,* which exhibits German industry in an entirely new fashion. Such an exhibition of nullity, absurdity, and impudence is certainly possible only in

* The title of this work is, *Gustavs III. Tod, ein psychologisch-moralisches Gemälde.*

these latest times of our literature, where the rapid exchange of ideas and forms no longer allows any distinction to be made between what is mine and thine. I have among other things found it to contain passages, half a page in length, taken from my æsthetic works without acknowledging them to be quotations, and have been not a little surprised to hear my *ipsissima verba* resounding from the royal mouth.

To make up for this, however, I have during these last days heard of a new poet, from whom, at least, something better may be expected. He lives at Friedberg, near Frankfort, is called Schmidt, and, as I conclude from his mode of life, must live in a wild state of solitude, and possibly in poor circumstances. From a few specimens which I enclose, you will see that there is something in the man, and that genuine depth of feeling and a certain elevation of mind shines forth from out his rude and harsh style of language. When this half-savage succeeds in getting his diction and verse thoroughly under his command, and in obtaining an outward grace for the inward substance, I shall hope to have in him an acquisition for future Almanacks. If he pleases you likewise, the question would be whether, as in the case of our Captain von Steigentesch, you could not say a few encouraging words to him when you are in Frankfort.

I must stop for to-day, for my pen is on the point of falling from my hand from very weariness. Be sure to let me hear to-morrow how you are. My wife also sends you her heartiest good wishes that you may soon be better. Farewell.

SCH.

351.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 26, 1797.

Accept my heartfelt thanks for your sympathy about the state of my health. The consequences of a cold had tormented me rather badly for four-and-twenty hours; now, however, I am quite well again, and hope to start by the end of the week. I herewith return the re-murdered or rather the putrescent, Gustavus the Third. It is a

regular hotch-potch, such as the German public delights in. These kind of works have taken the place of the conversations in the realm of the dead, and they always make a great impression upon our *truth*-loving nation.

The new poet is thoroughly good, and I should like to become acquainted with him. You will perhaps correct some trifles here and there, for the sake of clearness. His solitary life and narrowness are very perceptible, however.

The Duke arrived yesterday, and looks very well. The celebrated Marianne Meyer* is also here. It is a pity that she did not come a few days earlier. I should have liked you to have become acquainted with this remarkable character. Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife. As I saw the poems in your copyist's handwriting, I imagined that the Cranes had already taken flight. I am to-day so out of humour that I must speedily come to an end even with my prose.

G.

352.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, July 28, 1797.

Being uncertain whether this letter will find you in Weimar, I mean only to send a few words to bid you good-bye. We were heartily glad to know you were so soon better again, and to hear that you were at last about to see your wish fulfilled. Let me now hope that your journey may be of benefit to you, and that, should you fail to meet with interesting acquaintances, the time may be shortened to you by the Muses. Perhaps a beautiful poetic dove may arise from the ship of your travels, perhaps even the Cranes may be flying from south to north. The latter are still in a state of rest with me, and I avoid thinking of them so as to send forth some other things first. Moreover, the looking over poems by friends, both male and female, the editing of *Agnes von Lilien* and the

* Marianne Meyer was the daughter of a Jewish banker in Berlin and, like her sister Sara, was celebrated for her great beauty, her rich intellectual gifts, refinement and amiability.

equipping of the *Horen*, distract my mind a good deal, and not in a very enjoyable way.

I sent Schlegel a few remarks upon his *Prometheus*; in his reply—which I enclose—he explains his intention somewhat broadly, but not very satisfactorily. However, I have done my part, and, in fact, things were beyond remedy.

I have informed my poet Schmidt, in Friedberg, and also Hölderlin, of your approaching visit to Frankfort; it now only depends upon these good people having sufficient courage to appear before you. I should be very glad to hear that you had met them, and think that these poetic individuals may not be unwelcome to you in prosaic Frankfort. You will probably also find the Imperial Captain von Steigentesch there, and see what he is worth. Again we send you our blessing for your journey, and fare you right well.

SCH.

353.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, July 29, 1797.

To-morrow, in good earnest, I shall at last set off from this, just four weeks later than I had intended. Considering the difficulty I have had in getting away, my journey ought by rights to become very important; I am afraid, however, that it will be like other human things. From Frankfort, at all events, you shall have a few words.

I have been reading our attempts at ballad-writing aloud, and seen them produce a good effect. In the case of your *Glove*, a doubt was raised as to whether one could say *ein Thier lecke sich die Zunge* (an animal licks its tongue). I really did not know what to say to this.

Schlegel's essay I herewith return; it is indeed the same with poems as with actions, one is in an awkward position when called upon to defend them.

Farewell. You said recently that only poetry could produce a disposition for poetry, and as this is very true, it is also evident how much time a poet loses when he devotes himself to the world, especially when in no want of subject-matter. I am already dreading the empiric breadth of the

world before me, but we must hope for the best, and when we meet again we shall recruit ourselves with a number of stories and observations. I now bid you, your dear wife, and those belonging to you, farewell. G.

As Boie has not let us hear anything about himself yet, I send the post-receipt as a proof, at least, of my good-will, and it ought at all events to be made some use of in case the packet should be lost. You may, perhaps, have an opportunity of asking Boie about it.

354.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, August 7, 1797.

We are very anxious, dear friend, to hear how your journey went off. The oppressive heat during the day, and the almost incessant thunderstorms at night, have made us very anxious about you; for it was almost insupportable here, and my nerves were so much affected that I have scarcely yet recovered.

I can, therefore, tell you but little to-day, for I scarcely feel myself quite free yet from the great feverishness from which I have been suffering for the last week, and I was really afraid of being attacked by some serious illness.

Zelter sent me, a few days since, the melodies to your *Bayadere*, and Mignon's song. The latter pleases me particularly. The music to the ballad does not suit all the stanzas equally well, it is true, but in the case of some, as for instance, the third last, the chorus: *Wir tragen die Jugend* (youth we carry), it is very good. I enclose the music in case you may meet any people in Frankfort with good voices who could sing it to you.

Herder has now also returned our ballads, which I had sent him to look at; but I cannot see from his letter what kind of impression they have made upon him. On the other hand, I learn that my *Diver* is merely an improved remodelling of a story narrated and sung by a certain Nicolaus Pesce. Do you happen to know anything about this Nicolaus Pesce, with whom I have so unexpectedly

come into competition? Moreover, we cannot expect anything from Herder for this year's *Horen*; he complains of his poverty, but assures me that this only makes him value the riches of others the more.

I have during these last days again been looking into Diderot, *Sur la Peinture*, in order to strengthen myself in the inspiriting company of his genius. It seems to me that it is the same with Diderot as with many others who hit the truth with their feelings, but often lose it again through their reasoning. In his æsthetic works, I think, he still looks too much to foreign and moral aims, he does not seek these sufficiently in the subject itself and in its representation. To him the beautiful work of art must always serve some other purpose. And as that which is truly beautiful and perfect in art must necessarily make men better, he seeks this effect of art in its substance, and in some definite result for the understanding, or for the moral sentiment. I believe it to be one of the advantages of our modern system of philosophy, that we have a simple formula for expressing the subjective effect of the æsthetic, without destroying its character.

Farewell. Gladden us soon with good news. My wife sends her warmest greetings; the little ones are well and merry; other news of our little circle I have none to send.

SCH.

355.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Frankfort on the Main, August 9, 1797.

I arrived in Frankfort happily and in good health, without having met with the slightest inconvenience, and now, seated in a quiet and cheerful abode, I am reflecting what it is to start out into the world at my time of life. At an earlier age we are more impressed and confused by objects, because we are unable to judge or to comprehend them; but yet we settle matters more easily, inasmuch as we only take up what lies in our path, and pay little heed to what lies to the right or to the left. At a later period we come to know things better; our interest is alive to a greater number of subjects, and we should feel very ill at

ease did not self-possession and method then come to our assistance. I will now try, as well as I can, to put to rights all that has occurred to me within the last week, test my schemes on Frankfort itself, as a city that embraces a great deal, and then prepare myself for my further travels.

It struck me as very remarkable to note the peculiar character of the public in a large city. People live in a perpetual whirl of getting and spending, and that which we call mood (*Stimmung*) can neither be produced nor communicated. All amusements, even the theatre, are meant only to be diversions, and the great fondness of the reading public for journals and romances, arises from the fact that journals always, and romances generally, bring diversion to diversion.

I think I have even observed a kind of aversion towards poetical works, or at all events in so far as they are poetical, which, owing to the above reasons, appears to me quite natural. Poetry demands, nay, it enforces, a collected state of mind, it isolates man against his will, it is repeatedly forcing itself on the attention, and in the wide world (not to speak of the great world) is as inconvenient as a faithful mistress.

I am now accustoming myself to write down what strikes me in the things I see, and what I think of them, without calling upon myself to make any very accurate observations, or to give any very mature opinion on the subjects, or even to think of putting them to any future use. When one has come quite to the end of one's journey, the material in hand can then be made use of as subject-matter with a greater amount of clearness.

I have been to the theatre several times, and also made a methodical plan for forming an opinion of it. I have been gradually trying to fill this up, and it has now for the first time forcibly struck me that in reality a good descriptive account of a journey can be given only when the country described is one foreign to the writer, where he stands in no relation to any one. No one would ever venture to write about the place where he usually resides, unless the question were a mere enumeration of existing circumstances; the same is the case with everything that stands in any measure near to us; one feels, in the first

place, that it would be an act of impiety publicly to express even one's most just and moderate judgment upon things. These observations lead to good results, and show me the path that has to be pursued. Thus, for example, I am comparing the theatre here with the one in Weimar; when I have seen the one in Stuttgart, perhaps something of general importance may be said about the three, at all events, something that might be expressed publicly.

Farewell, and keep in good health and good spirits in your garden-house. My kind greetings to your dear wife. When once I manage to get back into the Jena palace, no one will readily drive me out of it again. It is a good thing that I have already contributed my part to the *Almanack of the Muses*, for I can as little expect to write a poem during my journey as to meet a phœnix. Again I bid you a hearty farewell.

G.

356.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Schmidt, from Friedberg, has been with me; his appearance was not unpleasant, but neither did he leave a favorable impression. On the whole he is a good-looking young fellow, with a small head on moderately broad shoulders, capital legs and feet, holds himself well, is cleanly and respectably dressed according to the fashion here. His features are small and close together, his eyes small and black, his hair black and cut close to his head in the *sans-culottish* style. He makes strange contortions with his mouth, as if he wished to give a certain peculiar expression to what he said. He is the son of a well-to-do merchant, who thought of making him a clergyman, whereby the fellow was wholly turned out of his course. I think that he would have done very well had he been brought up to some circumscribed way of life, and a not very extensive trafficking business, for he seems to possess energy and a certain intensity of feeling. I should have liked best to have seen him among the national guards. The result will show, but I fear we shall not have much pleasure in him. In the first place, therefore, granted that he is not a man of straightened circumstances, but one

who, according to his own account, his appearance and his dress, lives in tolerable comfort, then it is a bad sign in him not to show any trace of aspiration, liberality, love, and confidence. He presented himself to me with the shallow egotism of an ex-student. But at the same time there was no trace of uncouthness, or of any awkwardness in his behaviour, except the contortions of his mouth.

In my reception of him I took my stand upon the fact that *you* had sent him to me, and in this way started a good many subjects; but no chord of sympathy was struck between us, neither in regard to subjects either general or particular, nor even in regard to Reinholdt and Fichte, of both of whom he had heard. In fact I could not draw anything of any consequence from him, except that during the last year he had taken up certain views of life through which he had felt himself drawn towards poetry (which may be all very good), but that he had also become convinced that true culture consisted only in a certain connection between philosophy and poetry. Against this I have nothing to say, if only I had not to hear it from the lips of a young man. Otherwise he went as he came before a conversation on any one subject had been set on foot, and this short visit was long enough for me. His reserved manner reminded me of Hölderlin, although he is both a taller and a better made man. As soon as I have seen Hölderlin I shall compare the two men more closely and send you my conclusion. I have, in my earlier years especially, met with several characters of this kind, and I have come to see what they are really worth. This has been my general experience: men belonging to the mercantile class who take to literature, and more especially to poetry, have and retain a peculiar *tournure.* Some of them exhibit a certain earnestness and intenseness, a certain endeavour, but they seem to me as little capable of any exaltation as of the idea upon which all depends. Perhaps I am doing this class a wrong, and there may be many belonging to other classes who are no better. Look back upon your own experience; you will, doubtless, also find exceptional cases.—

It usually happens that we are more anxious about those who are on the move, and yet it should often be the

very reverse. Thus your dear letter of the 7th tells me that you have not been quite well, while I have suffered little or nothing from the weather. The thunderstorms cooled the atmosphere during the nights, and in the morning we started very early and rested during the hottest hours of the day; and even though we did travel for some hours while it was very hot, still there is generally a current of air on the hills and in the valleys where streams are flowing. At all events I arrived in Frankfort, having met with little inconvenience on the road. I should now like again to accustom myself to life in a large town; to accustom myself not only to travel, but also to live while travelling; if only this be not totally denied me by fate, for I am very well aware that my nature is ever striving after a calm and collected state of mind, and that it has no enjoyment in anything that interferes with this. Had I not in my *Hermann und Dorothea* an example that modern subjects, when conceived in a certain sense, could adapt themselves to the Epic, I should not care to know anything further about an increase of empiricism. On the stage, as I here again see, there is much that might be done at the present moment, but it would have to be handled lightly, and treated in Gozz's fashion; however, it is in no sense worth the trouble.

Meyer has given our ballads a very good reception. As I have written to him every week from Weimar to Stäfa, I have already received several letters from him here; his is a pure and truly progressive nature, and of inestimable value in every sense. I will hasten to get hold of him again in person, and never let him away from me again.

I sincerely pity the old man on the Topfberg that he should be doomed—God knows by what strange freak—to put difficulties in his own path and in that of others. I, a thousand times, prefer the Frankfort bankers, merchants, brokers, traders, Jews, gamblers, and speculators, who at all events gain something for themselves even though they trip up others by the heels. Nicolaus Pesce, as far as I remember, is the hero of the story you have handled—a diver by profession. But if, in the case of a remodelling like yours, our old friend can venture to

bring forward the chronicle which gave a report of the little story, how can we take it amiss of the rest of the public when in regard to romances they inquire whether it all really happened? As curious an example is given by Diderot, who, notwithstanding his great genius, his depth of feeling and clear understanding, could not come to see that culture must go its own course through art, that it cannot be subservient to any other, that it is very aptly connected with all others, *etc.*—which is surely easy enough to comprehend, as the facts stand out so prominently.

Most whimsical is poor Kosegarten, who, after having all his life sung and twittered just as kind nature had shaped his throat and beak, is now striving to display his individuality on the rack of the new philosophical demands, and has his beggarly coat trailing on the ground after him in order to feel assured of having some such royal garment in his wardrobe. I shall at once despatch the *exhibitum* to Meyer. However, people like this, who can fancy that the Nothingness of our Art is its All, are better off than we who are more or less convinced that the All of our Art is nothing.

Sceptical realism looks well in a traveller. Whatever of idealism there is still left in me is carried carefully locked up in a casket, like the Undenian pigmy woman;* you will, therefore, have to be patient with me in this respect. Probably I shall be able to write out that little story for you while on my travels. However I shall first wait a couple of months, for although in the empiric world almost everything has a disagreeable effect upon me, still as a whole it does one a great deal of good to find oneself at last coming to a clear consciousness of one's self. Farewell, and interpret for yourself my often strange words in accordance with what you know of me, for it would be impossible for me to rectify myself and to bring these rhapsodical fancies into any connection or consistency.

My kind greetings to your dear wife, and pray hold our Agnes and Amalia in your good estimation; one does not know what one has in such natures till one looks about

* *Die neue Melusina.* See also note to Letter 276.

the wide world in the hope of finding similar ones. You, my friend, have the gift of being able to give instruction which is denied to me; both of these pupils of yours will, I feel sure, yet accomplish much that is good, if only they communicate their views and learn to understand more about the fundamental demands of Art in regard to the disposition of the whole.

G.

357.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Frankfort, August 17, 1797.

Yesterday I was present at a representation of the opera *Palmira*, which, taken as a whole, was very well and properly given. What especially pleased me was that I had a good opportunity of examining one part of it most thoroughly, namely, the scenery; it is the work of a Milanese, Fuentes by name, who is at present living here. The great difficulty as regards scenic architecture is that one must have a knowledge of the principles of genuine architecture and yet be able to deviate from them in order to attain the end in view. Architecture, in the higher sense, ought to have an earnest, lofty, and steadfast character and expression—it can scarcely attend to what is graceful without becoming weak—and yet upon the stage everything has to present a graceful appearance. Theatrical architecture should be light, ornamental, and varied, and yet should at the same time represent the gorgeous, the lofty, and the noble. The decorations, especially of the background, ought in fact to be tableaux; the scene-painter has to go a step further than the landscape-painter, who must also understand how to modify architecture according to his requirements. The scenic decorations to *Palmira* furnish instances from which the rules of scene painting might be deduced; there are six scenes which follow one another in two acts without any single one being repeated; they are designed with judicious variety and gradation. One sees from them that the artist is acquainted with all the resources of genuine architecture, even when he builds as never would

or should be built; everything retains the semblance of possibility, and all his constructions are based upon the idea of what is demanded by reality. His ornamentations are very rich, but applied and distributed with genuine taste. In the case of the artist in question we have an example of the great stucco-school which exists in Milan, and of which a knowledge can be got from the prints of Albertolli. All the proportions tend to what is slender, as do likewise all the figures, statues, bas-reliefs, and painted lookers-on; the excessive length and powerful gestures of many of the figures are not mere mannerism, but have been required to be thus by necessity and taste. The colouring is faultless, and the style of painting very free and bold. The work exhibits all the perspective contrivances, all the charms of masses arranged according to the different points of direction. The several parts are perfectly distinct and clear without being hard, and the whole is most admirably consistent. One perceives in the endless details the result of the studies of a great school, and the knowledge which has been acquired by several generations of men, and it may doubtless be said that this style of Art is here brought to its highest point; a pity it is that the man's health is so delicate and that his life is despaired of. I will see that what I have here given as a mere hurried sketch shall be arranged and worked out in a better manner.

And now farewell, and let me hear from you again soon. I am often by you on your peaceful height, and when it is raining hard I think of the rushing of the Leutra* and its windings.

I shall not come back till I feel a surfeit of empiricism, as we cannot think of a totality. Farewell, and give my kind greetings to all.

G.

358.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Frankfort, August 17, 1797.

A thought has struck me which, as it may be important for the rest of my journey, I will at once communicate to

* A little river which flows past Jena.

you so as to have your opinion in how far it may be right and in how far I am right in allowing myself to be led by it. In following the calm and cold path of an observer, nay, of mere looker-on, I very soon remarked that the accounts which I had given of certain objects was in some measure sentimental, and this struck me so forcibly that I was instantly induced to reflect upon the cause, and found the following to be the state of the case. In general that which I see and experience combines very well with all my other knowledge, and is not unpleasant to me, because I class it with the general mass of what I know, and it helps to increase my capital. On the other hand, I could not name anything met with on my whole journey, that has in any way given rise in me to sentiment (*Empfindung*), the fact being that I am to-day as composed and unmoved as under the most ordinary circumstances and occurrences. Whence, therefore, comes this seeming state of sentimentality, which is to me the more remarkable because for some time past I have felt no trace of it in my nature, unless the poetic mood could be so called? Might one, therefore, not be poetically disposed towards a subject that is not wholly poetical itself, and hence be in a certain intermediate state?

I have carefully observed the objects which produce this effect and have found to my astonishment that in fact they are symbolical, that is (as I scarcely need say), they are eminent cases which, in characteristic variety, stand as the representatives of many others, embrace a certain totality in themselves, demand a certain succession, excite similar and foreign subjects in my mind, and thus, from within as well as from without, lay claim to a certain oneness and universality. Hence they are what a happy subject is to a *poet*, happy objects for the *man;* and as one cannot give them any poetic form, because one recapitulates them to oneself, one has at least to give them an *ideal* form, that is, a human form in the higher sense, in fact, what in the much-abused expression is called sentimental. Hence you will not laugh but only smile when, to my own astonishment, I tell you that, if I should note down anything of my travels for friends or for *the public*, I shall be in danger of writing a *sentimental*

journey. Yet I would not, as you know, fear any word, even the most depreciatory, if the treatment justified me in what I did, nay, even though I could be so fortunate as to give the depreciated word back its dignity.

I refer you to what you yourself have so beautifully unfolded, to what is the customary language between us, and would ask: when is a sentimental phenomenon (which we dare not despise be it ever so troublesome) intolerable? I answer: when the ideal is directly connected with what is common. This can happen only in the case of an empty style, wanting both in substance and form, for this would annihilate both the idea and the object; the former, which can be significant and occupy itself only with what is significant, and the latter, which can be thoroughly good and right without being significant.

As yet I have found but two such objects: the public square in which I am living—which, in regard to its position and all that takes place in it, is symbolical at every moment; and the area occupied by my grandfather's house, courtyard, and garden—which has been converted by wise, enterprising people from its contracted patriarchal condition, as occupied by an old magistrate of Frankfort, into a most useful market-place. The house itself, by strange coincidences, was destroyed at the time of the bombardment, and although for the most part now a mere mound of *débris,* is worth double what was paid for it to my people eleven years ago by the present proprietors. Now, in so far as it may be supposed that the place will again be purchased and rebuilt by some new speculator, you will easily perceive that in more than one sense it must, and especially according to my view, stand as a symbol of many thousands of other cases in this thriving mercantile city.

In this case, of course, there is in addition the loving remembrance I have of it; but when, on the further course of my journey, having been made observant by these cases, I direct my attention not merely to what is *remarkable,* but to what is *significant,* I cannot fail to gather in a rich harvest for myself and others. I will first try here, and see what I can observe of the symbolical, but shall more particularly study this subject in regard to places with which I am unacquainted, and am now seeing for the first

time. If I succeed in this, then—without wishing to pursue the trial very extensively, and yet going into the depth in every case, and always as far I may be permitted—I cannot fail to carry away booty enough from well-known lands and regions.

Tell me your thoughts on this subject in good time, so that I may be instructed, confirmed, invigorated and cheered. The matter is an important one, for it annuls the contradiction which lies between my nature and direct experience, and which in former years I was never able to solve immediately and happily. For I confess that I would rather have turned straight home again, in order to work out of my inmost being phantoms of every kind, than to have again, as hitherto, to buffet with the million-faced Hydra of Empiricism; for he who does not seek pleasure or advantage from it had better draw back in good time.

Thus much for to-day, although I have another important chapter of a similar kind to discuss, which I mean to take in hand one day soon, and beg you to give me your thoughts on the subject. Farewell, my kind greetings to your circle, and please do not let any one except those dearest to you know or hear anything of my letters.

G.

359.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 17, 1797.

The description which you give me of Frankfort and large towns in general is not comforting, either to the poet or to the philosopher, but the truth of it is very evident, and it being now an established point that a man poetises and philosophises only for himself, nothing can be said against it; on the contrary, it strengthens one in the good path that has been entered upon, and cuts off all temptation of applying poetry to anything outward.

This much has also become clear to me from my few experiences, that, taken as a whole, people can be made either very happy or very unhappy by poetry, and, it seems to me, where the one end is not to be attained the other should be our aim. They must be discomforted and an

end put to their own self-satisfaction, they must be thrown into a state of uneasiness and surprise. Poetry must confront them either as a Genius or as a Spectre. By this means alone will people learn to believe in the existence of Poetry, and to have respect for the poet. I have, moreover, nowhere found this respect greater than in this set of persons, although, at the same time, it was nowhere so unfruitful and so wanting in inclination. There is something that speaks to the poet in everything, and you may be ever so unbelieving a realist, still you will have to admit that this X is the germ of idealism, and that it is this alone that prevents real life, with its common Empiricism, from destroying all susceptibility for the poetical. It is indeed true that this is far from being sufficient to promote a genuinely poetical and æsthetic state of mind, in fact, this state of mind is frequently hindered by it, just as freedom is through moral tendencies; but much is already gained by an outlet from Empiricism being opened up.

I have, as I see, acquired but little honour with my *protégé*, Herr Schmidt, but I will hope for the best till I can do so no longer. I happen, in fact, to be in that desperate case when it becomes a matter of consequence to me that other people should be worth something, and that something should be made out of them; hence I shall hold by this Hölderlin and Schmidt as long as possible.

Herr Schmidt, as he is now, is indeed but the counter-caricature of the Frankfort empirical world, and just as this city has no time to look into itself, so this man and others in a similar position cannot get out of themselves at all. In the one case, I might say, we have sentiment enough, but no object for it; in the other, the bare, empty object without sentiment. And thus we everywhere have only the materials for a man such as the poet requires, but they are scattered, and have not taken hold of one another.

I should like to know whether this Schmidt, this Richter, and this Hölderlin, would, under all circumstances, have remained absolutely as subjective, as eccentric, and as monosyllabic? Whether it is not owing to something primitive, simply the want of æsthetic nourishment and influence from without, and the opposition of the empiric

world, in which they live, against their idealistic tendency, that has produced this unfortunate result. I am very much inclined to believe the latter to have been the case, and even though a powerful and happy nature overcomes everything, still it seems to me that many a good talent is lost in this way.

Your remark that those who enter the domain of poetry from a certain class, possess a certain amount of earnestness and intenseness, but no freedom, calmness and clearness, is doubtless very true. Earnestness and intenseness are the necessary and natural consequence when inclination and occupation come into conflict, when one is isolated and thrown back upon oneself; hence the merchant's son who writes poetry must be possessed of greater depth than usual if he is to think only of some such thing. But it is just as natural that he should turn more to the moral side than to the æsthetic, inasmuch as he feels with passionate vehemence, is driven into himself, and finds that objects repel rather than that they lay hold of him, and hence he can never succeed in obtaining a clear and calm survey of them.

I find a further proof of this observation of yours in the fact that those who take to poetry after having had a liberal education show a certain freedom, clearness and readiness, but little earnestness and intenseness. In the case of the former, what is characteristic almost approaches caricature, and always with a certain amount of one-sidedness and harshness; with the latter, we have to fear a want of what is characteristic, insipidity and almost shallowness. I should say that the latter come nearer to the æsthetic in form, the former more in regard to the substance. In comparing our Jena and Weimar poetesses, I have made some observations which I mean to communicate to you some day. Our friend Mereau has, in fact, a certain intenseness, and at times even a dignity of feeling, and a certain amount of depth also, cannot be denied her. Only her character has been formed in solitude and in a kind of opposition to the world. On the other hand, Amalia Imhof has taken up poetry, not for the love of the thing, but for fancy's sake, and will do no more than play with it all her life. But because, according to my idea, the æsthetic is at

once both seriousness and play, the seriousness being based in the substance, and the play in the form, Mereau will always miss the poetic element in the form, Imhof always in the substance. With my sister-in-law the case is a peculiar one, she has the good points of both, but too great an amount of imagination keeps her from the actual point upon which all depends.

I think I have already told you that I sent Kosegarten a letter giving him my opinion, and telling him that I was anxious to have his answer. He has now written to me, and is very grateful for my frankness. But how little hope there is of helping him I see from the fact that, in the self-same letter, he encloses the table of contents of his poems, which could only have been written by a mad man. Certain people are beyond help, and especially he whose brow the gods have encircled with a brazen band.*

Here at last is my *Ibycus*. I trust you may be satisfied with it. I confess that in looking more closely into the subject I found more difficulties than I had at first anticipated, however I think I have overcome most of them. The two main points upon which things depended, seemed to me in the *first* place to give the narrative a continuity which the rough story did not possess, and *secondly*, to produce the proper state of mind for the effect. I have not been able to put the last touches to it to-day, as I did not get finished till yesterday evening; I am, moreover, very anxious that you should read the ballad soon, so that I may still have the benefit of your suggestions. The pleasantest news would be to hear that I had met your wishes in all essential points.

Here also are two proof-sheets of the Almanack. I shall enclose my next letter to you direct to Cotta, as by the end of the month I presume you will have left Frankfort.

My health during the last week has again been better, and all the rest of our household are well. My wife sends kind greetings. Of the Humboldts I have not heard anything since they left Dresden. Of Gotter's legacy I have received his opera *The Enchanted Island*, which is an adaptation of Shakespeare's *Tempest*. I have read the first

* This was an expression used by Iphigenia in regard to the Titans, in the first version of the drama; it was afterwards somewhat altered.

act, which, however, is very weak and very meagre food. However, I thank heaven that I have got some sheets wherewith to fill the *Horen*, and this, moreover, from a classical author, who before his death complained so bitterly about the *Xenia*. Hence, therefore, Gotter, who during his lifetime would have nothing to do with the *Horen*, shall be forced to make his appearance in it after his decease.

Farewell, and let me soon hear from you again.

SCH.

360 *a*.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Frankfort, August 22, 1797.

Your rich and beautiful little packet came to me in good time. I think of leaving this in a few days, and can only send you a few words from here about what you have sent me.

The Almanack has already a splendid appearance, especially when one knows what is yet to come.

Your *Cranes of Ibycus* I think very successful; the transition to the theatre is very good, and the Chorus of the Eumenides in the proper place. This turn having once been devised, the whole story cannot now exist without it, and hence, should I still think of my working out my idea, I should likewise have to introduce this Chorus.

Now let me make some other suggestions: 1. The cranes as *birds of passage* should be a whole flock, flying over Ibycus as well as over the theatre. They should come as a natural phenomenon, and thus be like the sun and other normal appearances. This would also rid the story of the element of wonder, which it does not require to possess; the birds are perhaps only a part of the great migrating flock, and thus what is accidental alone constitutes what of presentiment and strangeness the story contains. 2. Further, after the 14th verse,* where the Furies have retired, I should add another verse, in order to describe the state of mind produced by the words of the

* Now the 18th verse, for Schiller followed some of Goethe's suggestions.

Chorus upon the people, to pass over from the serious utterances of the good to the reckless amusement of the bad, and then to cause the murderer—stupidly, harshly and loudly, it is true, but only within the hearing of his immediate neighbours—to make his foolish exclamation. This would give rise to a *fracas* between him and those of the audience nearest to him, whereby the attention of the people would be drawn to him, *etc.* By this means, as well as by the *flock* of birds, everything would be enacted in a natural way, which in my opinion would add to the effect, because the 15th verse, as it now stands, begins too loudly and importantly, and leads one to expect something different. If in one or two passages you pay a little more attention to the rhyme, the rest will easily be managed, and I congratulate you upon this successful work.

I have been making some experiences in regard to the actual state of an attentive traveller, and have discovered wherein the fault of books of travel very often consists. Let the point of view taken by the traveller be whichever one he pleases, still his view of things will ever be one-sided, and his judgment will be a hasty one; on the other hand, the view taken from this one side is very vivid, and the judgment formed is in a certain sense correct. I have therefore had a blank book made into which I mean to stitch all the various kinds of public papers that I come across—daily newspapers, weekly papers, extracts from sermons, ordinances, play-bills, price-lists—and shall then add to these, remarks of my own of what I see and observe, by way of giving my opinion at the moment; I shall then talk these subjects over in company and bring forward my opinion, for I shall then soon see in how far I am well-informed, and in how far my judgment corresponds with the judgment of well-informed men. Thereupon I shall again enter my new experience and information into my collection; in this way I shall gather materials which at some future time will be sufficiently interesting as regards outward and inward life. If, together with this preliminary knowledge and my mental practice, I continue to find pleasure in carrying out this work for a time, I shall collect a great quantity of material.

A few poetical subjects have already occurred to me,

these I shall carefully stow away in my heart; one can never know at the first moment what may, at a future time, separate itself from the rough experience as true substance.

Notwithstanding this, I will not deny that I have several times been seized with a longing for the valley of the Saal, and were I to-day to be transposed thither, I should at once, without taking one look back, be able to set to work with my *Faust* or some other poetical work.

Wallenstein will probably at present be engaging your thoughts but little or not at all, as the Almanack has to be attended to. If, however, you are at work with it, let me hear something about it.

The theatre here is in a certain sense not bad, but much too weakly provided with actors; true, about a year ago it suffered a very severe shock. I really do not know what play of any worth and dignity could be given here at present.

360 *b*.

August 23, 1797.

In addition to what I said yesterday about the ballad, I must to-day, for the sake of greater distinctness, add a few words more. As the middle is so very successful I wish that you would add a few stanzas to the exposition, for in any case the poem is not too long. *Meo voto* the cranes were already seen by wandering Ibycus; as a traveller he would compare himself with the travelling birds; as a guest, he would, with the guests, look upon it as a good presentiment, and, when in the hands of the murderers, would then call upon the already known cranes, his travelling companions, as witnesses. Now, had it been considered of any advantage, he might have seen this flock even while on board the ship. You see from what I said yesterday that I am anxious to make a long and broad story out of these cranes, which I think would again connect itself well with the long involved threads of the Eumenides. I told you yesterday my opinion in regard to the end. Otherwise, I have nothing further in my own sketch that you could make use of in your poem.

Yesterday Hölderlin came to see me; he looks somewhat depressed and sickly, but he is very amiable, and modestly, nay, timidly frank. He spoke about various subjects in a manner that betrayed him as one of your school, and many ideas he has so thoroughly made his own, that he could readily take up many a thing. I advised him to write short poems, and to choose in every case a subject of human interest. He seemed still to have some predilection for the Middle Ages, in which I could not encourage him. I shall probably not see Captain Steigentesch; he comes and goes; I missed him several times when I called, and a note which I left for him on the last occasion he will perhaps not receive till after my departure. My kind greetings to your dear wife and our poetical lady-friends. I have always been in hopes of sending you something for our *Almanack of the Muses;* perhaps the air of Suabia may be more productive. In reality, it is only after leaving this that I start out into foreign parts, and shall therefore the more eagerly look for a letter from you at Cotta's.

G.

361.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Frankfort, August 24, 1797.

Before leaving this I must tell you of a work which I have commenced, and which will probably be for the *Horen.* I have before me about two hundred French satirical engravings; after having arranged them I find them directed:

I. *Against Foreign affairs.*
- (*a.*) England.
- (*b.*) The Pope.
- (*c.*) Austria.

II. *Against Home affairs.*
- (*a.*) The old Reign of Terror.
- (*b.*) Follies of Fashion:—
  1. Represented in their exaggeration.
  2. In their relation to one another.
  3. In their relation to antiquated follies.
  4. In relation to finance and other political matters.
- (*c.*) Against those hostile to Art.

I am now beginning to describe each one separately, and they are pretty successful; for as most of them suggest something to the mind, and are witty, symbolical and allegorical, they often present themselves to the imagination as well, and even better, than they do to the eye; having so large a quantity of material to survey, one can make some very good observations on French genius and art in general; and even though one could not, and has not even the intention of doing as *Lichtenberg* would do, still the view taken is always gay and cheerful enough to make it pleasant reading. In Switzerland I shall be sure to find more, and perhaps also the earlier ones. A very good essay could be made out of these, and the October number would get a tolerable contribution. Some have already been given in the *Mercury* and the *Journal of Fashion* and elsewhere, which I shall now include with the rest. I am in hopes of finding many a thing like these and of a similar kind on my journey, and that after the month of October I shall again be able to offer you some good contributions; for in fact one need only take a thing properly in hand for it to be done. I have double pleasure in our present Almanack, for it was in reality by sheer resolution and perseverance on our part that we got it started. If only you keep your poetical friends of both sexes in a state of good humour and activity, next spring we shall only require about four weeks to compile our next.

Farewell, and write to me often and fully. My box is off to Stuttgart, and if the weather, which has lately been rainy, cold and dismal, clears again, as it seems inclined to do, I shall start at once. I should like to cross the mountain-road on a bright day.

G.

362.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, August 30, 1797.

I thought myself on the road to recovery when I last wrote to you, but for the last week I have been suffering from a severe influenza, and troubled with an obstinate cough which is going the round of the house. The fever,

it is true, has left me to-day, but my cough still plagues me very much, and my head feels shaken to pieces. I tell you this, dear friend, only by way of an excuse for my silence.

We are anxiously expecting news from you, and want to know where you are now to be found. Herewith you will receive new proof-sheets.

Your dear letter which I received on the 20th I must defer answering till my head is again clear.

Even on your journey, dear friend, I shall have to torment you. Do think sometimes of the *Horen*, and see whether your journey itself cannot contribute something. The need is great, and all the more so at present as I myself am useless to give any help. With such interruptions as I have just experienced, I shall have trouble enough in finding inclination and time for my *Bell*, which is not nearly cast yet.

Keep cheerful and in good health, and continue to enliven me even from a distance. We and all belonging to us think of you with the most heartfelt interest. My wife sends a thousand greetings.

Farewell. SCH.

A few minutes ago, to our unexpected and great delight, your last letter came in. Accept my heartfelt thanks for what you say about my *Ibycus.* Those suggestions of yours which it is in my power to follow shall certainly be made use of. I have here again very distinctly felt how much is accomplished by a vivid knowledge of things even in the case of invention. I knew the cranes only from a few similes which served the occasion, and the want of a vivid view of things caused me to overlook the good use which could be made of this natural phenomenon. I will try and give the appearance of the cranes more breadth and importance, inasmuch as they are the heroes of Fate. How I am to alter the transition to the exclamation made by the murderer I do not as yet exactly see, although I feel that something ought to be done there.* However, as soon as I am in the proper humour for it, something may occur to me.

* The 19th verse was subsequently introduced here.

Again accept my thanks for your letter. If my health will permit me, I shall write again the day after to-morrow for certain.

Farewell. SCH.

363*a*.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Stuttgart, August 30, 1797.

Having last night repeatedly called upon you—as the patron saint of all such as suffer from sleeplessness—for support, and having actually felt myself strengthened by your example to survive one of the most grievous adventures with bugs in the belly of the Roman Emperor, I must now, in accordance with my vow, at once give you an account of my doings.

On the 25th I left Frankfort, and had a pleasant drive under a clouded sky as far as Heidelberg, where during the whole of the following day, in the most brilliant sunlight, I gazed in ecstacy on the scenery around.

On the 27th I set off very early, rested during the heat at Sinzheim, and arrived early at Heilbronn. This town and its surroundings interested me very much. I spent the 28th there, and left early on the 29th, so that I was in Ludwigsburg by 9 o'clock. At five in the evening I again set off, and entered Stuttgart just as the sun was setting. This town, encircled as it is with hills, looked very solemn in the evening twilight.

Early this morning I reconnoitred the town by myself. Its situation, and particularly its avenues, pleased me very much. Herr Rapp I found to be a very amiable man, and a good connoisseur of the fine arts; in landscape-drawing he shows a very fair amount of talent, good knowledge, and experience. We went at once to Professor Dannecker's, where I saw a finished model in gypsum of Hector scolding Paris, somewhat above life-size; also a reclining, naked female figure in the character of the love-sick Sappho; this was finished in gypsum and begun in marble. Further, a small sitting figure, mourning, designed as an ornament for a room. At his house I likewise saw a model in gypsum of the head of the present Duke, which is said to be especially successful, in marble; also a bust of himself,

which, without being exaggerated, is intellectual and animated. But what especially struck me was the original cast of your bust, which exhibits so much truth and finish as actually to create astonishment. The cast which you possess does not give one any idea of this work. It is being worked in marble, and if it is as successfully executed will be a very remarkable piece of sculpture. I saw other small models of his which were very well conceived and planned; but he fails where all our modern artists fail, namely, in the choice of subjects. This matter, which we have discussed, and latterly again in connection with my treatise on Laokoon, always presents itself to me as one of the highest importance. When shall we poor artists of these latter days be able to rise up to this main idea?

I also saw at his house a vase of grey-striped alabaster by Isopi, of whom Wolzogen told us so much. However, it surpasses all description, and no one can form any conception of the perfection of the work without having seen it himself. The stone, as regards colour, is not pleasing, but all the more so as a material; for, owing to its being more easy to manipulate than marble, it is possible to do things with it that could not be accomplished in marble. If Cellini, as we may believe, conceived and completed his leaves and decorations in gold and silver in this manner, one cannot take it ill of him for having himself spoken with delight of his own works.

That part of the castle which was burnt down in the time of Duke Charles, just as it was finished, is now being rebuilt, and at present the men are working at the projections and the roofs. Isopi is modelling the different parts, which will then be set in by other workers in stucco. His ornamentations are very ingenious and tasteful; he has a special liking for birds, of which he makes very good models, and combines in a pleasing manner with other decorations. The composition of the whole shows originality and lightness.

In Professor Scheffauer's studio (I did not find him) I saw a sleeping Venus with an Amor uncovering her; it is of white marble, good in execution and design, except that the arm which she has thrown back under her head does not look well from the chief point of view. Also a few bas-reliefs on antique subjects, and the models of the

monument which the wife of the present Duke is having erected, at the request of the people and of her family, in commemoration of the Prince's restoration to health. The obelisk has already been placed on the Schlossplatz, adorned with the models in plaster casts.

In the absence of Professor Hetsch, his wife showed us over his studio. The painting representing his family, all the figures in which are life-size, possesses great merit, and his own portrait, in particular, is exceedingly true and natural. The picture was painted in Rome. His portraits are very good and life-like, and are said to be excellent likenesses. He is working at an historical picture from the *Messiade*,* where Mary is conversing with Portia, Pilate's wife, about the bliss of eternal life, and is convincing her of it. What do you say to the choice of such a subject? And what can be the expression of a face which, in anticipation, is supposed to feel the delights of heaven? Besides these, he has two studies from nature for the head of Portia; the one is a Roman woman, a splendid brunette, full of mind and feeling; the other a blonde, a good soft German. The expression of both faces is of course nothing less than supernatural, for if such a painting is to be made it dare not exhibit any individual features. However, the head of the Roman woman one would like ever to have before one's eyes. A downright German idea has put me quite out of humour. Strange that a good plastic artist should vie with the poet, when, in reality, that which he is alone able to create and ought to create could put the poet in a state of desperation!

I found Professor Müller standing beside the portrait of Graff, painted by Graff himself. The head is most excellent, the artist's eye possesses the greatest brilliancy, but the position—his leaning over the back of a chair—does not please me, the less so as the back of the chair is carved, and the figure therefore seems to be perforated. The engraving otherwise promises likewise to be excellent. He is further at work upon *Also the death of a general*, and an American, a young man who fell at Bunker's Hill. The painting is by Trumbull, an American, and possesses the merits of an artist and the defects of an

* Klopstock's work.

amateur. Its merits are—very characteristic and admirably struck likenesses as to face; its defects—disproportions between the different figures among one another and their various parts. It is very well composed as regards the subject, and very judiciously coloured for a painting in which so many red uniforms had to be introduced; yet upon a first impression its effect is glaring until one becomes reconciled to it on account of its merits. The engraving is upon the whole very successful, and the various parts are admirably done. I also saw an admirable print of the excellent engraving of the last King of France.

Towards evening we paid a visit to *Consistorialrath* Ruoff, who has a splendid collection of drawings and engravings, some of which are framed and hung up for the pleasure and convenience of amateurs. We then went to Herr Rapp's garden, and I again had an opportunity of enjoying his intelligent and correct judgment upon many subjects in art, as well as upon Dannecker's sprightliness.

363*b*.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

August 31, 1797.

This is what I did with myself yesterday, and you will see that my day was pretty well spent. I have several remarks to make. Especially melancholy for architecture was the reflection: what might not Duke Charles, in his striving after a certain kind of greatness, have been able to effect had he obtained an insight into the true meaning of art, and been fortunate enough to find able artists to carry out his plans? However, it is very evident his liking consisted merely in a fondness for a certain imposing and showy style without taste, and in his earlier days architecture in France, from whence he took his models, had itself become degenerated. I am at present full of desire to see Hohenheim.

Having written all this as if you were not acquainted with the greater part of it already, I must now tell you that on my journey, I have been thinking of a species of poetry which we must cultivate more in future, and which will perhaps be of good service to our next Almanack. This is

Conversations in Verse. We have some very pleasing things of this description in a certain period of early German literature, and many a thought can be expressed in this form, only we must first enter well into it and win from it what is peculiar to it. I have begun a conversation between a boy, in love with a miller's daughter, and the mill-stream, and hope soon to be able to send it to you. This turn gives life to the poetical, the tropical, and the allegorical, and it is a very good species of verse on a journey where so many objects speak to one.

It is also very curious to observe what kinds of objects adapt themselves to this particular mode of treatment. To return to the complaints I made above, I cannot tell you how uncomfortable I feel about the mistakes that are made in regard to subjects, more especially in the case of sculpture; for these artists evidently pay most dearly for the failings and erroneous conceptions of the times. As soon as I see Meyer and can make use of the ideas he has communicated to me, I mean at once to set to and, at all events, write down the chief points. Meanwhile please continue to think over poetical forms and subjects.

I have likewise at various times had occasion to reflect upon what is dramatically comic; the result of these reflections is, that it can be perceived only in a large and more or less rude mass of people, and that unfortunately we have no such capital that we could poetically turn to our advantage.

As for the rest, people here have suffered and are still suffering a great deal from the war. If, as it is said, the French have taken away five millions out of the country, the Imperial troops, it seems, have already consumed as much as sixteen millions. On the other hand, as a stranger, one is astonished at the immense fertility of this part of the country, and thus can readily understand how it is possible for it to bear such burdens.

You and yours are remembered here with much affection and pleasure, nay, I may say, with enthusiasm. And herewith I must bid you farewell for to-day. Cotta has very kindly invited me to stay with him; I have gratefully accepted the invitation, for hitherto, especially in hot weather, I have suffered more in the inns than on the road.

363 c.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

September 4, 1797.

This letter may now finally be sent off; I trust I may find one from you at Cotta's in Tübingen, where I hope to be soon. Here things have gone very well with me, and I have felt myself very happy in the society to which your little note introduced me. They have entertained me in all kinds of ways, have endeavoured to let me see everything, and introduced me to several of their acquaintances. If Meyer were here I might easily have been persuaded to remain longer. It is natural, amidst the many subjects of art and science I have met with here, that I am now only just beginning to perceive a number of things which I might make use of with advantage; for it is really curious what a perpetual striving there is among men. But what specially delights me, and would really make a prolonged stay here exceedingly pleasant, is that in the short time spent with those persons whom I have more frequently met, I have really made some advance in culture by an interchange of ideas, so that the intercourse has been fruitful on both sides. With Dannecker I have actually come to an understanding on some points, and Rapp seems inclined to agree with us in others; his is a most accommodating, cheerful, and liberal nature. His principles are indeed still the principles of an amateur, which, as is well known, have an entirely peculiar *tournure*, not exactly very favorable to genuine Art; but he soon naturally and actively feels an artist's motives, even though they differ from his own. I think of leaving this the day after tomorrow, and hope to find a letter from you in Tübingen.

In addition to having been pretty busily engaged in making notes of what I have been doing, I have taken note of various things suggested by conversations and circumstances; these will by degrees be made into short essays, which may perhaps in the end be connected together.

Farewell. Give my kind greetings to all, and continue from time to time to send me a letter addressed to Cotta, whom I will keep informed as to where I am staying.

G.

364.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Your letter of the 30th of August, which I received on my arrival in Tübingen, promised that a second letter should follow soon; this, however, has not yet come. I sincerely hope that the feeling of illness of which you wrote to me has not been the cause of the delay.

I am glad that what I wrote to you about *Ibycus* may prove useful; it was the idea upon which, in reality, I had intended to work out my own plan. In connection with your otherwise happy treatment of the subject, the ballad as a whole may thereby attain completeness and roundness. If only you could also finish your *Bell* for the Almanack, for this poem will be one of its chief and special ornaments.

Since the 4th of September, the day on which I despatched my last letter, I have been most fortunate in all things. I remained in Stuttgart three days longer, during which I made the acquaintance of some other persons and saw a great many things of interest. When I perceived that my relation to Rapp and Dannecker was becoming more intimate, and that both were not disinclined to accept many a principle which theoretically I held to be of great importance, and they, on their part, communicated to me many a thing that was good, agreeable, and useful, I determined to read my *Hermann* to them, which accordingly I one evening accomplished. I had every reason to be pleased with the effect it produced, and these hours have been very fruitful to us all.

I have now been in Tübingen since the 7th, and during the first days of fine weather thoroughly enjoyed the view of the surrounding country; the dreary raining weather we are now having shall be robbed of its depressing influence by social intercourse. At Cotta's I have a cheerful room and a cheerful though limited view into the valley of the Neckar, between the old church and the academy. However, I am preparing to leave this, and my next letter will be dated from Stäfa. Meyer is very well, and anxiously expecting me. It cannot at all be calculated what the effect of our meeting will and can be.

The more I get to know of Cotta the better I like him.

For a man of energetic thought and enterprising mercantile pursuits, he has an amount of moderation, gentleness, and collectedness, and of clearness and steadfastness of purpose, such as, I think, is rarely met with. I have become acquainted with several of the professors here, very estimable men in their different departments, way of thinking, and mode of life; they appear all to be well satisfied with their position, without exactly requiring lively academic intercourse. The great foundations seem to resemble the large edifices that enclose them; they stand like calm colossuses based upon themselves, and do not show any special activity beyond what is requisite for their own maintenance.

I have been very much struck with a small work of Kant's which you are sure also to know: *Proclamation of the Near Conclusion of a Treaty for Eternal Peace in Philosophy;* * it is a very valuable product of his way of thinking, which, like everything else of his, contains the most splendid passages, yet in composition and style is even more Kantian than Kant. I am greatly pleased that aristocratic philosophers and preachers of prejudice could so irritate him as to make him oppose them with all his power. However, it seems to me he nevertheless does Schlosser a wrong in accusing him, indirectly at least, of dishonesty. If Schlosser is at fault, his error probably lies in the fact of his ascribing to his inward conviction a reality towards the outer world, and of his being obliged to do so in accordance with his character and way of thinking; and who in theory and practice is altogether free from this presumption? In conclusion, I have had a small joke copied out for you; but do not make any use of it yet. This introduction will be followed by other three poems in the German, French, and Spanish style, which will together form a little romance.

THE PAGE AND THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.†

Page.

Where goest thou? Where?
Miller's daughter so fair!
Thy name, pray?—

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* *Verkündigung des nahen Abschlusses eines Tractats zum ewigen Frieden in der Philosophie.*

† The translation of this ballad is by E. A. Bowring, who has published some of Goethe's minor poems in a volume which forms part of Bohn's Standard Library.

Miller's Daughter.

'Tis Lizzy.

Page.

Where goest thou? Where?
With the rake in thy hand?

Miller's Daughter.

Father's meadows and land
To visit, I'm busy.

Page.

Dost go there alone?

Miller's Daughter.

By this rake, Sir, 'tis shown
That we're making the hay;
And the pears ripen fast
In the garden at last,
So I'll pick them to-day.

Page.

Is't the silent thicket I yonder view?

Miller's Daughter.

Oh, yes! there are two;
There's one on each side.

Page.

I'll follow thee soon.
When the sun burns at noon,
We'll go there, ourselves from his rays to hide.
And then in some glade all-verdant and deep—

Miller's Daughter.

Why, people would say—

Page.

Within mine arms thou gently wilt sleep.

Miller's Daughter.

Your pardon, I pray,
Whoever is kiss'd by the miller-maid,
Upon the spot must needs be betray'd.
'Twould give me distress
To cover with white
Your pretty dark dress.
Equal with equal! then all is right!
That's the motto in which I delight.
I am in love with the miller boy,
He wears nothing that I could destroy.

I must not forget to congratulate you upon the happy progress which your Almanack and your *Knight of Toggenburg* are making.

G.

365.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, September 7, 1797.

Received in Stäfa, September 23.]

At last I am beginning to feel myself again, and to be in my usual state of mind. After sending off my last letter to you I became worse—I had not felt so ill for very long—but finally an emetic put things into order again. Almost all my occupations were meanwhile brought to a standstill, and the few moments when I felt better had to be devoted to the Almanack. This sort of work, owing to its unceasing and inexorable monotony, has something salutary about it, for it will not brook caprice, and is as regular in making its presence felt as the daylight. One gathers together one's strength because the work has to be done, and when one makes definite demands upon oneself the work is none the worse for it. We are nearly through with the printing of the Almanack, and if the accessory work—covers, title-pages, and music—does not hinder us, the little book may yet be sent out before Michaelmas.

I have, in accordance with your advice, made essential alterations in my *Ibycus;* the exposition is no longer so meagre, the hero of the ballad is more interesting, the cranes also fill the imagination more, and draw sufficient attention to themselves so that, at their last appearance, they are not entirely forgotten by what has gone before.

But as regards your suggestion about the development, I found it impossible entirely to agree to it. If I allow the murderer's exclamation to be heard only by the spectators nearest to him, and a commotion to be created among the latter—which commotion and its cause would only gradually be spread among the rest of the theatre—I should burden myself with an amount of detail which, considering the impatient advance of expectation, would embarrass me too much, weaken the whole, divide the attention, &c. The *dénouement*, however, shall not end in

what is marvellous; this I had no intention of doing even in my first sketch of it, only I had left it too indefinite. The simple natural matter of chance, of course, must explain the catastrophe. This chance leads the flock of cranes to fly across the theatre; the murderer is among the spectators; the play being performed has not indeed affected or crushed him—this is not my intention—but it has *reminded* him of his crime, and hence also of that which occurred at the time; his mind has been struck by it; the appearance of the cranes, therefore, must at this very moment take him by surprise; he is a rough, stupid fellow, swayed by momentary impressions; his loud exclamation is natural under the circumstances.

Further, as I imagine him sitting *high* up where the common people have their seats, he will, *firstly*, be able to see the cranes before they have flown across the middle of the theatre; in this way I contrive that the exclamation can precede the actual appearance of the cranes—upon which a great deal depends—and that therefore their actual appearance becomes of more importance. And, *secondly*, I intended that, by calling from above, he can be the better heard; for in this case it is not at all improbable that the whole house should hear his cry, although all his words may not be understood.

I have devoted an extra verse to the impression which his exclamation creates, but the actual discovery of the deed, as the consequence of the cry, I intentionally did not describe more in detail. As soon as the way for discovering the murderer is opened (and this is done by the exclamation, together with the terror of despair which immediately follows), the ballad is at an end. It is not the poet's business to tell the rest.

I have sent the ballad in its altered shape to Böttiger, in order to hear from him whether there is anything in it that is opposed to the customs of the ancient Greeks. As soon as it is returned to me I shall put the finishing touches to it, and then hasten with it to the press. In my next letter I hope to be able to let you have it in print together with the whole of the remaining portion of the Almanack. Schlegel, too, has sent another romance, which treats of Arion's adventure with the dolphin. The idea may be

very good, but the way in which it is worked out seems to me to be cold, dry, and without interest. He also intends to turn Sacontala into a ballad; a curious undertaking for him, and it would be well if his good angel kept him from it.

Your last letter but one, dated the 17th, I received very late, as Böttiger, to whom it was addressed, was absent. The sentimental phenomenon in you does not astonish me in the least, and I think you have yourself satisfactorily accounted for its existence. It is a necessity to poetical natures—if indeed the same cannot be said of human nature in general—to tolerate a void as little as possible, to appropriate, by means of sentiment, as much of the world as can be managed, to search into the depths of all phenomena, and everywhere to seek humanity as a whole. If the object, as an individual person or thing, is empty, and consequently devoid of substance, in a poetical respect, the imaginative faculty will then try what it can do with it, and take it up from its symbolical side, and in this way make it speak to humanity. The sentimental (in a good sense) is, however, always an effect of the poetic endeavour which never becomes quite realised, whether it be from causes contained in the object itself or from such as lie in the mind. Your case seems to have been a poetical demand of this kind without a purely poetical state of mind and without a poetical object, and hence what you experienced is nothing but the general course of the sentimental mode of feeling, and corroborates all that which we have established in regard to the matter.

There is but one other remark I have to make. You express yourself in this case as if a great deal depended upon the object; this I cannot admit. It is true the object must *signify* something, just as the poetical object must *be* something; but in the end it depends upon the mind as to whether an object is to signify anything, and thus it seems to me that the emptiness or fulness lies more in the subject than in the object. It is the mind which fixes the boundary here, and I can in this case, as everywhere, distinguish between the ordinary and the intellectual, in the treatment and not in the choice of the subject. What the two public squares were to you, you would perhaps, under different

circumstances and a more thoroughly poetic state of mind, have found in every *street*, *bridge*, every *ship*, a plough or any other mechanical instrument.

Pray do not thrust these sentimental impressions aside, but give expression to them as often as you can. Nothing, unless it be the poetic mood, so purifies the mind from emptiness and commonness as this view of things; every single object will thereby acquire a world of its own, and insignificant phenomena infinite depth. And even though it may not be poetic, still, as you yourself have said, it is human, and that which is human is ever the beginning of what is poetic, which is but its highest point.

To-day, the 8th, I received a letter from Cotta, which tells me that you have been in Stuttgart since the 30th. I cannot think of you in Stuttgart without myself getting into a sentimental mood. What would I not give to have met you there sixteen years ago, and how strange things appear to me when I think of circumstances and feelings which that place recalls to my mind, in connection with our present relation to one another.

I am very anxious to hear for what length of time you had occasion and felt inclined to stay in those parts. It is to be hoped that my letter of the 30th found you there; this one, however, you will probably not receive till you are in Zürich with our friend; give him my kindest greetings.

In your next letter, please tell me what is to be done with your copies of the Almanack, and where and to whom I am to send them.

I am sincerely glad that you have been thinking of the *Horen*, and that I may hope to have something from you for the October number. In endeavouring to master the mass of experience around you, an inexhaustible amount of subject-matter must come within your grasp.

I was very much pleased to hear that Hölderlin had introduced himself to you; he did not write and tell me that he had any intention of doing so, and must, therefore, have suddenly taken courage to appear before you. Here is another poetic genius* of Schlegel's sort. You will find him in the Almanack. He has imitated Schlegel's

* Gries, whose *Phaeton* appeared in the seventh sheet of the Almanack.

Pygmalion, and, in the same manner, furnished a symbolical *Phaeton*. The production is silly enough, but possesses some merit as regards versification and single ideas.

Farewell, and continue, as heretofore, to allow me to follow you in spirit. My wife sends kindest greetings. Your little boy, I hear, is quite well again.

SCH.

366*a*.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, September 14, 1797.

I rejoice to see from your letter from Stuttgart that you have been pleased with your stay in my native place, and that the persons to whom I introduced you have not given me the lie. I have no doubt that the seven days which you spent there so pleasantly will be memorable days to Dannecker and Rapp, and have very good results. The former, especially, is highly capable of culture, and up to the present time he has only required careful attention from without to give his rich natural abilities a proper direction. His mistakes in art I attribute to a certain superabundance, inasmuch as he has otherwise grappled with it so well, and enters so thoroughly into its true nature in some main points ; it seems to me that his poetic imagination merely confounds itself with his artistic imagination, in which he is not in the least deficient.

In fact I should like to ask you, at this opportunity, whether the tendency of so many talented *artists* of modern times, *to poetise in Art* is not to be explained by the fact that in a time like the present, there is no passage to the æsthetic except through what is poetic, and that consequently all artists, making any pretension to genius, show poetic imagination even in plastic representations for the very reason that they have been roused to these only by a poetic feeling. The evil would not be so great were it not that, unfortunately, the spirit of our age is specially directed to a style very unfavorable to the cultivation of Art. But inasmuch as poetry too has already deviated so widely from its generic idea (through which alone it comes into contact with the other imitative

arts) it is no good guide to Art, and can at most be so negatively (by rising above common nature), but in no way positively or actively (by defining the object) exercise an influence upon the artist.

But even this aberration of modern plastic artists I think sufficiently explained by our ideas respecting realistic and idealistic composition, and is a new proof of their truth. This is what I think of the case.

Two things are required of the poet and artist, viz., that he should rise above reality and yet remain within the sphere of the sensuous. Where these two points are united we have æsthetic art. But if his nature be unpropitious and formless, the artist and poet, when quitting reality, is too readily inclined to quit the sensuous also, and to become idealistic, and, if weak in mind, even fantastic; or should he wish and be obliged, being forced by his nature, to remain within the sensuous, he will prefer to remain beside reality, and, in the limited sense of the word, become *realistic*, and again, should he be entirely wanting in imagination, servile and common. In neither case, therefore, is he æsthetic.

The difficult operation is the deducing of empiric forms to such as are æsthetic, and in this we generally find that it is either the body or the spirit, the truth or the freedom, that are wanting. The principal use of ancient models, both in poetry and in plastic works, seems to me to be *this*, that they display an empiric nature which has been already reduced to the æsthetic, and that, after having been deeply studied, they can even offer hints respecting the method by which the reduction is effected.

In despair at not being able to reduce the empiric nature around him into æsthetic form, the modern artist, possessing a lively fancy, prefers leaving it entirely, and seeks help against empiricism, against reality, from his imagination. He puts poetical substance into his work—which would otherwise be empty and barren—because he does not possess that substance which has to be drawn from the depths of the subject itself.

366 *b*.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

September 15, 1797.

It would be delightful if you and Meyer developed your ideas in regard to the choice of subjects for poetic and plastic representations. The question concerns the inmost nature of Art, and would at the same time be very useful and interesting in regard to existing works of art, on account of its direct and easy application. I, on my part, will also try to make my ideas on the point clearer.

Meanwhile, it seems to me that one could with great advantage start with the idea of the *absolute definiteness of the subject*. For it would be seen that all works of art that are unsuccessful on account of an unfortunate choice of subject suffer from indefiniteness and the arbitrariness which results from it.

Hence it seems to me that the idea of that which is called a *pregnant* moment, is fully explained by its being invariably qualified for a definite representation. In poetry I know of no more excellent case than your *Hermann*. By a species of induction it might perhaps be there shown that, in the case of any other choice of action, something indefinite must have been the result.

If this proposition be now connected with the other, that the determination of the subject must in every case be made by such means as are peculiar to a species of art, that they must be complete within the special boundaries of every species of art, it seems to me that we should have a sufficient criterion for not being led astray regarding the choice of subjects.

However, even though this were correct, it would nevertheless be difficult to apply the maxim, and might in all cases remain more a matter of feeling and of sentiment than of any distinct consciousness.

I am very curious to see the new poetic species of which you intend soon to send me a specimen. The rich variety of your imagination astonishes and delights me, and even though I cannot follow you, still it is an enjoyment and an advantage to me to watch your doings. I expect something very graceful from this new species, and can already

understand how well adapted it must be for bringing poetic life and lofty sentiments into the commonest objects.

I to-day received letters from our friend Humboldt. He is no longer at all pleased with Vienna, and his journey to Italy he has likewise as good as given up, but has almost decided to go to Paris; this, however, to judge from the latest occurrences there, he will probably not be able to accomplish. He says in his letter to me that he intends writing to you one of these days.

I am still suffering very much from my cough, but have been less troubled with my old enemy; however, my state of mind and activity do not gain much by this, for my new complaint affects my head much more than the *malum domesticum*, the spasms, usually do. I hope, however, in eight or ten days to be rid of the worry in connection with the Almanack, and to be able to set to work with my *Wallenstein* in good earnest. The *Lay of the Bell* I have not been able to take in hand since feeling so unwell. Still, all sorts of trifles for the Almanack have been written, which give variety to my contributions and make my share in it pretty considerable.

Böttiger is very well content with my *Cranes*, and considers that time and locality—about which I consulted him—are satisfactorily represented. He confesses to me that he had never quite understood how anything could be made out of Ibycus. This confession amused me very much, for it is so quite in keeping with the character of the man.

Cotta has doubtless sent you sheets *I* and *K* of the Almanack, perhaps I shall be able to send another to-day. The Almanack will be larger than last year's, without my having been lax in the selection.

All here are well, and we yesterday celebrated Karl's birthday amid great rejoicings. To-day Vent from Weimar was with us, I was much pleased with him; he is the only new person added to my circle of acquaintances. My wife thinks of you with sincere interest, and my brother-in-law and his wife wish to be most kindly remembered.

Farewell. Give my kind greetings to Meyer, and think

of me in your circle. Your letters are richly laden vessels to us, and are now one of my chief enjoyments. Farewell.

SCH.

Look at the sheet in which I have packed this.

367.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, September 22, 1797.

Your letter and its enclosure again gave me great pleasure. The poem is full of gay humour and nature. It seems to me that this species must be very favorable to a poet, were it only from the fact that he is spared all wearisome accessory work, such as introductions, transitions, descriptions, *etc.*, and permits him in all cases to draw with a light hand from his subject, only what is genial and significant.

In this, therefore, we again have the commencement of a new collection, the beginning of an "endless"* series; for this poem, like all good poetry, contains within itself a whole race, by the tone which it strikes and the form it presents.

I should very much have liked to watch the impression which your *Hermann* made upon my Stuttgart friends. There will assuredly have been no want of a certain heartiness of appreciation, but so few persons can fully enjoy the plain truth of human nature. However, I have no doubt at all that your *Hermann* will triumph over all these subjective considerations, and do so by the finest quality in a poetical work, that is, as a whole, by the simple clearness of its form, and by the fully exhausted circle of human feelings it describes.

My last letter will have told you that I had to lay aside my *Bell.* I confess that, as there was no other alternative, I am not altogether sorry that such is the case; for, by carrying the subject about with me for a year, and by keeping it warm, the poem—which is really no small undertaking—will thus become fully matured. Further,

* "*Unendlich*" seems to have been a favorite humorous expression of Goethe's, especially during the first years of his residence in Weimar, and here is used by Schiller, probably in reference to the qallads they were writing at the time.

this is, in fact, a year for ballads, and next year has already somewhat the appearance of becoming a year for songs, to which class my *Bell* belongs.

This last week has, however, not been lost for the Almanack. Chance led me to a very pretty theme for a ballad, which, moreover, is for the most part finished, and will, as I think, wind up the Almanack not unworthily. It consists of twenty-four verses of eight lines, and is entitled *The Walk to the Ironfoundry* (*Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*), from which you will see that I have taken the fiery element in hand, after having travelled through water and air. Next post-day will bring it to you, together with the whole Almanack in print.

I shall be anxious to hear that my *Cranes* may have given you satisfaction in the form in which you will now read them. They have most unquestionably gained by the idea which you suggested in regard to the exposition. The new stanza dedicated to the Furies, wherein I have described their characters, was also, I think, wanting in the first version.

Kant's little treatise I have read, and although it contains nothing actually new, I have been delighted with his admirable ideas. There is in this old gentleman something so truly youthful that it might almost be termed æsthetic, were it not that the hideous form, which might be called a philosophical chancery-style, placed one in embarrassment. As regards Schlosser, it may indeed be as you say, yet his position towards critical philosophers has something so doubtful in it, that it could scarcely have been expected that his own character would be left out of the question. It also seems to me that in all disputes where thoughtful minds take the part of supernaturalism against reason, there is cause for distrusting honesty; experience is much too old, and the case, moreover, is so easy to comprehend.

We are now enjoying very beautiful autumnal weather; with you there may still be some traces of summer. I am having considerable alterations made in my garden, which will greatly improve it for future years. But our harvest of fruit was not a bad one, and Karl caused us no little amusement while it was being brought in.

Owing to the doubtful appearance of the war and peace, we are undecided as to whether you will be able to accomplish your journey to Italy just yet, and are sometimes in hopes that we shall see you among us again earlier than we anticipated.

Farewell, and give our most friendly greetings to Meyer; most sincerely do I wish you all happiness on your meeting him again. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

368.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Stäfa, September 25, 1797.

Your delightful letter of the 7th of September I received here the day before yesterday. Owing to its having been longer on the road than I expected, I was afraid that your health might have been worse, as, unfortunately, I see from your letter, was the case. Would that you in your quiet home could enjoy as good health as I do in my active life! The enclosed will tell you what I have been doing since I left Tübingen. Meyer, whom I have now found again, to our mutual delight, is as well as ever, and we have already had some good talks together. He is bringing back some gems of art, and treasures of his own in the way of very accurate observations on them. We intend now to consider in what form we can make use of a portion of them, and to decide for what purposes the rest are to be reserved.

In a few days my next move will be to the *Lake of the Four Cantons*. I must, as we are so near, have another look at the grand natural scenery which surrounds it; for the rubric of these gigantic rocks dare not be wanting among the chapters which tell of my journey. I have already collected a tolerable file of papers in which all my experiences, or what I otherwise meet with, is noted down; as yet, however, it is still the oddest mixture in the world, from which I cannot even extract anything for the *Horen*, as I had expected to be able to do.

I hope to add considerably to this collection, and in so doing can test myself on many different kinds of subjects. There is, after all, some pleasure in the feeling of being thoroughly able to comprehend so many things, and gather

in the fruits of what seemed, at first, the unfruitful works with which one had throughout life been plaguing oneself.

As Italy is more or less closed to strangers, owing to the late agitations there, and France also, owing to its recent troubles, we shall probably turn back from the Alpine heights and follow the course of the water, and again move northwards down the Rhine before the bad weather sets in. It is probable that we may spend the winter together pleasantly at the foot of the Fox-tower (*Fuchsthurm*), nay, I even suspect that Humboldt will be one of our company. His letter tells me that the whole party I met in Zürich have likewise given up their journey to Italy, and that all intend coming to Switzerland. The younger brother proposes to have a look round this country which has so much interest for him in several respects; the elder brother will probably have to give up the journey to France which he contemplated, on account of the unsettled state of affairs there. They leave Vienna on the 1st of October; I may perhaps wait for them in this neighbourhood.

And now let me turn my thoughts to you and to your work. The Almanack really presents a very good appearance, but the public will miss the pepper to the melon. For in truth nothing is so anxiously desired as another batch of *Xenia*, and people will be disappointed not to be able to renew their acquaintance with the mischievous set who have been so severely reproached. I am glad that the beginning of your *Ibycus* should have gained in breadth and development by my suggestions; as regards the end, you are no doubt quite right. The artist must be the best judge in how far he can make use of the advice of others. The *Phaeton* is not at all bad, and the old story of the ever unsatisfied struggle of noble humanity after the original source of its charming existence, is also very well worked out. The *Prometheus*, Meyer could not manage to read through, which is surely a bad sign.

The copies of the Almanack which you set aside for me, please have the kindness to keep for me, as you will doubtless send the reigning Duchess one in your own name. I am very anxious to see this little work complete.

From my previous letters you will have seen that I felt myself very much pleased and at home in Stuttgart.

You are much spoken of, and by many, and always in the kindest manner. I think it has been well for both of us that we met rather late in life, when our minds were more fully formed.

Please tell me in your next letter where you propose to spend the coming winter. Whether you are thinking of your own garden-house, Griesbach's house, or of Weimar? I hope that you may find most comfortable quarters, so that you may not have the weather to struggle against in addition to your other troubles.

If you write to me immediately on the receipt of this, please address your letter direct to Zürich with the simple addition: *care of Herrn Rittmeister Ott zum Schwert.* I reckon that my letter will take eight days to reach you, that your answer will be about the same time on its way to me, and I hope to get back to Zürich from my expedition to the mountains by the middle of October.

Thank you for the news that my little boy is better. I am all the more grateful to you for this news, as I had not received any direct word about him for some time past, and my letters from home seem to have stuck somewhere on the road. This anxiety alone has many a time made me feel sad while everything else was going on well and happily around me.

Farewell. My kind greetings to your dear wife, and enjoy these last lovely autumn days with those dear to you, while I set out on my wanderings among the mountains. There will now be a short pause in our correspondence till I get safely back again.

G.

A Brief Account of my Journey from Tübingen to Stäfa.

On the 16*th of September* I started from *Tübingen* to *Tuttlingen* by way of *Hechingen, Balingen,* and *Wellendingen.* The day's journey was a long one. It took me from four in the morning till nine o'clock at night. At first there is some pretty scenery, but after advancing further up the valley of the Neckar the country becomes bare and less fertile. It was night before we got to the valley, or rather the gorge, which leads down to the Danube. The day was dull, but a pleasant one for travelling.

On the 17*th* from *Tuttlingen* to *Schaffhausen.* In the most beautiful weather, and almost invariably through the most interesting country. I left Tuttlingen at seven o'clock in a thick fog, but on the heights we soon found the sky of the clearest, and the fog lay horizontally along the whole valley of the Danube. In driving along these heights which separate the districts of the Rhine and Danube, one obtains an extensive view both backwards and to the sides, for one has a view right across the valley of the Danube as far as *Doneschingen*, and even further. But especially glorious is the view that lies in front; the *Lake of Constance* and the Graubünden Mountains in the distance, and less far off *Hohentwiel* and some other characteristic rocks of basalt. One drives across wooded hills and valleys as far as Engen, where a lovely fertile plain opens up to the south; thereupon one passes by *Hohentwiel* and the other heights which had been seen from afar, and finally one comes into well-kept and cleanly Switzerland. Before reaching Schaffhausen, the country looks like a garden. I arrived there in the evening in brilliant sunshine.

The 18*th* I devoted entirely to the Falls of the Rhine; drove early in the morning to *Laufen*, and alighted there so as immediately to enjoy the grand surprise. While I watched the mighty phenomenon, the summits of the mountains and hills were covered with mist which mingled with the spray and steam of the Fall. The sun soon broke out and made the spectacle more glorious still; part of a rainbow was formed, and, in fact, I saw the whole of the phenomenon in its full splendour. I crossed over to the small castle of *Wörth*, and there obtained a full view of the whole picture from a distance. I then returned and drove back from Laufen to the town. In the evening I again drove along the right bank of the river, and once more enjoyed this glorious scene from every point as the sun was going down.

On the 19*th*, in very beautiful weather, I drove by way of *Eglisau* to *Zürich*—the grand chain of Swiss mountains ever before me—through a pretty, varied, and carefully-cultivated part of the country.

The 20*th*, a very cheerful morning, I spent in making

walks round about Zürich; in the afternoon the weather changed, Professor Meyer came, and as it rained and stormed we remained over-night in Zürich.

On the 21*st*, a bright day, we sailed up the lake, and were very hospitably entertained at dinner by Herr Escher, at his estate on the shores of the lake near Herrliberg. In the evening we arrived at Stäfa.

The 22*nd*, a dull day, we spent in examining the works of art either produced or purchased by Herr Meyer, and we again communicated our observations and experiences to each other. In the evening we again took a long walk upwards from the town, which gives one a charming and ideal conception of the highest and most perfect state of culture. The buildings stand far apart; vineyards, fields, gardens, orchards fill the space between them, and in this way the place extends about an hour's walk along the lake, and half an hour's walk eastwards to the hill, the whole side of which has already been subjected to cultivation. We are now preparing for a short journey to *Einsiedel*, *Schwytz*, and the districts about the Lake of the Four Cantons, which we think of making.

I had almost forgotten to tell you that the line, "*Es wallet, es siedet und brauset und zischt*"* ("It bubbles, it hisses and rushes and roars"), applied admirably to the Falls of the Rhine. It was very curious to see how it includes all the principal movements of the prodigious phenomenon. I endeavoured, while there, to take in the phenomenon in its parts and as a whole, as it presented itself to me, and also noted the observations which one makes while watching it, as well as the thoughts which it awakens. You will one day see how these few poetic lines, as it were, wind their way through this labyrinth like a thread.

I have just received sheets *I* and *K* of the Almanack from Cotta, and hope to find letters from you on my return from the mountains and lakes. Farewell. Meyer will write a few words himself. It is the greatest pleasure to me to see him so well and so cheerful. If only I could know it to be the same with you!

I have again found splendid subjects for idylls and

* From Schiller's *Diver*.

elegies, and for whatever the other kindred species of poetry may be called, and have already put some of them into form ; in fact, I have never yet comprehended foreign subjects so readily and at the same time produced things of my own. Farewell, and let us continue as we are doing both theoretically and practically.

369.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Stäfa, September 26 towards evening, 1797.

I had just concluded my letter with a small postscript when we received a visit from Count Burgstall, who is returning home from England by way of France and Switzerland with his wife, a Scotch lady, whom he married a short time ago. He sends you his kindest remembrances, and was deeply interested in hearing how you were and what you were about. His visit has been a great pleasure to me, inasmuch as his former inclination to follow the new system of philosophy, his relation to Kant and Reinhold, his affection for you and his former acquaintance with myself, immediately opened up many subjects of conversation between us. He has brought over some very good jokes from England and France, and was in Paris on the 18th Fructidor, and has, accordingly, lived through many a serious and comic scene. He sends his kindest greetings to you, and herewith I must conclude my letter, so that the letters may be sent off by the sailor who is our postman here. Should you have an opportunity of giving Wieland Count Burgstall's kind remembrances, please do so. G.

370.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 2, 1797.

At last I am able to send you the Almanack complete, with the exception of the music, which will follow. I shall hope to hear in your next letter to whom I am to send the other copies that are set aside for you. Your Oberon's Golden Wedding (*Oberon's Goldene Hochzeit* *)

* Which was subsequently made use of in *Faust*, and worked out more fully. See Letter 397.

you will not find in the collection. I omitted it for two reasons. In the first place I thought it would be well to leave all thorns out of the Almanack, and to show a very pious face; secondly, I did not wish that your *Goldene Hochzeit*, which contains so much subject-matter for a greater amount of detail, should be completed in so small a number of verses. We shall, in it, have a treasure for our next year's number, and it can be spun out to a much greater length.

As regards the author of the Elegies—which I think will not displease you—Meyer himself will be able to give you some information about him. His name is Keller. He is a Swiss from Zürich, I think, but, being an artist, resides in Rome. These elegies were sent to me by a Herr Horner, of Zürich. You may, perhaps, have meanwhile become acquainted with him. He himself has already contributed something to the *Horen*.

Now that I have done with the Almanack, I can at last turn to my *Wallenstein* again. In looking at the scenes that are finished, I am upon the whole pretty well satisfied with myself, except that I perceive them to be somewhat dry, which, however, I can very well account for, and hope to be able to remedy. It arose from a certain fear of falling into my former rhetorical style, and from too anxious an endeavour to keep pretty close to my object. Now the object is in itself somewhat dry, and is more in need of poetical liberality than anything else; hence it is in this case more than ever necessary to hope for a thoroughly poetic mood, if the two by-ways, the *prosaical* and the *rhetorical*, are to be carefully avoided.

I see an immense piece of work yet to be done, it is true, but this much I know, there will not be any *faux frais*, for the whole is poetically organised, and, I may say, the subject-matter has changed into a purely tragic story. The moment of the action is so pregnant that everything that constitutes a part of its completeness proceeds from it naturally, nay, in a certain sense necessarily. There is nothing obscure about it. It is open on all sides. At the same time I have succeeded, from the very beginning, in giving the action precipitation and direction, so that it hastens on in an unceasing and accelerating movement

towards its close; and as the chief character really retards matters, it is the incidents that actually bring about the crisis, and this, I think, will contribute greatly to the tragic impression.

I have during these last days been occupying myself a good deal in finding a subject for a tragedy in the style of the *Œdipus Rex*, and one that will afford the same advantages to the poet. These advantages are inestimable, to mention but the one, that the most involved action—such as altogether resists the form of tragedy—may be taken as the foundation, inasmuch as this action has, of course, already happened, and consequently falls wholly beyond the domain of tragedy. In addition to this, that which has happened, in being unalterable, is naturally far more terrible, and the fear that something *might have happened* affects the mind quite differently from the fear that something may happen.

The Œdipus is, as it were, only a tragic analysis. Everything is already in existence, and has only to be unravelled. This can be done by the simplest action, and within a very limited period of time, be the incidents ever so complicated and dependent upon circumstances. How favorable this is to the poet!

But I fear that the Œdipus is its own genus, and that there is no second species of it; and least of all would one be able to find a *pendent* to it in less fabulous times. The oracle occupies a place in the tragedy which it would simply be impossible to replace by anything else; and should one attempt to retain the substance of the story itself while changing the characters and the times, then that which is now terrible would become ludicrous.

I have not heard anything of you for long, and am looking forward impatiently for a letter. It will, perhaps, give me fuller details about your journey, and about where you next intend remaining. Of the Humboldts I have meanwhile not heard anything, but I do not consider it unlikely that they may turn their steps to Switzerland.

How about your treatise on ancient sculptures, of which your Laokoon formed the beginning? I have recently been reading the latter again with the utmost satisfaction, and cannot say to how many important and fruitful ideas, in

regard to the organisation of æsthetic works, it leads. Your *Hermann und Dorothea* are already quietly creating a stir; Körner too, writes that he has read the poem, and considers that it may be classed with the best things you have produced. The Devil thank him for his remark!

Farewell, dear friend. My wife sends kindest greetings. Many kind greetings to Meyer also. The finer copies of the Almanack are not yet ready. I send you meanwhile an ordinary one.

SCH.

371.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 6, 1797.

Most welcome were the letters from yourself and Meyer, which I received a few hours ago. I hasten to answer yours if only with a couple of lines, so as to send you a friendly greeting on your return from the mountains. We have been most impatiently longing for news of you, and therefore doubly pleasant to me was your letter of to-day, which leads me to hope that you may be returning home soon. I had been really looking with secret dread towards the coming winter, which now promises to be such a cheerful one for me. My health is now pretty good again, but our little Ernst is suffering very much from teething, and has caused us a great deal of anxiety. When the good weather takes its departure we shall return to our old house in town, and it is very possible that we may spend some time in Weimar. If only I succeed meanwhile in getting thoroughly into my *Wallenstein*, I shall not be affected by any change of abode which is otherwise so apt to distract my mind, on account of my being such a slave to habit.

I am not a little glad that, according to your observations, my description of the whirlpool should correspond with the actual phenomenon; my only opportunity of studying this bit of nature was at a mill, but I also carefully studied Homer's description of the Charybdis, and this perhaps may have helped me to keep to nature. Perhaps on your journey you may come across some ironworks, and be able to tell me whether I have been equally successful in describing this smaller phenomenon.

The Almanack, I hope, is in your hands by this time, and you will be able to pass sentence upon it. It is consoling to me that you allow the *Phaeton** to pass, its huge bulk alone had frightened me. Of Schlegel's contributions, his verses on Romeo and Juliet are very pretty, and as I think, he has there actually surpassed himself. His *Entführte Götter* possesses much that is good. Meyer will find some pretty things from the pen of his poetical lady-friend.

I have to-day despatched the first lot of Almanacks to Leipzig, and am not a little anxious about the sale. It may, indeed, be true that very few of our readers will thank us for withholding xenial matters, for he who was himself scorched would have enjoyed to see his neighbour's house on fire.

I must conclude, for it is post-time. Please tell me in your next whether the letters I send you through Cotta are still to go by way of Tübingen. We send our kindest greetings to you and to Meyer, to whom also my sincere thanks for his dear letter; in this my wife joins me. Farewell.

SCH.

372.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Stäfa, October 14, 1797.

It is a very rainy morning, dear friend, so I am remaining in bed, in order to have a talk with you, and to give you an account of what we have been doing, in order that, as heretofore, your spirit may follow us, and also that from time to time we may enjoy receiving letters from you.

Scarcely had I met our good friend Meyer in Zürich, scarcely had we got here, scarcely had I begun to enjoy the works he brought with him, and this pleasing country and its state of cultivation, when the neighbouring mountains produced in me a feeling of restlessness, and the fine weather encouraged in me the wish to approach them more closely, nay, even to ascend them. The feeling which urged me to do this was very mixed and vague. I remembered the impression these objects had made upon me twenty years ago; the impression had, upon the whole, remained the same but the various details had vanished,

* See Letter 368.

and I felt a strange longing to renew and to correct those experiences. I had become a different man, and hence the objects must, I felt, necessarily also appear different to me now.

The good state of Meyer's health, and the conviction that small adventures experienced in common, while being a means of making persons better acquainted with one another, are also a means of strengthening old friendships when they are to be renewed after an interval of time, quite decided us to make the trip, and we started in the finest weather, which, most fortunately, has accompanied us now for eleven days. On the enclosed paper I have indicated the route we took; you shall at some future time receive a detailed, although aphoristic, account of our doings. Your dear wife, who knows some of these parts, will perhaps meanwhile add something here and there from her own recollection.

On our return I found your two dear letters with the enclosures, which were directly connected with the point which we had very eagerly been discussing on our trip; for the question in regard to subjects for representation, and their treatment by the different branches of art, has often been talked over between us in quiet hours. Perhaps a short treatise will one day soon show you that we entirely agree with your views; but what I wish most of all is for you to hear and read Meyer's descriptions and opinions in regard to various works of art. On such occasions one again learns that perfect experience must itself embrace theoretical knowledge. We are the more certain of meeting at one centre, as we have started the question from so many different points.

If I am now to speak of my own state, I may say that I have as yet had every reason to be satisfied with my journey. Owing to the facility with which I grasp subjects, I have become rich without burdening myself, and the material does not inconvenience me, as I know how to arrange and to work it out at once, and feel more freedom than ever in choosing manifold forms for representing the subjects to myself and others. From the barren heights of St. Gotthardt to the glorious works of art which Meyer has brought with him, a labyrinthian footpath takes

one through a complex series of interesting objects to be found in this remarkable country. To realise by means of direct observation its natural-historical, geographical, economical and political conditions, and then by means of an old chronicle to bring past times nearer, and also to avail oneself of the many treatises of the industrious Swiss, is a very pleasant source of amusement, especially as Helvetian existence is so limited; my view of the whole, as well as my insight into details, has been very much facilitated by the fact of Meyer, with his correct and acute judgment of matters, having long been acquainted with the facts of the case, and kept them in faithful remembrance. Thus we have accomplished more in this short time than I could have imagined possible, and it is only to be regretted that we are one month too close upon winter; another tour of four weeks would have undoubtedly made us much better acquainted with this curious country.

But what will you say when I confess to you that amid all these prosaic matters a poetic one has arisen which inspires me with a good deal of confidence? I feel firmly convinced that the story of *Tell* could be treated epically, and if I should succeed in what I contemplate, we shall have a curious instance of a story first attaining its full truth through poetry, in place of history being made a fable, as generally happens. But more of this at a future time. The limited but exceedingly important *locale* which forms the scene of the events I have again very carefully examined, and have also directed my attention to the character and to the manners and customs of the people of the district, that is to say, as well as could possibly be done in the short space of time at my command. All now depends upon good-luck as to whether anything comes of the undertaking.

But there now arises a question which from time to time appears doubtful to us: whither are we to turn, in order, in the most convenient and speedy manner possible, to work out Meyer's collections as well as my own old and new stock of materials? Unfortunately the lodgings here are not adapted for winter residence, otherwise, I will not deny, I should have been very much inclined to have remained

here, for the perfect solitude of the place would have furthered our object not a little. In addition to this, it would have been the most appropriate place to have waited and seen whether Italy or France might not, in the spring, again invite and admit travellers. I cannot at all fancy remaining in Zürich itself, and therefore we shall probably now soon be slowly wending our steps back to Frankfort.

However, an idea has occurred to me which only requires one to get a little into the habit of it, in order to be carried out; it would, namely, not be a difficult matter to arrange things in such a way that one might work composedly and satisfactorily on the journey itself. For although at certain times travelling may be said to distract the mind, still at others it throws one the more speedily back upon oneself; the want of outward relations and connections, nay, the very tedium is favorable to any one who has a variety of subjects to work out. Travelling is like gambling: it is ever connected with winning and losing, and generally where least expected. We receive more or less than we hoped for; we may loiter on for a time unpunished, but again at a moment's notice we are called upon to gather ourselves well together. To natures like mine a journey is of inestimable value; it animates, corrects, instructs, and develops.

I now feel sure that one might very well go to Italy, for after an earthquake, a conflagration, or an inundation, everything settles down as quickly as possible into its old place; and I would undertake the journey without any hesitation as far as my own self is concerned, were it not that other considerations withhold me from it. Perhaps, therefore, we shall see each other again very soon. One of the most cherished hopes drawing me back is that of sharing with you the booty I have taken, and of our attaining an ever closer union both theoretically and practically.

We must see what else there may be to be found on our road to take away with us. Thus Basle, on account of its vicinity to France, is specially attractive to me; and, moreover, the place contains some beautiful works of art, older ones as well as foreign ones.

The conclusion of the Almanack I hope yet to receive in Zürich, for Cotta is very regular in his sendings.

Your *Ibycus* has turned out very good, and there is nothing further that I could suggest in regard to the ending. I shall be very anxious to see it as a whole. As my pretty miller's daughter met with a good reception, I send another poem which we owe to her charms. It will be well to have the next Almanack rich in poems, and your *Bell* will be sure to sound all the better for the metal having been so long in a state of fluid, and hence purified from all dross.

G.

Uri, October 1, 1797.

Was not yestreen thy head still as brown as the locks on the loved one,
Whose sweet image smiles gently upon me from afar?
Early this morn thy brow is with silver-grey covered;
'Tis by the snow which the stormy night o'er it poured.
Youth, alas! is so near to old age—'tis life that unites them—
Just as a fitful dream connects the yesterday with the to-day.*

THE YOUTH AND THE MILLSTREAM.†

Youth.

Say, sparkling streamlet, whither thou
Art going?
With joyous mien thy waters now
Are flowing.
Why seek the vale so hastily?
Attend for once and answer me!

Millstream.

Oh youth, I was a brook indeed;
But lately
My bed they've deepen'd, and my speed
Swell'd greatly,
That I may haste to yonder mill,
And so I'm full and never still.

---

* This being a very inadequate translation, I give the German for such readers as can follow the original:—

"*War doch gestern dein Haupt noch so braun wie die Locke der Lieben*
Deren holdes Gebild still aus der Ferne mir winkt;
Silbergrau bezeichnet dir früh der Schnee nun die Gipfel,
Der sich in stürmender Nacht dir um den Scheitel ergoss.
Jugend, ach! ist dem Alter so nah', durch's Leben verbunden,
Wie ein beweglicher Traum Gestern und Heute verband."

† The translation of this poem, like the one on p. 388, is taken from E. A. Bowring's translation of some of Goethe's minor poems.

Youth.

The mill thou seekest in a mood
Contented,
And know'st not how my youthful blood
'S tormented.
But doth the miller's daughter fair
Gaze often on thee kindly there?

Millstream.

She opes the shutters soon as light
Is gleaming;
And comes to bathe her features bright
And beaming.
So full and snow-white is her breast,—
I feel as hot as steam suppress'd.

Youth.

If she in water can inflame
Such ardour,
Surely, then, flesh and blood to tame
Is harder.
When once is seen her beauteous face
One ever longs her steps to trace.

Millstream.

O'er the wheel I, roaring, bound
All proudly,
And ev'ry spoke whirls swiftly round
And loudly.
Since I have seen the miller's daughter
With greater vigour flows the water.

Youth.

Like others, then, can grief, poor brook,
Oppress thee?
"Flow on!"—thus she'll, with smiling look,
Address thee.
With her sweet, loving glance, oh say,
Can she thy flowing current stay?

Millstream.

'Tis sad, 'tis sad, to have to speed
From yonder;
I wind, and slowly through the mead
Would wander;
And if the choice remain'd with me
Would hasten back there presently.

Youth.

Farewell, thou who with me dost prove
Love's sadness!
Perchance some day thou'lt breathe of love
And gladness.
Go, tell her straight, and often too,
The boy's mute hopes and wishes true.

373.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Stäfa, October 17, 1797.

I have not yet been able to find either time or inclination to make an extract from my larger diary to give you a more detailed account of our tour among the mountains; I can therefore only briefly add here that we went from Richterswiel to Einsiedel, and thence to Schwytz and Brunnen. From the latter place we sailed up the lake as far as Flüelen and on to Altdorf, and ascended the Gotthardt, after which we returned. At Flüelen we again embarked and sailed to Beckenrieth, in Canton Unterwalden; went on foot to Stanz and Stanz-Stade, whence we crossed to Küssnacht, then on to Immisee, sailed to Zug, walked to Horgen, and again back to Stäfa by boat.

On this short tour we saw the greatest possible variety of objects, and passed through the most different climates, of which I will tell you more another time.

A short treatise on the famous question, *Subjects for the Fine Arts*, has been sketched and partially worked out. You will find in it passages from your letters given as notes. We have now come to the *motives*, as the second point of importance after the given subject—for only by means of motives can there be any internal organisation. We shall now pass on to the *composition*, and so on. We intend to confine ourselves entirely to plastic art, and are curious to see how our views in regard to it tally with our ideas of poetry; the latter we again commend to your best attention.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to all around you. If you wish to send me a few words in answer to this, you have only to send it to Cotta. Since yesterday the news from the Rhine has sounded very warlike, and so we shall

probably creep homewards through Suabia and Franconia. Again farewell.

Meyer sends his kindest greetings. His *Aldobrandini's Wedding*,* which we have so long been expecting from Rome, has just arrived by way of Trieste, Villach, and Constance. We have now got all our treasures together, so our minds are at rest on this point, and we can set out on our way joyfully.

G.

374.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, October 20, 1797.

A few days ago Böttiger sent us two beautiful copies of your *Hermann*, with which we were very much delighted. It is now fairly out into the world, and we must wait and hear what effect the voice of an Homeric rhapsodist will have in this new politico-rhetorical world. I have read the poem again with the old unweakened impression, and with renewed emotion. It is positively perfect of its kind; it is pathetically powerful, and yet charming in the highest degree; in short, it is everything that is beautiful.

Your *Meister*, also, I have again read quite lately, and have never before felt how much there is in the outward form. The form of your *Meister*—as indeed the form of every novel—is in fact not poetical; it lies wholly within the domain of the understanding, is subject to all its demands, and is likewise affected by all its limits. But owing to a truly poetical spirit having made use of this form, and having expressed the most poetical circumstances in this form, the result is a strange wavering between a prosaic and a poetical mood, for which I cannot find any appropriate name. I should say that your *Meister* (that is, the novel itself) is wanting in a certain poetic boldness, because as a novel it is always inclined to satisfy the understanding; and, again, that it is wanting in actual sobriety (for which it has to a certain extent raised the demand), inasmuch as it has flowed from a poetic spirit.

* Meyer's copy of the famous painting, which afterwards found a place in Goethe's house.

Put this together as best you can; I only tell you my feelings.

As you are in a position where you have to demand the highest of yourself, and where the objective and the subjective have absolutely to become one, it is positively necessary to take heed that that which your genius can place in one work, should always grasp the purest form, and that nothing concerning it should be lost in an impure medium. Who does not feel all that in your *Meister*, which makes your *Hermann* so bewitching! The work lacks nothing, absolutely nothing, of your genius; it affects the heart with all the powers of poetic art; it always affords renewed enjoyment, and yet your *Hermann* (and, moreover, simply through its pure poetic form) leads me into a divine poetic world, whereas *Meister* never quite permits me entirely to quit the world of reality.

Being once in the way of criticising, I will make one more remark which forced itself upon me while I was reading it. Your *Meister* evidently contains too much of tragedy,* I mean of what is foreboding, incomprehensible, subjectively marvellous. This is, indeed, consistent with the poetic depth and obscurity, but not with the clearness that should prevail in a novel, and which is so eminently the case in your novel. It is uncomfortable to come upon this want of solidity where one expects to find oneself everywhere on firm ground, and to come upon puzzles where all is otherwise so well unravelled to the understanding. In short, it seems to me that you have here made use of means which the spirit of the work did not authorise you to employ.

Otherwise I cannot sufficiently express to you how much I have again felt myself enriched, animated, and delighted upon re-reading your *Meister*. I find it to contain a spring from which I can draw nourishment for every faculty of my soul, and especially for that one which is the combined effect of them all.

SCH.

* To Eckermann (i. 194) Goethe remarked that Schiller was wrong in his opinion on this point.

375.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Zürich, October 25, 1797.

Only a few words before I leave Zürich, for my mind is very much pre-occupied, and it will be so for some time to come, because we propose going to Basle, and thence to Schaffhausen, Tübingen, and so on; probably at the last-named place I shall find something from you. No *Almanack of the Muses*, no *Hermann* have I yet seen; these and other things I shall doubtless meet with in Germany.

Were the season not so far advanced I should have liked to have wandered about a month longer here in Switzerland, so as to become better acquainted with the state of affairs generally. It is strange how antiquated is the appearance of institutions which are founded merely upon a state of *being* and *preservation* at a time when everything is striving after a state of *growth* and *change*. To-day I can do no more than bid you a hearty farewell. From Tübingen you will hear again from me.

Scarcely had we, after much deliberation, drawn up our plan in regard to subjects permissible in the fine arts, when a very remarkable case came across our path. You, of course, know of Vulcan's importunateness towards Minerva, which resulted in the birth of Erichthonius. If you have an opportunity, be sure to read his fable in Hederich's* earlier edition, and in so doing bear in mind that Raphael drew the suggestion of one of his most pleasing compositions from it. What, then, can a fortunate genius be advised or commanded to do? Again let me bid you a kind farewell.

G.

376.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, October 30, 1797.

Thank God that I have again received news from you! The last three weeks, while you were roaming about among the mountains entirely cut off from us, have seemed to me very long. All the more glad was I to receive your dear letter, and all that it contained. The idea about William

* His *Lexicon Mythologicum*.

Tell is a very happy one, and after having carefully considered the point, I think that, after such works as *Meister* and *Hermann*, it is only some such subject, perfectly local in character, that you could handle with your peculiar originality of mind and your freshness of spirit. The interest which arises from a strictly limited and characteristic locality, and from a certain historical compactness, is perhaps the only one that you have not taken up in those two previous works. These works, in regard to subject also, are æsthetically free, and however connected the locality in both may appear and actually be, still it is purely poetic ground, and represents a world of its own. In *Tell* the case would be entirely different; the significant limits of the given subject will there produce all that is *intellectual* in life. The poet will be able to limit the reader, and cause him to be deeply and intensely affected within this limitation. At the same time the beautiful subject will give us a certain broad insight into the whole human species, in the same way as between high mountains one may obtain a view into the far distance.

How much I wish that we could soon meet again, were it only on account of this poem. You would perhaps the more readily accustom yourself to talk it over with me now, as the unity and purity of your *Hermann* was not in the least disturbed by your communications to me while the work was in progress. And I confess that I know of nothing in the world from which I could have learned more, than from those communications which led me right into the very heart of Art.

Your song of the *Millstream* is again a charming one, and has given us great pleasure. It is an uncommonly pleasing form, which gives scope for a delightful play of the imagination; the number of syllables also is very happily chosen. The distichs too are very pretty.

Humboldt has at last written, and moreover from Munich. He is now on his way to Basle, where he will decide as to whether his journey to Paris is to be undertaken or not. He will, therefore, hardly find you, unless, indeed, you decide to remain the winter at Zürich, to which place he intends to proceed in case he has to give up Paris. He gives a very good account of a large salt mine near Berch-

toldsgaden which he had seen. The Bavarians, as a nation, he appears to like very much, and speaks very highly of the Minister of War, Ramdohr, on account of his excellent philanthropic institutions.

We have returned to town, and are all well. I am working vigorously at my *Wallenstein*, yet it progresses but slowly, for the great amount and unshapableness of the subject-matter gives me an immense deal of trouble.

I hope that you have by this time received the Almanack, as well as my letters of the 2nd, 6th, and 20th of October.

Farewell, in which wish I include Meyer, to whom we send our kindest greetings. Would that our good genius would bring you back to us again soon. My wife intends sending you a few lines herself. One evening lately I read your *Hermann* to a circle of friends from beginning to end; it affected us indescribably, and reminded me so vividly of the evenings when you read it aloud to us, that I was doubly moved. Once more farewell!

SCH.

377.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Tübingen, October 30, 1797.

We gave up our trip to Basle and came straight to Tübingen. The season, the weather, and the roads are no longer inviting, and as we do not intend remaining afar off, we may now as well turn homewards; but it is not yet decided which way we shall take.

The Almanack we did not receive till we got here, but have been especially delighted with your *Iron-foundry*. I think you have hardly written anything in so happy a spirit, and the retarding of affairs by the service in the chapel produces the best effect. The secret also is very praiseworthy.

I am glad to know my *Hermann* in your hands, and to hear that he holds his ground. What you say about *Meister* I understand perfectly; it is all true, and even more than that. It was its very incompleteness that gave me most trouble. A pure form is a help and a support, just as an impure form hinders and drags. But it must meanwhile remain as it is; it shall not readily again happen to me to make a mistake as regards subject and form, and we

must wait and see what the spirit of the autumn of our lives will vouchsafe to us.

Accept my best wishes that you succeed with your *Wallenstein*! I hope that by the time we come, a portion of it may be to be seen. Meyer sends kindest greetings. I trust that we shall find you and yours in good health. You shall hear again from us when we are half way on our road home, either from Frankfort or from Nürnberg.

Humboldt has written from Munich, and is on his way to Basle. Farewell, and look forward to our meeting before many days are over.

G.

378.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Nürnberg, November 10, 1797.

To our great delight we met Knebel here, and shall therefore remain somewhat longer than we intended. The town offers several attractions, old works of art, mechanical works, as well as being a place where one can make many an observation on political affairs. I shall, therefore, write only a few words by way of greeting, and enclose a poem. It is the fourth in honour of the pretty miller's daughter. The third is not finished yet; it is to be called *Treason* (*Verrath*), and to tell the story of the bad reception given to the youth at the mill. Soon I shall have the pleasure of embracing you again, and of asking your opinion upon a hundred different things. Meyer sends kind greetings.

G.

On the other side of the page in ( ) with pencil.

I was extremely delighted with the truly poetic enthusiasm of Voss's poem: *

"Closely huddled man and wife
Cheer with punch their inner life;
As to the fox doth his retreat,
So our room affords us heat."

---

* "*Dicht gedränget Mann und Weib*
Pflegen wir mit Punch den Leib;
Wie den Fuchs die Grube
Wärmet uns die Stube—"

The verse is from Voss's poem, *Das Wintermahl.*

379.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, November 22, 1797.

The four carolins I return with thanks, and beg you to let me have my golden sureties back in place of them. I have further to thank you for what I have received so speedily through Cotta for my contributions to the Almanack. The proverb that what is won through the flute is soon spent by the drum, I have fulfilled in a better sense inasmuch as I have procured with it a work of art which will also give you pleasure, and thus add to our mutual enjoyment and instruction. Meyer will have told you something about our latest speculations, and is greatly delighted with your interest and co-operation. As soon as I am again in a state of composure, I mean to set up our theses in order to be able to discuss them, and to construct a successful whole. I feel convinced that we shall make a good step forwards this winter.

I yesterday for the first time again occupied your box at the theatre, and hope soon to be able to introduce you to it again. While watching the performance, as a perfect stranger, I was astonished to see how far our people have actually advanced. Upon a certain level path in nature and prose they manage things beyond all measure well; but, alas, when but a tincture of poetry appears—as always happens when there is the faintest touch of pathos—that moment they are either nowhere or altogether wrong. It appeared to me strange enough that the author of the play, *Ziegler*,* should be in the same predicament; he invents tolerably good comic motives, and as these always have a momentary effect, he generally handles them very well; but all tender, sentimental, and pathetic situations which have to be prepared, and are intended to have some result, he is at a loss how to manage even when he has got hold of them; they stumble along and produce no effect, although they are not ill devised. I look forward to the theatre gaining a great deal of good from your presence. I also hope to have thoroughly resumed my position here again by the time you come.

* Ziegler's *Weltton und Herzensgüte*, a domestic piece in four acts, was played on this day for the first time.

Accept my best thanks for the *Horen* you sent me, and please let me have a few copies of the Almanack also. The enclosed letter is again a true sign of German stupidity.

My *Tale of Mystery*,* which is now several years old, is still making itself heard. What a happy national *aperçu* the *Reichsangeiger* has been!

Farewell. Our art-treasures are now being gradually unpacked, and arrangements have already been made for exhibiting them. By the time you come everything will be in the best of order.

G.

380.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, November 22, 1797.

Let me again wish you all joy upon your safe arrival at home. What a pleasant feeling it is to me to be again able so easily and speedily to have a talk with you. What you have brought back in the way of objects and ideas, promises that the winter will be rich in entertainment and instruction, and this makes me feel doubly glad that I shall be able to spend part of the time near you. We will also try and accomplish something for the theatre, even though it should happen that no one but ourselves should benefit by the attempt. Have you seen Einsiedel's essay † yet? Here is one man the more trying to say something about the question, and he will succeed in awakening an interest in the subject in a certain circle.

Here are Garve's letters,‡ which will reveal German nature to you in a different and yet similar way to what Räthselmann's letter did.

The money, together with the Almanacks, will be sent to you the day after to-morrow by the message-girl. Had

* Goethe's story in the *Unterhaltungen*. See Letters, 88, 97, *etc.*

† The full title of his work is, *Grundlinien zu einer Theorie der Schauspielkunst nebst der Analyse einer komischen und tragishen Rolle, Falstaf und Hamlet nach Shakespeare.*

‡ Garve's letters to Schiller in regard to the *Xenia* and the last number of the *Musenalmanach.*

I known that you intended to redeem the gold, I should never have accepted it.

Farewell for to-day. More on Friday. My kind greetings to Meyer.

SCH.

381.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 24, 1797.

I send you back Garve's letters with thanks, and wish the poor old sick man had abused us even more thoroughly than he has done, if it could have procured him health and happiness for the rest of his life. What a litany of lamentable observations might be quoted from these pages: this, however, I will in fairness spare you, as it must have already struck you. There is, after all, not a trace of æsthetic feeling to be found in this poor man! On the one hand his opinions are coarsely material, and on the other he treats the question like a master of ceremonies, in order to make sure of pointing out to subordinate talents their little place. It is a good thing that you have reconciled him with a couple of words.

How natural such moralists seem to find it, that an author should, during his lifetime, allow his best endeavours to be ignored and himself to be thwarted, tormented, teased, and made a fool of, merely because it is what is usually done! And also to expect him, mean while—thinking of the high honour—to stand by patiently with folded hands like an *Ecce Homo*, simply that Herr Manso and men of his stamp may, in their way, pass for poets.

But enough of these trivialities! Let us ever unswervingly and rapidly continue our paths.

382.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, November 24, 1797.

I have never before felt so fully convinced as just now, while engaged with my present work, that in poetry substance and form, even in an outward respect, are directly connected. Since I have been changing my prose into a

poetico-rhythmical form, I feel that I must be judged quite differently to what I have been previously. A number of motives which appeared appropriate in the prosaic form I can no longer make use of; they were good only for ordinary common sense, the organ for which seems to be prose. Verse, however, absolutely demands appeals to the imagination, and thus I was forced, in the case of several of my motives, to be more poetical. In fact, all that which rises above the common reality ought to be conceived in verse, at all events at first, for what is flat is nowhere brought so much into the light as when expressed in poetic language.

While engaged with my present work I made an observation which perhaps you yourself have already made. It seems that a portion of the poetic interest lies in the antagonism between the subject and the representation. If the subject is poetically very important, then a meagre representation, and a simplicity of expression verging upon what is common, may suit it very well, as, on the other hand, an unpoetical and commonplace subject —such as is often necessary in a larger work—acquires poetic dignity through an animated and rich form of language. This, in my opinion, is also the case where the ornamentation which Aristotle demands has to be introduced; for in a poetic work nothing should be commonplace.

Rhythm, in a dramatic work, effects one great and important point in addition, inasmuch as it treats all characters and all situations according to one law, and, in spite of their inward differences, develops them all under one form, by which means the poet obliges his readers to demand from all something general and purely human, be they ever so different in character. Everything has to be combined under the sexual idea of the poetic, and rhythm serves this law both as a representative and as a tool, inasmuch as it embraces everything under its law. In this manner it forms the atmosphere for the poetic creation. The more material part is left out, for only what is spiritual can be borne by this thin element.

Herewith you will receive eight Almanacks. You were in reality to have had six on vellum, but owing to some

confusion in the order given, and without my knowing it, it happened that my stock of fine copies was all that had been made. In place of these I now send you two in addition, and this is perhaps what you yourself prefer. The Duchess has received one from me, as also have *Geheimrath* Voigt, Herder, and Böttiger.

Zelter wishes to know how you are pleased with his melodies to your *Bayadère* and *Mignon's Song*. He writes that he won six bottles of champagne by our Almanack, for he had maintained that it would be sure not to contain any *Xenia*.

May all fare well with you, and pray let me soon have something of your æsthetic treatises to read. Many kind greetings to Meyer.

SCH.

383.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

November 25.

My best thanks for the letter and parcel I have just received. I can only very hurriedly tell you, that not only do I agree with you, but that I go much further still. Everything poetical ought to be treated rhythmically; this is my conviction, and the belief that a poetical form of prose might gradually come to be introduced, only shows that the difference between prose and poetry has been completely lost sight of. It is no better than if we heard of a man ordering a dry lake to be made in his park, and of the gardener, in trying to solve this task, making a marsh. These intermediate species are only for amateurs and dabblers, just as marshes are for amphibia. Meanwhile the evil has become so great in Germany that it is no longer noticed—like the goitrous people in Switzerland, who look upon the healthy formation of the throat as a visitation from God. All dramatic works (and perhaps comedies and farces above all others) should be rhythmical; we should then the more quickly be able to judge who has accomplished something. At present the dramatist can do nothing but accommodate himself to public taste, and in this sense one could not blame you if you

wished to write your *Wallenstein* in prose; but if you regard it as a self-dependent work, it must of necessity be made rhythmical.

In any case the century in which we are living must be forgotten if we are to work according to our convictions, for such tomfoolery in the way of principles as is at present universally in vogue, has probably never been met with in the world before, and what good the new system of philosophy is to accomplish remains still to be seen.

Poetry is surely based upon the empiric pathological condition of man, and yet which of our excellent judges and so-called poets would admit this now-a-days? Has a man like Garve—who claims to be a man of thought, and was considered a sort of philosopher—the faintest notion of such an axiom? Does he not look upon you as a worthy poet merely because you amused yourself with delivering expressions of Reason in poetic language, which is no doubt permissible but not praiseworthy. How gladly I would allow such prosaic natures to start back in horror at so-called immoral subjects, if only they had some feeling for the higher poetic moral, as, for instance, in your *Polycrates* and *Ibycus*, and could be delighted with it.

Let us—as Meyer too has returned from Italy with a spirit of grim rigorism—become more and more strict in principles and more sure and pleasing in execution! The latter can be accomplished only by keeping our eyes fixed within the frame while at work.

Herewith I send you my Elegy,* in the hope that it will meet with a friendly reception.

We too, I think, owe Zelter six bottles of champagne for the firm and good opinion he entertained of us. His Indian legend I value very much. The idea is original and good; *Mignon's Song* I have not even heard yet. Composers play nothing but their own things, and amateurs, again, nothing but such things as are special favorites. I have never yet met with any one who cared to learn anything that was unknown and new.

Please let me have a few copies of the melodies to the Almanack; none came with those sent to me.

* His *Amyntas*, which was written in September, while he was in Switzerland.

I trust that you may be very successful with your *Wallenstein*, so that we may see you here the sooner.

A kind farewell, and greetings to all your circle.

G.

384.—Goethe *to* Schiller.

Weimar, November 28, 1797.

The parcel I have just received contains the melodies to the poems in the Almanack—for which my best thanks—but I find no letter, and yet one from you at the end and in the middle of the week is always so welcome. However, I too have but little to communicate, for during these last days I have been living wholly in the world, and have thought about nothing and done nothing that has any interest for us in common. We are still busy arranging the works of art we brought with us, and I think that everything will be in perfect order before you come over.

Please be so good as to let me have back the play which Professor Rambach sent in; it contains treachery from conviction.

I want very much to know how your rhythmical *Wallenstein* is progressing. I feel as if I never had written a poem and never could. It is a good thing that the mood for it comes unexpectedly and uncalled for.

Farewell, and let me soon again hear something of your condition and of your work.

G.

385.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, November 28, 1797.

You have again given us great pleasure with your Elegy; it is so thoroughly one of the purely poetic genus, for it stirs up what is deepest, and points to what is highest by the simplest means, and by a playful use of the subject.

Would that many another such mood might cheer you during this gloomy, depressing weather, which, as I know, is fatal in its influence upon you too. It takes all my

elasticity of mind to find air and breathing-room when the sky is so downcast.

I have latterly been reading those of Shakespeare's plays which treat of the Wars of the Roses, and upon finishing *Richard III.* find myself filled with amazement. This last play is one of the sublimest tragedies I know, and at the present moment I could not name any other of Shakespeare's that could claim comparison with it. The grand destinies commenced in the preceding plays are here completed in a truly grand manner, and are connected by means of the sublimest of ideas. The fact of the subject entirely excluding all that is tender, melting, and tear-moving, greatly enhances this high effect; everything in it is full of energy and grand; there is nothing ordinary to disturb the purely æsthetic emotion, and one, so to say, enjoys what is tragically awful in a pure form. A high Nemesis wanders through the play in different shapes, this feeling lays hold of one from beginning to end. It is wonderful how the poet has on all hands contrived to win the poetic booty from the unwieldly subject, and how skilfully he represents that which could not be distinctly represented. I mean his way of using art symbolically where nature itself could not have been represented. No play of Shakespeare's reminded me so much of the Greek tragedies.

It would truly be worth the trouble to adapt this whole series of eight plays for the German stage, with all the means now in our power. It might introduce a new epoch. We must really talk this subject over.

Farewell; this I say to you and to our friend Meyer. My *Wallenstein* is day by day acquiring more shape, and I am very well satisfied with myself.

SCH.

386.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, November 29, 1797.

Your saying so much in favour of my Elegy makes me all the more sorry that I have not felt myself in a similar state of mind for a long time past. The poem was written

upon my first entrance into Switzerland; since that time, however, my active, productive *Ego* has been thwarted in so many agreeable and disagreeable ways that it has not yet been able to regain its self-possession; this state we must therefore wait for in all humility.

I wish very much that you might feel induced to set to work with Shakespeare's dramas. As so much has already been done, and it would only be necessary to purify them so as to make them enjoyable again, it would be a great good. When once you have got thoroughly into the way of it—by your *Wallenstein*—the undertaking could not be a very arduous one to you.

Farewell. The season, unfortunately, is again exercising its influence upon me, and as I cannot to-day communicate to you anything cheerful out of my own powers, I therefore send you Gerning's ode, which will not fail to produce its effect.

G.

387.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, December 1, 1797.

Do not be vexed that the comedy you wished to have does not accompany this to-day; I did not think of looking for it till late in the evening, by candle-light, and this I did for nearly half an hour without finding it. I will send it by the mail-coach on Sunday.

It is almost too much for me to see how my *Wallenstein* is increasing in size; for the Iambics, although they shorten the expression, encourage a poetical pleasantness which leads one into diffuseness. You will judge whether I should or could have been more brief. My first act is so long that the first three acts of your *Iphigenia* could be put into it without entirely filling it; the last acts, it is true, are much shorter. The exposition demands extensiveness in the same way as the progressive action of itself leads to intensiveness. It seems to me that I have been affected by a certain epic spirit, which may possibly be accounted for by the power of your direct influence; yet I do not think that it has in any way harmed the

dramatic spirit, because it was perhaps the only means of giving this prosaic subject a poetic character.

As my first is rather statistic or static, and represents the actual condition, but does not really change it, I have employed the quiet beginning for making the world and the general state of affairs—to which the action refers—my real subject. In this way the mind and disposition of the audience are widened, and the flight which their imagination will thus, at the very outset, be obliged to take, will, as I hope, keep the action at its properheight.

I lately asked Meyer to give me a drawing of you for the next Almanack. Please let this be done in good time, so that the engraving, too, can be made leisurely. I also want him to let me have a Nemesis for my *Wallenstein*, it would be an interesting and significant illustration. I leave it to Meyer to think of one with a tragic character; I want it as a vignette on the title-page itself.

May I hope to have something from you soon for the *Horen?* In these gloomy December days one cannot do better than to make money that can be spent when brighter weather comes. Do you not feel disposed to finish your *Moses*, or is there any other subject that could more speedily be got ready? I am very badly off and the hours* will not stand still.

Farewell, and enjoy with Meyer your art-treasures, which I am most anxious to see; they will give rise to specific opinions in art, of which I am in so much need. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

388.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 2, 1797.

It will—practically as well as theoretically—be of the greatest importance to us both to see how matters end with your *Wallenstein*. Might not the subject, in the end, oblige you to give a cycle of plays? That rhythm should encourage diffuseness is quite natural, for every poetic

* This is a play upon the word *Horen*, which signifies hours.

state of mind is inclined to make things accommodating and pleasant to oneself and to others. I am very anxious to hear more of this.

I will speak to Meyer about the engravings for the Almanack and for your *Wallenstein*. I have no great faith in a portrait; so much is necessary to produce anything even tolerably good, especially in a small size, and engravers treat everything pertaining to a book so loosely and carelessly.

Since my return I have scarcely succeeded in getting into the humour even for dictating a respectable letter. The mass of subjects I have taken up is very great, and my interest in writing them down and working them out has become very much weakened by my intercourse with Meyer. As soon as I have once talked any subject over, it is to me, for some time afterwards, as good as done for.

The only thing, then, for me to do is to work out old and newer subjects that I have in my mind and at heart; very glad I should be to let you have something for the *Horen*: it will soon be seen what I can do and offer.

Farewell; let us soon have the pleasure of a visit from you, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

G.

389.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, December 5, 1797.

I can only send you a greeting on this melancholy day. The weather depresses me extremely, and stirs up all my troubles, so that I cannot even enjoy my work.

After well weighing matters, I find that I had better spend the two worst months of the year where I am. January and February are very dangerous months for me, as I have twice been attacked by inflammation of the lungs at that time of the year. If I get the slightest chill during these months, I may again bring this illness upon me, which I am now no longer as well able to resist as formerly. With a constitution like mine, one dare not venture upon a change of habits, and I should, after all, not dare to think of going out of doors even were I in Weimar.

Moreover, as the lodgings in question are extremely small, with scarcely room enough for the children, it would be next to impossible for me to live there. In addition to this, the next two months will decide the fate of my labours, and I therefore cannot suffer any pressure from without.

A few months hence I shall try to find lodgings near you; the weather will then be mild, I shall be able to venture across the street, and everything will be easier for me.

Perhaps I may come over and pay you a visit if we have a fine December day; and after the new year I hope that we shall be able to have you and Meyer here.

I recently had a letter from Zumsteg, in Stuttgart, which gave me sincere pleasure. He tells me what pleased him most in regard to our poems in the Almanack, and he has actually discovered what is best in them—a thing we have for long not been accustomed to hear. He also writes that the Almanack has been creating a general sensation in his part of the country.

Farewell. I am to-day unfit to write anything.

SCH.

390.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 6, 1797.

As you have yourself come to the conviction that it will be better for your health and your work, for you to spend the winter in Jena, I can only say that I am most glad that this is the case, for I see that I shall myself be obliged to go there after the new year, in order to regain some of my composure and a collected state of mind; and how strange Jena would appear to me were I not to find you there! I shall now look forward to my stay there, for had I been forced to leave you here I should have been in a state of discord with myself.

Be sure to keep to your *Wallenstein;* I shall probably, one of these days, be taking up my *Faust,* partly in order to get rid of the tragelaph,* partly in order to prepare myself for a higher and purer state of mind, it may be for *Tell.* At

* See Letter 74, and note.

times, however, I shall turn my thoughts to the next Almanack, and perhaps find something for the *Horen* also.

Let us continue on the path we have entered. We shall yet succeed in accomplishing many a thing, and Meyer's co-operation will be of the utmost assistance. We can also depend upon the sympathy of the public, for although, as a rule, it always grumbles, still there are sure to be some well-informed persons among the number who know how to appreciate the honest and serious efforts of an author. Meanwhile, let the old *laudator temporis acti** grieve *amid the dregs of the eighteenth century* (see the November number of the *German Mercury*, p. 194); the Muse will not fail to give us as much clear wine as we require. It would be worth a December's walk, to come and see Meyer's beautiful things. Would that your health could permit of your undertaking it!

G.

391.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, December 8, 1797.

I am now perfectly reconciled to the necessity which forces me to remain here for the next few months, as even a journey to Weimar would not have been the way in which I could have met you more frequently; and so we shall next month begin our old style of life, which will not lose anything by Meyer's presence. It is doubtless no bad thing that you mean to introduce your *Faust* between your first and second epics. By this means you will swell the poetic stream, and awaken in yourself an impatient desire for the new and fresh production, which is itself half the fitting state of mind. Moreover, *Faust*—when you have worked it out—will assuredly not leave you exactly in the same state as when you took it up; it will exercise and sharpen some new faculty in you, and thus you will come more richly laden, and with more eagerness to your new work.

* After the well-known description of the old man in Horace, Epist. ii. 3, 173. The allusion here is to Wieland, who had had the ode *Der Wein und das Wasser*—which Klopstock had addressed to Gleim on December 20, 1796—reprinted in the November number of the *Mercury*.

I shall keep as much to my *Wallenstein* as I can, but the pathological interest of nature in a poetical work of this kind is very exhausting to me. Fortunately the bad state of my health does not affect my disposition, but I am the more readily exhausted and upset when taking a keen interest in anything. I have, therefore, generally to pay for one day's happy state of mind by five or six days of depression and of suffering. This hinders me in my work most astonishingly, as you may imagine. Yet I do not give up the hope of seeing my *Wallenstein* played in Weimar next summer, and of being in the midst of my *Knights of Malta** by next autumn.

The latter sometimes engage my thoughts just now when I am resting from work. There is to me something very attractive in such subjects, which isolate themselves and form a world of their own. I have made good use of this circumstance in *Wallenstein*, and it will be even more favorable to me in my *Knights of Malta.* Not only is this Order actually an individuum wholly *sui generis*, but is still more so even in the movement of the dramatic action. All communication with the rest of the world is cut off by the blockade. Its interest is centred altogether in itself, in its anxiety about its existence, and it is only the qualities which constitute it one of the Order, that can effect its preservation in this movement.

This play will have to be treated as simply, as *Wallenstein* is complicated, and I am looking forward to finding all that I require in the simple subject, and to making use of everything I find significant. I may and intend to work it out wholly according to the Greek form and to Aristotle's plan with choruses, and without dividing it into acts. Can you tell me when the division into acts was first introduced? In Aristotle we hear nothing of it, and in very many Greek plays it could not in any way have been practicable.

Körner writes to me that Gessler† is back in Dresden.

* A drama he had long in contemplation, but never completed. See Letters, 17, 21, *etc.*

† Count Gessler, a friend of Goethe's and Schiller's, of whose love-affair Meyer had received an exaggerated account from a friend in Rome.

His Italian girl he is said to have left in Switzerland, in order to have her educated. It is to be hoped that she will meanwhile leave him and go off with some one else.

Of Humboldt I have heard nothing for six weeks, and conclude from this that he has really gone to Paris; for if he were sitting quietly in Switzerland he would have felt himself forced to write, if only on account of having nothing else to do.

Farewell, and get happily over the rest of the month. All mine are now quite well. My wife sends kindest greetings. I am looking forward to showing old Meyer something of my *Wallenstein*.

SCH.

392.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 9, 1797.

The news that you could not come to us this winter has greatly disappointed our actors. It seems they had intended to do themselves honour in your presence. I have consoled them with the hope that you may probably pay us a visit in the spring. Our theatre is greatly in need of receiving a new impetus of this kind, which I myself am unable to give it. The difference between him who has to command, and him who gives æsthetic guidance to such institutions is much too great. The latter has to work upon the feelings, and must therefore himself show feeling; the former has to hide his in order to hold together the political and economical form. Whether it is possible to combine free reciprocal influence with mechanical causality I do not know; at all events I have not succeeded in accomplishing the feat.

I can very well imagine the condition of your work. When not possessing a lively pathological interest in my subject, I, too, have never been able to work out any tragic situation, and have, therefore, rather avoided than sought it. Can it perhaps have been one of the merits of the ancients that the highest pathos was with them merely æsthetic play, whereas with us the truth of nature has to co-operate in producing a work of this kind? I do not, it

is true, know myself sufficiently well to judge whether I could write a genuine tragedy; however, I shudder at the mere thought of such an undertaking, and feel almost convinced that such an attempt might upset me altogether.

Our good old colleague Schnausz, too, has at last gone. Perhaps I may in future have some influence in matters respecting the library. Tell me whether you consider the idea I have long had in view practical, *viz.*, of uniting our library here (Büttner's and the one belonging to the Academy) into one body, and of re-arranging the various departments, as well as of establishing a more definite and judicious system of making purchases and of giving orders. In the present state of affairs there is no gain anywhere; a great deal of money is spent uselessly, and many a good project thwarted, and yet I foresee that obstacles enough will be raised, if only to prevent affairs being managed in a different way from the inadequate arrangements which have hitherto existed.

I shall be busy for another fortnight with the preliminary arrangements of bringing the new theatrical contracts into order, and other such matters; after that, however, I shall at once hasten to the solitudes of the Jena palace during the day-time, and to our talks together of an evening.

Meyer I shall probably not bring with me, for I have again found that I can work only when in a state of absolute quiet, and that not only does conversation, but even the presence of dearly-loved and esteemed persons about me, turn the poetic vein wholly aside. I should at present be in a kind of despair—every trace of productive interest having disappeared in me—were it not that I feel sure of finding it again during the first week of my stay in Jena.

I enclose a volume of poems* by a person out of whom something might perhaps have been made, if he did not live in Nürnberg, and could manage to find out that style of poetry for which he has the talent. Several of the

* By Johann Heinrich Witschel, afternoon-preacher in the Dominican Church in Nürnberg, whose poems, which had lately been published, Goethe had been reading with Meyer on their journey.

poems seem to me to possess some merit in the way of humour, although others, again, are very unsuccessful. As you are so willing to hope that there may be something to be found in young men, and are able to make use of a variety of articles, it will depend upon you whether we shall continue our connection with him and encourage him.

Farewell, and give my kind greetings to your dear wife.

Gessler is risking a great deal in leaving the beautiful girl to herself. I am vexed that we did not meet him. Meyer knows the girl. But many other strange comets are wandering about on Amor's and Hymen's heavens; what they mean and betoken is uncertain.

I enclose another short historical essay. Tell me your opinion of it, and in how far a small collection of similar works might be recommended to a publisher.

Again farewell. G.

393.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

Jena, December 12, 1797.

Having, during these last days, been engaged with the love-scenes in the second act of *Wallenstein*, I cannot think of the stage and the theatrical destination of the play without a feeling of misgiving; for the plan of the whole demands that love should place itself in a state of opposition—not so much by action as by calm self-reliance and a freedom from all the aims of the rest of the action, which is a restless, intentional striving after one object—and thereby, as it were, completes a certain human circle. Now, in this capacity it is not adapted for the stage, at least, not in the sense that would be practical with our means of representation and with our public; hence, in order to preserve my poetic freedom, I must for the time banish every thought of the scenic representation.

Can it really be that tragedy does not accord with your nature on account of its pathetic power? All of your creations I find to possess full tragic power and depth such as would suffice for a complete tragedy. There is in *Wilhelm Meister* more than one tragedy in the way of sentiment. I think that it is merely the severe straight

line which a tragic poet has to follow that does not accord with your nature, which is in all cases inclined to express itself with a freer amount of playfulness. Further, I also think that you might feel yourself ill at ease in having to pay a certain regard to the spectators, which is indispensable in a tragic poet; also in having to think of producing an effect, an outward impression, which cannot be entirely overlooked in this species of poetry. It may also be that you are less qualified to be a tragic poet simply because you are so thoroughly a poet in the generic significance of the word. At all events, I find in you all the *poetic* elements of a tragic poet in the richest sense, and if, notwithstanding, you should really be unable to write any perfectly genuine tragedy, the reason must lie in the non-poetical requirements.

Please be so good as to send me, when you can, a few of your play-bills containing the names of your actors.

Your idea of uniting the three libraries into one, every sensible person in Jena and Weimar will certainly wish to see carried out. If only some one could then be found, capable of directing the whole and of pursuing the plan of unity and completeness. There are sure to be a great quantity of books, of which there will be two or three copies, and these might be exchanged for new works. I also do not see why some new streams might not be brought to flow into the library fund.

I fear the Nürnberg poet will not bring us much consolation. He is not altogether wanting in talent, but very much so as regards form and the consciousness of what he wishes to accomplish. However, I have merely dipped into the volume, and perhaps hit upon the worst part of it.

The historical essay I have not quite read through yet. I will return it with my comments upon it on Friday.

Einsiedel's treatise on the Theatre* contains many a good thought. It is amusing to me to observe the way in which dilettanti of this kind express themselves upon certain things which can be drawn only from the very depths of knowledge and of contemplation, for instance, what he says in regard to style and manner, &c.

* See also Letter 380, and note.

Farewell. I am heartily rejoicing at the prospect of the evenings we shall spend together. My wife is very inquisitive to hear more about the comets that are flying about the heavens of Amor and Hymen. My kind greetings to Meyer.

SCH.

394.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 13, 1797.

The new works of art in our house brought us this morning a visit from some ladies, which is the only reason of my being in so much hurry to-day.

I will myself, as soon as ever I can, write you out an account of the capabilities of our actors, especially in regard to your play, the requirements of which I may be said to understand pretty generally.

As for the rest, proceed without anxiety. The internal unity which *Wallenstein* will possess must be felt, and you have great privileges on the stage. An ideal whole makes an imposing impression on people, even though they may not be able to decipher it in detail or to appreciate the value of the several parts.

A strange inducement has led me to think over the state of the German stage generally, and as I am still obliged many a time to watch the performance of a play against my own wish, I try to reap some advantage from this sacrifice on my part.

Farewell; I am glad to see the time approaching which will place me in a composed state of existence, and in your neighbourhood.

G.

395.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 15, 1797.

Our poetess Mereau is with us, so I can to-day send you only a few words.

The essay I herewith return; others of the same stamp would not be good for much. It is too dry and too meagre,

and, in spite of the author's useless parade of citations and historical book-learning, does not contain the least thing important or new, to clear up or even make the case more interesting. If, however, it is written merely for the sake of making money, this object would probably be more speedily attained by getting it inserted in some such journal as the *Mercury*, than by making a special volume of essays.

I have often wished that among the many literary speculations of such men as cannot do any other kind of work than that of compiling, it might occur to some of them to hunt among old books for poetic subjects, and while doing so show a certain kind of tact in discovering the *punctum saliens* of a simple story. I have never had access to any such sources, and my poverty in such subjects makes me really more unproductive than I would otherwise be. It just occurs to me that a man of the name of Hyginus, a Greek, at one time collected a number of tragic stories either from or for the use of poets. A friend of this kind I could make good use of. For a wealth of subject-matter for possible use, increases one's own inward wealth, nay, it exercises considerable influence, and is even of great use if only in giving animation to a subject in one's thoughts, and in inducing one to try one's hand at it.

Elisa von der Recke has sent me a voluminous play of her own invention and execution, and gives me full leave to strike out and to alter things as I think fit. I shall see whether I can make use of it for the *Horen*; it is, as you may readily imagine, very moral, and so I hope it may slip through. I must provide for the *Horen* in every way I can. There is a certain satisfaction in finding that moral persons should trust themselves to the mercy of such heretics and free-thinkers as ourselves, especially after the riotous mischief of the *Xenia*.

Humboldt has again not sent any word of himself for six weeks. I conclude from this that he has after all gone on to Paris.

Farewell for to-day. My wife sends kindest greetings.

SCH.

396.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 16, 1797.

I herewith send you *Hyginus*, and would at the same time advise you to get the *Adagia* of Erasmus, which can easily be obtained. As the proverbs are in most cases based upon geographical, historical, national, and personal relations, they contain a great amount of genuine substance. Unfortunately we know from experience that no one can give a poet his subjects; nay, that he himself often makes mistakes.

Friend Meyer is busy writing out his thoughts on this question, the strangest things form the subjects of our conversations.

The *Horen*, as it seems, are now passing through their female period; it will be well if only this will preserve their literary life.

I am at present again unfit either for anything great or small, and, in order to keep myself in a good way, am meanwhile looking into Herodotus and Thucydides, whose works I am for the first time reading with pure enjoyment, inasmuch as I am reading them only for the sake of their form, not for the sake of what they contain.

My greatest wish is now to be with you soon, and to feel the approach of the sun; I am meanwhile putting the dismal and bad weather to as much good use as possible. May you fare well and do well.

G.

397.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, December 20, 1797.

I trust and hope that this letter may find you again in a tolerably good state of health, and also send my thanks to your dear wife for her letter; her communication in regard to the vigorous art-products of the *Mark** delighted me especially.

* The *Kalender der Musen und Grazien*, published by a clergyman, Fr. W. A. Schmidt, in Werneuchen, which Goethe had ridiculed in his *Musen und Grazien in der Mark.*

Your letter of the 2nd of October, together with the Almanack, has been returned to me, and hence there is now nothing more missing of our correspondence.

My *Oberon's Golden Wedding* * you omitted with wise forethought. It has meanwhile had double the amount of verses added to it, and I think the best place for it will be in *Faust*.

Since the appearance of Schlegel's review of my *Hermann* I have again been thinking over the laws of the epopee and the drama, and believe that I have got on to a good track. The difficulty in such theoretical endeavours is always to free the different species of poetry from everything that is accidental. You will probably ere long receive a short essay on this subject, and so I do not care to say more about it in the meantime.

The author of the elegies in the Almanack Meyer knows very well, and will himself one day tell you about the man; he is a sculptor by profession. I am at present longing more for your *Wallenstein* than for anything else.

I trust that you may have quite recovered from your illness. I wish that these days, which promise to be fine, could be spent with you.

G.

398.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 22, 1797.

I have, it is true, speedily and happily recovered from my sharp attack of cholera, but have felt so weak and out of spirits all the week that I did not care even to think about anything in the way of poetry. The bad weather, too, brought all my energies to a standstill.

To my no small satisfaction Cotta has written asking me most urgently for the last 200 copies of the Almanack, which I intentionally kept by me here so as not to allow the Leipzigers to have any notion of the size of the edition, in case a portion of it might remain unsold. According to Cotta, the other lot, which amounted to about 2000 copies,

* See Letter 370.

is already sold out; the remaining 200 he thinks will also soon be off our hands, as orders are still coming in pretty freely. We could not, in fact, have had a more brilliant triumph over those who grudged us our last year's success with the Almanack, and ascribed it solely to the offensiveness of the *Xenia*. It would also awaken in me somewhat more confidence in our German public to find that we had contrived to gain its interest by the power of poetry alone, without the aid of any common passion.

Schlegel's review of your *Hermann* I have not yet seen, and, in fact, do not know which of the Schlegels wrote it. But whichever of them may have done so, I do think either of them competent for the task, because that which is principally required, in order to appreciate the poem thoroughly, is what is called sentiment (*Gemüth*), and in this both brothers are deficient, although they lay claim to its terminology.

I am anxiously expecting your essay which it called forth; or will you not bring it over yourself?

We should so much like to know how soon we may reckon upon your coming. It is now nearly six months since we spent any time together.

Please give Meyer my kindest greetings. I am most sorry to have to allow so long a time to pass without seeing his works.

Farewell. SCH.

399.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

Weimar, Dec. 23, 1797.

Enclosed you will receive my essay, which I beg of you to weigh, to apply, to modify, and to extend. I have during the last few days made use of these criteria while reading the *Iliad* and Sophocles, as well as in some epic and tragic subjects, which I endeavoured in my thoughts to trace to motives, and they appeared to me very useful, I may even say decisive.

In doing this it struck me very forcibly how it is that we moderns are so apt to confound the different species, nay, that we are not even able to distinguish them from each other. This seems to arise simply from the fact that

artists, who ought in reality to produce works of art within the pure conditions of art, yield to the desires of spectators and listeners who wish to find everything perfectly evident. Meyer has remarked that it is the general inclination to force all the various species of plastic art up to painting, because the latter can exhibit the imitation as perfectly evident by means of attitude and colour. Thus, in poetry everything is hurrying towards the drama, to the representation of what is *perfectly present.* Thus, novels, too, in the form of letters, are thoroughly dramatic, and consequently formal dialogues may be introduced, as Richardson has done; on the other hand, narrative romances intermixed with dialogue are to be censured.

You must a hundred times have heard people say, after reading a good romance, that they would like to see it represented on the stage; to how many bad plays has not this wish given rise! In the same way the same set of people would like to have every interesting situation made the subject of an engraving, simply that their imaginations need not have anything further to do, everything must be sensuously true, perfectly tangible, dramatic, and the dramatic element itself is to be fully equal with what is actually evident. Now these childish, barbarous, degraded tendencies the artist should oppose with all his power; he should separate work of art from work of art by an impassable magic circle; he should preserve to each its own character and its own peculiarities, as was done by the ancients, and was the reason of their becoming and being the great artists they were. But who can separate his ship from the waves upon which it is floating? In working against wind and tide one makes but little head-way.

Thus, for example, with the ancients a bas-relief was a work only very slightly raised, a flat, tasteful delineation of an object upon a flat surface; however, people could not keep to this, it became half raised, then entirely raised, limbs separated, figures separated, perspective introduced, streets, clouds, mountains, and landscapes represented; and as this was done by men of talent, the result was that that which is perfectly inadmissible found acceptance the more readily, for things were by this very means brought more within the reach of the understanding of

uncultivated minds. Hence in Meyer's treatise we find the good and, in this case, very appropriate story of how, in Florence, figures of clay were at first glazed, subsequently painted in one colour, and finally in various colours and enamelled.

But to return to my essay;* the rules I have laid down there I have applied to my *Hermann und Dorothea* and beg of you to do the same, for in so doing very interesting observations will be the result. For instance:

1. That it contains no exclusively epic motive, that is, none that retrogrades, but that only the four others which the epic poem has in common with the drama, are made use of in it.

2. That it does not represent persons acting outwardly, but such as are turned towards themselves, and by this very fact is removed from the epopee and approaches the drama.

3. That it has received from the third world, although no very striking amount, still always sufficient influence, inasmuch as the great world's fate is interwoven with it, partly in an actual manner, partly symbolically, through persons, and, at all events, gentle indications are given of presentiment, of the connection between a visible and an invisible world; this, in my opinion, is a substitute for the ancient deities, although their physico-poetical power is not replaced by it.

In conclusion, I have still to give notice of another curious task which I have set myself in reference to this matter, namely, to enquire whether the period between Hector's death and the departure of the Greeks from the coast of Troja may or may not contain the subject for another epic poem. I almost suspect not, and moreover for the following reasons:

1. Because there is no further retrograding motive in it, everything moves incessantly forwards.

2. Because all such occurrences as are still in any way retarding, divide the interest among several persons, and although exhibiting great bulk, are nevertheless not unlike private destinies. The *death of Achilles* seems to me to be a splendid tragic subject; the death of Ajax, the return of

* The essay here referred to is the one enclosed in his letter. See next page.

Philoctetes have been left to us by the ancients. Polyxena and Hecuba, and other subjects belonging to this period, have also been handled. The taking of Troy itself, in being the moment of the fulfilment of a great destiny, is neither epic nor tragic, and when treated in a genuinely epic manner can, in all cases, be looked at only from a distance either forwards or backwards. Virgil's rhetorico-sentimental treatment of it cannot here be taken into consideration.

Thus much of what I at present understand, *salvo meliori*; for if I am not mistaken, this matter, like so many others, is theoretically inexpressible. At all events, we see what *genius* has accomplished, and who will say what it could or should accomplish?

As the messengers are about to start, I can now only bid you and your dear wife a kind farewell. Be sure to keep quiet till your bad time is over. I hear on all hands much good said of our Almanack. When I shall be able to come I cannot as yet say; affairs in connection with the theatre will, I fear, detain me longer than I thought, great as is my wish to see you again. Once more farewell.

G.

ON EPIC AND DRAMATIC POETRY,*

BY

GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

The epic and the dramatic poet are both subject to general laws, especially to the law of unity and of development; further, they both treat of similar subjects, and may both make use of all kinds of motives; the most essential difference between them, however, lies in the fact that the epic poet depicts the event as belonging *completely to the past*, whereas the dramatic poet represents it as belonging *completely to the present.* If any one wished to deduce the details of these laws from the nature of man, he would need always to keep before his mind a

* Goethe unites Schiller's name here with his own, because the opinions here set forth by him were chiefly the result of their discussions on the subject in letters and conversations.

rhapsodist and a mimic, both as poets, the former surrounded by his circle of silent listeners, the latter by his eager and observant spectators, and it would not be very difficult to discover what it was most appropriate for each of the two species of poetry to do, what subjects each chiefly selects, and what motives they chiefly make use of; I say chiefly, for, as I said above, neither of them can assume anything exclusively to itself.

The subjects for an epos and for a tragedy should be purely human, important and pathetic; the personages had best occupy a certain stage of culture where the inward activity is still solely dependent upon itself, and where the action is not moral, political, or mechanical, but personal. The legends from the heroic age of the Greeks are, in this sense, particularly favorable subjects for poets.

The Epic poem represents more particularly the limited activity of the individual, the Tragic poem more the limited suffering of the individual; the Epic poem represents *man acting outwardly:* battles, travels, every species of undertaking that demands a certain degree of sensuous breadth; the Tragic poem, the *man turned towards himself*, hence the actions of a genuine tragedy require but little space.

Of motives I know of five different kinds:

1. *Progressive*, which promote the action; these are chiefly employed by the drama.

2. *Regressive*, which carry the action away from its aim; these are almost exclusively used by the epic poem.

3. *Retarding*, which delay the course of the action, or lengthen the road; these may be used by both species with the greatest advantage.

4. *Retrospective*, whereby that which has happened before the time of the poem is taken up into it.

5. *Anticipating*, which forestall that which will happen after the date of the poem; these two are required by the epic as well as by the dramatic poet, in order to make their poems complete.

The *worlds* that are brought into view are common to both.

1. The *physical world*, and, in the first place, the one

nearest us, the one to which the persons represented belong, and by which they are surrounded. In it the dramatist generally remains steadfastly at but one point, whereas the epic poet moves freely about in a wider sphere. Secondly, *the more distant world* in which I include all nature. This world the epic poet—who generally appeals to the imagination—brings nearer to us by means of similies, the dramatist uses these more sparingly.

2. The *moral* world is common to both species, and is most successfully represented in its physiological and pathological simplicity.

3. The world of *fancies*, *presentiments*, *appearances*, *coincidence* and *fate*. This is open to both, only that, as a matter of course, it is brought into contact with the sensuous world; this, however, gives rise to a difficulty peculiarly great to modern authors, for, however much it were desirable, we cannot readily find substitutes for the prodigies, gods, soothsayers, and oracles of the ancients.

As regards the treatment of the whole, the rhapsodist, who depicts what is completely past, will appear as a wise man surveying, in a state of calm self-possession, that which has already happened; the object of his discourse will be to calm the feelings of his hearers so that they will quietly listen to him for a long time; he will divide the interest equally, because he is unable quickly to balance too lively an impression; he will, as he feels inclined, look and wander backwards and forwards; he will be followed throughout, for he has only to do with the imagination, which itself produces its images and, to a certain extent, is indifferent as to what images may be called forth. The rhapsodist should never himself appear as a higher being in his poem; the best thing for him to do would be, as it were, to read from behind a curtain, so that the listener may be wholly separated from any personality, and fancy himself to be following the voice of one of the Muses generally.

The mimic, on the other hand, occupies exactly the opposite position; he represents himself as a definite individual, he would like us to direct our attention exclusively to himself and his immediate surroundings, to feel the suf-

ferings of his soul and of his body with him, and to take part in his perplexities and forget ourselves in him. True, he too will set to work gradually, but he may venture upon far more animated effects, inasmuch as, in the case of sensuous presence, even the stronger impression may be effaced by a weaker one. The spectator must by rights ever remain with his senses on the stretch, he may not rise to reflection, he must follow with his passions; his imagination is silenced, no demands must be made upon it, and even that which is narrated must, as it were, be brought visibly before him.

400.—Schiller *to* Goethe.

The comparison you draw between the rhapsodist and the mimic and their audiences, seems to me to be a very happily-chosen means of coming to understand the difference between the two species of poetry. This method alone would suffice for rendering it impossible to make any gross mistake in the choice of the subject for the species of poetry, or the species of poetry for the subject. Experience, too, confirms this; I do not know of anything, in the case of a dramatic composition, that would keep one strictly within the limits of the species of poetry, as most vividly to picture to oneself the actual representation on the stage, and a well-filled and mixed house; this would so vividly make one feel the impassioned, anxious expectation, and, consequently, the law of the intense and restless advance and movement.

I should like to propose another expedient for exhibiting this difference. The dramatic action moves on before me, but I myself move round the epic action, which, so to say, is at a standstill. In my opinion a great deal lies in this distinction. If I see the incident moving before me, my attention is strongly riveted to the present, my imagination loses all its freedom, there arises and continues within me a feeling of persistent restlessness, I feel myself obliged to give my attention to the object before me, and all looking back, all reflection is denied to me, because I am following a foreign power. But if I

move round the incident which cannot escape from me, I feel that I need not keep up a regular pace, I can stop for a longer or shorter time according to my subjective necessity, I can step backwards or forwards, *etc.* This also corresponds very well with the idea of *belonging to the past* —which can be conceived as standing still—and with the idea of *narration:* for the narrator knows the end, at the beginning and at the middle, and to him consequently every moment of the action is equally important, and he, therefore, is calmly free throughout.

It is quite evident to me that the epic poet has to treat his events as belonging to the past, and the tragic poet his as belonging altogether to the present.

I further add: this gives rise to a charming kind of rivalry between poetry, as the genus, with its species, which rivalry is always very significant in nature as well as in art. Poetry, as such, makes everything sensuously present, and thus it obliges even the epic poet to make what has happened present, only the character of its belonging to the past must not be effaced. Poetry, as such, makes all that is present past, and distances all that is near (through ideality), and in this way it obliges the dramatic poet to keep that reality at a distance which would force itself upon us individually, and obtain poetic freedom for the mind as regards the subject. Tragedy in its highest conception will therefore always strive *upwards* to acquire an epic character, and only in this way does it become poetry. The epic poem, in like manner, will strive *downwards* towards the drama, and only in this way will it quite fulfil the poetic idea of species; that which actually makes both of them poetic works, brings them both near to one another. The distinguishing feature which specifies them and contrasts them, always endangers one of the two constituent parts of the poetic idea of species, in the case of the epopee *sensuousness*, in tragedy *freedom;* and hence it is natural that the counterpoise to this defect will always be a quality which forms the specific feature of the opposite poetic species. Each will therefore do the other the service of taking the *genus* under its protection against the *species.* To prevent these reciprocal tendencies from degenerating into a mingling and confusion of boun-

daries, is the actual object of Art, the highest aim of which, in fact, is in all cases to unite character with beauty, singleness with fulness, unity with universality, *etc.*

Your *Hermann* has really a certain tendency to tragedy when compared with the pure, strict idea of the epopee. It is the heart that is warmly and seriously affected; it contains more pathological interest than poetic indifference. In like manner, the narrowness of the scene of action, the fewness of the figures, and the short period of the action belong to tragedy. Conversely, your *Iphigenia* obviously strikes out into the epic domain as soon as it is contrasted with the strict idea of tragedy. Of your *Tasso* I will not speak here. For a tragedy your *Iphigenia* has too tranquil a course, too much of delay, not to mention the catastrophe which is opposed to tragedy. Every effect I have seen produced in myself and others by this work, was generically poetic, but not tragic; and it will ever be thus if a tragedy misses its aim by becoming epic. Now in the case of your *Iphigenia*, as I think, this approximation to the epic is a fault; in your *Hermann* it is obviously no fault, at all events to judge from the effect produced, not in the slightest degree. May not this arise from the fact that tragedy is designed for a *definite* purpose, the epic poem for a general and free purpose?

No more to-day. I am still unable to do any proper work, it is only your letter and essay that could have engaged my thoughts. Farewell.

SCH.

401.—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER.

December 27, 1797.

Grieved as I am to hear that you are not yet altogether restored to your usual state of activity, still it is pleasant to me to know that my letter and essay have in some measure interested you. Thank you for yours, which carries the question, so important to us both, further still. Unfortunately we moderns too, are occasionally born poets, and plague ourselves round the whole genus without knowing exactly what we want; for, if I do not mistake,

the specific indications ought by rights to come from without, and the opportunity determine the talent. Why is it that we so seldom make an epigram in the Greek sense? Because we see so few things that deserve one. Why is it that we are so seldom successful with an epos? Because we have no listeners. And why is the demand for dramatic works so great? Because with us the drama is the only species of poetry that addresses itself to the senses, and the performance of which, one may safely hope, will afford a certain present enjoyment.

I have during these last days again been studying the *Iliad* in order to decide whether there is not another epopee between it and the *Odyssey*. I find, however, only genuine tragic subject-matter; now this may really be the case, or only that I cannot discover the epic one. The death of Achilles and its surroundings would admit of being treated as an epos, and to a certain extent would demand this on account of the breadth of material to be handled. But the question would then arise as to whether one would be doing right in treating a tragic subject epically. Much might be said both for and against this. As regards the effect, a modern poet, who works for moderns, would herein always be at an advantage, because without pathological interest one would hardly be able to win the approbation of the age.

So much for to-day. Meyer is working busily at his treatise on subjects suitable for plastic art; all the questions in which we are so deeply interested come into consideration there, and one sees what a close relation exists between the plastic artist and the dramatist. I trust that you will very speedily recover your health, and that I shall be free to pay you a visit ere long.

G.

402.—SCHILLER *to* GOETHE.

Jena, December 29, 1797.

Our friend Humboldt (from whom I herewith enclose a long letter) remains faithful to his German nature in the midst of transformed Paris, and seems to have changed in

no way except in his outward surroundings. In the case of a certain style of philosophising and of feeling, it is the same as with a certain kind of religion, it cuts one off from without, and isolates one by increasing the depth of feeling within.

Your present occupation of distinguishing and purifying the two species is indeed of the highest importance, but you will, as I do myself, feel convinced that in order to be able to exclude from a werk of art that which is foreign to its species, one must of necessity also be able to include in it all that belongs to the species. And this is the very point in which mistakes are now made. In fact, owing to our being unable to bring together the conditions under which each of the two species exists, we are obliged to mix them. Were there rhapsodists and a world for them, the epic poet would not require to borrow any motives from the tragic poet, and if we possessed the means and the intensive power of Greek tragedy, and at the same time had the privilege of leading our audience through a series of seven representations, we should not need to extend our dramas to an unreasonable length. The capacity of feeling in the spectator and hearer must, after all, be satisfied and affected in all the points of its periphery; the diameter of this capacity is the measure for the poet. And as the moral quality is the one most fully developed, it is likewise the most exacting, and it is at our own peril that we neglect it.

If the drama is really being patronised by the bad tendency of the age, as I have no doubt it is, one would need to begin the reform with the drama, and obtain air and light by suppressing the common imitation of nature in art. And this, it seems to me, could among other things be most successfully accomplished by the introduction of symbolical expedients, which should take the place of the subject in all that which does not belong to the true artistic world of the poet, and which therefore should not be represented, only indicated. I have not yet quite succeeded in unravelling this idea of the symbolical in poetry, but it seems to me that a great deal is contained in it. If its use were defined, the natural consequence would be that poetry would become purified, its sphere narrower and